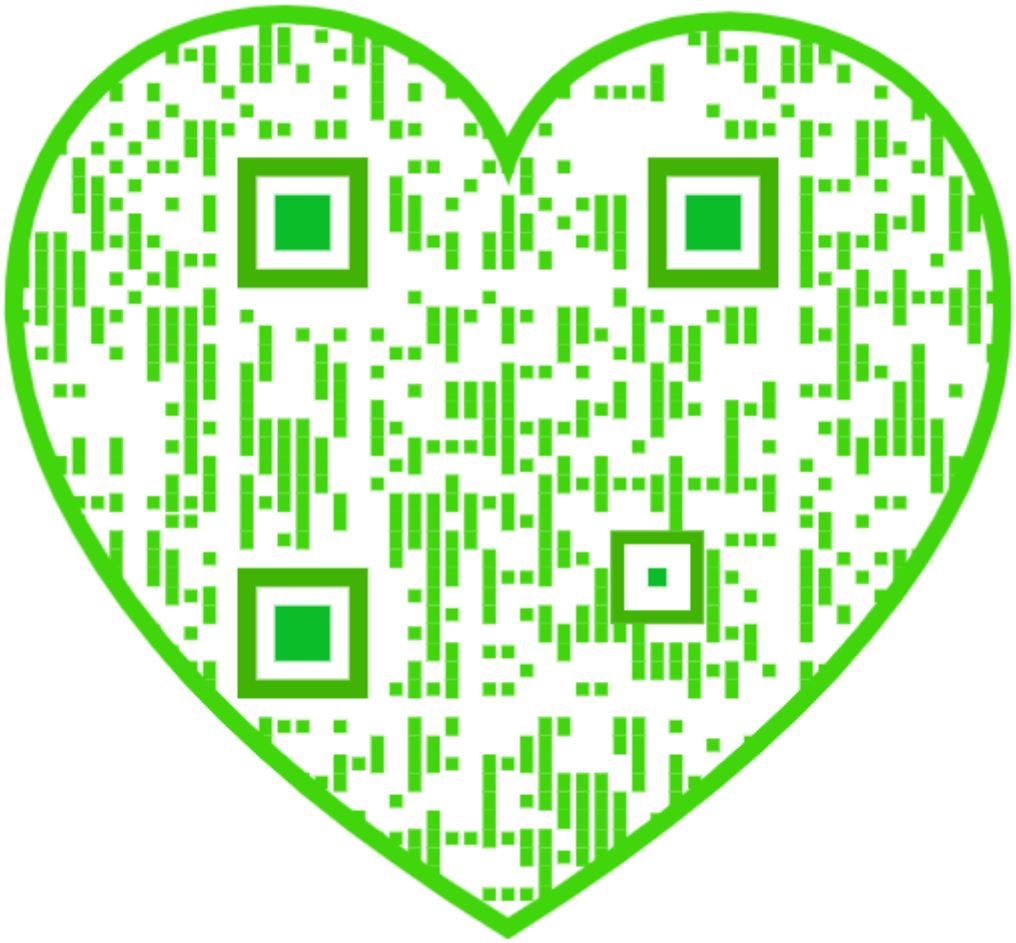


JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL LITERATURE

BOOK ONE

BY

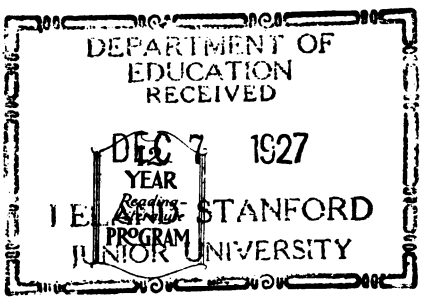
WILLIAM H. ELSON

AUTHOR ELSON READERS AND GOOD ENGLISH SERIES

AND

CHRISTINE M. KECK

HEAD UNION JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL ENGLISH, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN



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PREFACE

The Junior High School offers exceptional opportunity for relating literature to life. In addition to the aesthetic and ethical purposes, long recognized in the study of literature, the World War emphasized the need for an extension of aims to include the teaching of certain fundamental American ideals. To marshal the available material, setting it to work in the service of social and civic ideals, is to give to literature the "central place in a new humanism." When we organize reading in the schools with reference to the teaching of ideals—personal, social, national, and patriotic—we "put the stress on literature as one of the chief means through which the child enters on his intellectual and spiritual inheritance." Outstanding among these ideals are: freedom, love of home and country, service, loyalty, courage, thrift, humane treatment of animals, a sense of humor, love of Nature, and an appreciation of the dignity of honest work. In a word, to provide a course in the history and development of civilization, particularly stressing America's part in it, is the present-day demand on the school.

The Junior High School Literature Series, of which the present volume is intended for use in the first year, provides such a course. The literature brought together in this book is organized with reference to the social ideal. Nature in its varied relations to human life, particularly child life, is presented in stories and poems of animals, birds, flowers, trees, and winter, all abounding in beauty and charm. Interest in Nature leads to interest in the deeds of men filled with the spirit of adventure. The heroism of brave men and women from the age of chivalry to the days of self-sacrifice on Flanders Fields is told in ballad and romance, thus stimulating qualities of courage, loyalty, and devotion. Akin to these are the deeds of men who won freedom for their fellows and gave meaning to the words, "our inheritance of freedom." Their heroism is told in story and song, from the time of the Great Charter and Robert the Bruce to the Declara-

tion of Independence and the recent treaty of Versailles. The whole culminates in the literature and life in the homeland, interpreting America's part in these great enterprises of the human spirit. Through legend and history the spirit and thoughts of our developing nation are portrayed in a literature of compelling interest, distinctively American.

This book supplies material in such generous quantity as to provide in one volume a complete one-year course of literature. There is material suited to all the purposes that a collection of literature for this grade should supply: reading for the story element, silent reading, reading for expression, intensive reading, memorizing, dramatization, public reading and recitation, plot study, etc. Moreover, the book offers a wide variety of literature, representing various types: ballads, lyrics, short stories, tales, biographies, and the rest. The selections comprise not only those that have stood the test of time, but also some of the choicest treasures of the modern creative period. They are given in complete units, not mere excerpts or garbled "cross-sections."

The helps to study are more than mere notes; they take into account the larger purposes of the literature. Especially illuminating are the selection "The Three Joys of Reading," pages 9-14, and the Introductions to Parts II, III, and IV; these should be read by pupils before beginning the study of the selections in the several groups, for they interpret and give greater significance to the units. The biographical and historical notes provide helpful data for interpreting the stories and poems. A comprehensive glossary, pages 592-626, contains the words and phrases of the text that offer valuable vocabulary training, either of pronunciation or meaning. An additional feature that will appeal to many teachers is the list of common words frequently mispronounced given in connection with the helps to study. See pages 14, 26, etc.

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THE LITERATURE SERIES

for the Junior High School

The complete series includes:

Book One, for the first year.

Book Two, for the second year.

Book Three, for the third year.

THE THREE JOYS OF READING

The picture on this page is called "A Reading from Homer." Study each of the people who form the group. Judging from their dress and appearance, do you think they are people of the present time or of the ancient world? From what sort of book is the poet reading? Should you think such "books" could be owned by all

sorts of people, or only by a few? Study the reader's expression. What sort of story do you think he is reading? Can you decide anything about the listeners, who they are and what they are thinking about? Who is most deeply interested in the story, and why?

Men do brave deeds on the sea, in far-off lands, or in war, and these deeds are the subject of song and story. Youths who are looking forward to heroic careers, and men and women to whom life has brought few thrilling experiences, like to hear these tales. A well-told story opens the door to a new pleasure in living. An animal knows only the present. He is hungry, or tired, or his life is in danger, or he is well fed and sleepy. But boys and girls,

and grown-ups, too, have not only their daily experience to draw upon, but through books and magazines and papers they can enter into the experience of others, so that they may live many lives in one.

Aladdin had a wonderful lamp. By rubbing it he could be anywhere he chose or could possess anything he desired. Such a lamp the reader of good books possesses. You come in from work or play, curl yourself up in a big chair before the fire, open your book, and in a twinkling you are whisked away to a new world. Your body is there, curled up before the fire, but enchantment has come upon you. In imagination you are with Sindbad the Sailor, or with Robinson Crusoe, or with King Arthur, or you are in the Indian Jungle, or on a ship sailing the South Seas, or you are hunting for Treasure Island. And you have it in your power to take these wonderful trips instantly; no railway tickets are required, no long delays. You may go on a journey to the other side of the world or into the South Polar ice or out on a western ranch. What is more wonderful, you may go back a century, or ten centuries; through this Aladdin's lamp of reading you are master not only of space, but also of time. Thus the first joy of reading is the privilege of taking part in the experiences of men of every time and every portion of the world. You multiply your life, and the product is richness and joy.

The second joy of reading is even greater. Not only the world of adventure is open to you by means of books, but also a life enriched by the wisdom that has been gathered from a thousand poets and historians as bees gather honey from a thousand flowers. There is a story of a great Italian of the sixteenth century who found himself in the prime of life without a position, without money, and even compelled to become an exile because of a revolution. He retired to a farm remote from all the scenes in which his previous life had been passed. All day he worked hard, for only by hard work could he live. But in the evenings, when work was done, when horses and oxen and the laborers who had toiled with them all the day had gone to sleep, this man put on the splendid court dress he had worn in the days of his prosperity, days when he had associated with princes and the great ones of the

earth, and so garbed he went into his library and shut the door. And then, he tells us, for four hours he lived amid the scenes that his books called up before him. He found in books an Aladdin's lamp that transported him to past times, that revealed the secrets of nature, that showed him what men had accomplished. Through history, he re-created the past. He could call on the wisest of men for counsel, and he forgot during these hours his weariness and pain.

THE SONG OF THE LARK

This story of the great Italian has been paralleled many times. There was once a boy in a frontier cabin who had no such experience as this man passed through centuries ago, but who was eager to know all that could be learned about life. His days were long and hard, but he was dreaming of things to come. At night by the light of the pine logs blazing in the fireplace, this boy read and studied. Books were hard to get; sometimes he tramped for miles to borrow one that he had heard a distant farmer possessed. Thus Lincoln found the second of the joys of reading, the stored-up wisdom of the race that he appropriated against the day when he was to be not merely a student of history but a maker of history as well.

The third joy of reading is that through books our eyes are opened to the beauty of the world in which we live. There is a famous painting called "The Song of the Lark." A peasant girl is on her way to work in the fields, sickle in hand, in early morning. She has stopped to listen to the flood of melody that pours from the sky above her, and is trying in vain to see the bird which is singing the glorious song. Her dull, unexpressive face is lighted up for the moment in the presence of a beauty that she feels but does not comprehend. So the painter interprets

for us the effect of beauty upon even a dull intelligence. But the poet translates the song into beautiful language, and we read and are happy.

Thousands of people pass unthinkingly by a field filled with the common daisies. They know the name of the flower; they may even say, or think, that the flowers make a pretty sight. But a poor young poet plows one up on his farm and tells us of his sympathy for the little flower he has destroyed; tells us, too, how the fate of the daisy suggests to him his own fate, so that all who read the poem by Robert Burns no longer see in the daisy a common flower, but see instead a symbol of beauty.

Bird-song and flower, the west wind as it drives the dead leaves before it or hurries the clouds across the sky or piles up in great masses the waters of the sea; the mountain that rises stark and stern above the plain, the ocean over which men's ships pass in safety or into whose depths they plunge to their grave—all these things the poet helps us to see and to feel. So once more our Aladdin's lamp brings us into scenes of enchantment, multiplies our lives, opens our eyes to things that the fairy-folk know right well, but which are forbidden to mortal eye and ear until the spell has worked its will.

These, then, are the three joys of reading: First, to be able to travel at will in any country and in any period of time and to taste the salt of adventure; to hear the great stories that the human race has garnered through centuries of living; to know earth's heroes and to become a part of the company that surrounds them. Second, to enter into the inheritance of wisdom that has come down from ancient times or that animates those who are the builders of our present world. "Histories make men wise," said one of the wisest of men, by which he meant that history records the experience of men in their attempts to make the world a place where people may dwell together in safety, and that as men reflect on this experience they become wiser. And poets and prose writers, too, have told in books what they have thought to be the meaning of life. They are like the wise old hermits, dwelling in little cabins by the edge of the enchanted forest, who told Sir Galahad or Sir Gawain or Sir Lancelot about the perils of the for-

est and how to win their way to the enchanted castle where dwelt the Queen.

And the third joy of reading is that which brings us knowledge of this enchanted world. For it *is* a world of wonder in which we live as truly as that fairy world which so delighted you when Mother told you stories or when you read your fairy books. The journey of Captain Scott in search of the South Pole was as thrilling as the voyage of Sinbad. Those brave men who made the first flight in an airplane across the ocean the other day were as venturesome as Columbus, and their journey was as wonderful as that journey in 1492. But Captain Scott did not leave his comfortable and safe life at home merely to seek adventure. It was an expedition planned in order that he might bring back exact information about parts of the earth where men had never been before. And the flight across the Atlantic was just one more step in the development of a new form of transportation. So science contributes in many ways to our happiness and safety. What men do to develop the resources of the earth, what they do to conquer disease, the inventions and discoveries that give us greater power than if we possessed the open sesame of our fairy stories—these also you learn about in your reading.

The book to which you are here introduced is planned in such a way as to help you find these three joys of reading. It is a big generous book, filled with good things. It is an Aladdin's lamp. Take it to your favorite big chair or to your favorite corner and test it. Do you wish to get into the Enchanted Forest? The very first selections, about animals and birds and growing things, take you there where you will find friends old and new. Do you wish to go on a long journey back to King Arthur's time and meet the knights of the Round Table? The power is yours for the asking. Or if you prefer songs and stories of the sea, here is a ballad that has been sung for centuries, or you may have ballads about battles in the war that ended the other day. And no one knew the secrets of the Enchanted Forest better than William Shakespeare—here are two stories that he loved.

At some other time your book will take you back to the days of Wallace and Bruce, or will bring before you some of the things

England has done for Freedom, or will show you what Americans of the old time did and thought when they were building their free land for you to dwell in and to protect. And, last of all, there are stories of life in our America—old legends and stories that will make you smile, and stories of workers and their work. When you have finished the last section you will be happier and a better citizen, ready to do your share every chance you get.

One word more. You know that, in order to work enchantment, people have had to do certain things. There was the fern-seed, you know, or the charm like "open sesame," or you have to rub the wonderful lamp. Now to use this book rightly, you must not think of it as a lesson book, containing tasks. If you do that, it will be no Aladdin's lamp at all but just a dull old smoky lamp that would not even guide you to the cellar. You must do these things: First, get that chair or that corner and make yourself comfortable. Second, *look at the program.* What is that? Why, the "Table of Contents," of course. You must know where you are going and what you are to see. In this book everything is arranged in such a way as to help the charm to work. Third, you will find little questions and studies every now and then, and a glossary, guide-posts so that you will not lose your way. And, last of all, you are to try to see the book as a whole and not as a sort of scrapbook about all sorts of things. For it all deals, in one way or another, with the Enchanted Forest and the Castle of Life.

PART I

STORIES AND POEMS OF NATURE

"Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings."

—William Cullen Bryant.

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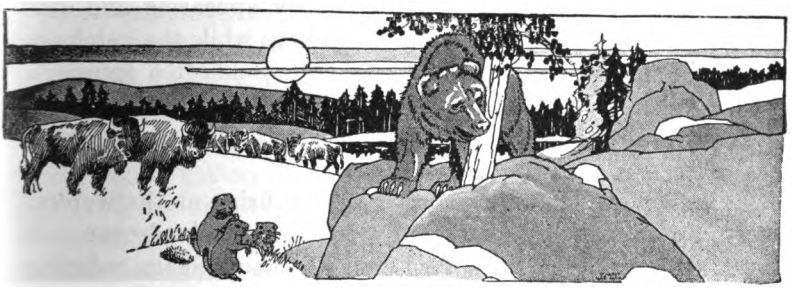
AUTUMN WOODS—PAINTING BY GEORGE INNESS

ANIMALS



THE BUFFALO

FRANCIS PARKMAN

BRINGING HOME THE MEAT

Four days on the Platte, and yet no buffalo! The wagons one morning had left the camp; Shaw and I were already on horseback, but Henry Chatillon still sat cross-legged by the dead embers of the fire, playing pensively with the lock of his rifle, while his sturdy Wyandot pony stood quietly behind him, looking over his head. At last he got up, patted the neck of the pony (whom, from an exaggerated appreciation of his merits, he had christened "Five Hundred Dollar"), and then mounted with a melancholy air.

"What is it, Henry?"

"Ah, I feel lonesome; I never been here before; but I see away yonder over the buttes, and down there on the prairie, black—all black with buffalo!"

In the afternoon he and I left the party in search of an antelope; until, at the distance of a mile or two on the right, the tall white wagons and the little black specks of horsemen were just visible, so slowly advancing that they seemed motionless; and far on the left rose the broken line of scorched, desolate sand-

hills. The vast plain waved with tall rank grass that swept our horses' bellies; it swayed to and fro in billows with the light breeze, and far and near, antelope and wolves were moving through it, the hairy backs of the latter alternately appearing and disappearing as they bounded awkwardly along; while the antelope, with the simple curiosity peculiar to them, would often approach us closely, their little horns and white throats just visible above the grass tops as they gazed eagerly at us with their round, black eyes.

I dismounted, and amused myself with firing at the wolves. Henry attentively scrutinized the surrounding landscape; at length he gave a shout, and called on me to mount again, pointing in the direction of the sand-hills. A mile and a half from us, two minute black specks slowly traversed the face of one of the bare, glaring declivities, and disappeared behind the summit. "Let us go!" cried Henry, belaboring the sides of Five Hundred Dollar; and I following in his wake, we galloped rapidly through the rank grass toward the base of the hills.

From one of their openings descended a deep ravine, widening as it issued on the prairie. We entered it, and galloping up, in a moment were surrounded by the bleak sand-hills. Half of their steep sides were bare; the rest were scantily clothed with clumps of grass and various uncouth plants, conspicuous among which appeared the reptile-like prickly-pear. They were gashed with numberless ravines; and as the sky had suddenly darkened and a cold gusty wind arisen, the strange shrubs and the dreary hills looked doubly wild and desolate. But Henry's face was all eagerness. He tore off a little hair from the piece of buffalo robe under his saddle, and threw it up, to show the course of the wind. It blew directly before us. The game were therefore to windward, and it was necessary to make our best speed to get round them.

We scrambled from this ravine, and galloping away through the hollows, soon found another, winding like a snake among the hills, and so deep that it completely concealed us. We rode up the bottom of it, glancing through the shrubbery at its edge, till Henry abruptly jerked his rein and slid out of his saddle. Full a quarter of a mile distant, on the outline of the farthest

hill, a long procession of buffalo were walking, in Indian file, with the utmost gravity and deliberation; then more appeared, clambering from a hollow not far off, and ascending, one behind the other, the grassy slope of another hill; then a shaggy head and a pair of short, broken horns appeared, issuing out of a ravine close at hand, and with a slow, stately step, one by one, the enormous brutes came into view, taking their way across the valley, wholly unconscious of an enemy. In a moment Henry was worming his way, lying flat on the ground, through grass and prickly-pears, toward his unsuspecting victims. He had with him both my rifle and his own. He was soon out of sight, and still the buffalo kept issuing into the valley. For a long time all was silent; I sat holding his horse, and wondering what he was about, when suddenly, in rapid succession, came the sharp reports of the two rifles, and the whole line of buffalo, quickening their pace into a clumsy trot, gradually disappeared over the ridge of the hill. Henry rose to his feet, and stood looking after them.

"You have missed them," said I.

"Yes," said Henry; "let us go." He descended into the ravine, loaded the rifles, and mounted his horse.

We rode up the hill after the buffalo. The herd was out of sight when we reached the top, but lying on the grass not far off was one quite lifeless, and another violently struggling in the death agony.

"You see I miss him!" remarked Henry. He had fired from a distance of more than a hundred and fifty yards, and both balls had passed through the lungs—the true mark in shooting buffalo.

The darkness increased, and a driving storm came on. Tying our horses to the horns of the victims, Henry began the bloody work of dissection, slashing away with the science of a connoisseur, while I vainly endeavored to imitate him. Old Hendrick recoiled with horror and indignation when I endeavored to tie the meat to the strings of rawhide, always carried for this purpose, dangling at the back of the saddle. After some difficulty we overcame his scruples; and heavily burdened with the more eligible portions of the buffalo, we set out on our return. Scarcely had we emerged from the labyrinth of gorges and ravines, and

issued upon the open prairie, when the pricking sleet came driving, gust upon gust, directly in our faces. It was strangely dark, though wanting still an hour of sunset. The freezing storm soon penetrated to the skin, but the uneasy trot of our heavy-gaited horses kept us warm enough, as we forced them unwillingly in the teeth of the sleet and rain by the powerful suasion of our Indian whips. The prairie in this place was hard and level. A flourishing colony of prairie dogs had burrowed into it in every direction, and the little mounds of fresh earth around their holes were about as numerous as the hills in a cornfield; but not a yelp was to be heard; not the nose of a single citizen was visible; all had retired to the depths of their burrows, and we envied them their dry and comfortable habitations. An hour's hard riding showed us our tent dimly looming through the storm, one side puffed out by the force of the wind, and the other collapsed in proportion, while the disconsolate horses stood shivering close around, and the wind kept up a dismal whistling in the boughs of three old, half-dead trees above. Shaw, like a patriarch, sat on his saddle in the entrance, with a pipe in his mouth and his arms folded, contemplating with cool satisfaction the piles of meat that we flung on the ground before him. A dark and dreary night succeeded; but the sun rose with a heat so sultry and languid that the captain excused himself on that account from waylaying an old buffalo bull, who with stupid gravity was walking over the prairie to drink at the river. So much for the climate of the Platte!

AN UNSUCCESSFUL HUNT

But it was not the weather alone that had produced this sudden abatement of the sportsmanlike zeal which the captain had always professed. He had been out on the afternoon before, together with several members of his party; but their hunting was attended with no other result than the loss of one of their best horses, severely injured by Sorel in vainly chasing a wounded bull. The captain, whose ideas of hard riding were all derived from transatlantic sources, expressed the utmost amazement at the feats of Sorel, who went leaping ravines and dashing at full speed up and down the sides of precipitous hills, lashing his horse

with the recklessness of a Rocky Mountain rider. Unfortunately for the poor animal, he was the property of R., against whom Sorel entertained an unbounded aversion. The captain himself, it seemed, had also attempted to "run" a buffalo, but though a good and practiced horseman, he had soon given over the attempt, being astonished and utterly disgusted at the nature of the ground he was required to ride over.

Nothing unusual occurred on that day; but on the following morning Henry Chatillon, looking over the ocean-like expanse, saw near the foot of the distant hills something that looked like a band of buffalo. He was not sure, he said, but at all events, if they were buffalo there was a fine chance for a race. Shaw and I at once determined to try the speed of our horses.

"Come, captain; we'll see which can ride hardest, a Yankee or an Irishman."

But the captain maintained a grave and austere countenance. He mounted his led horse, however, though very slowly, and we set out at a trot. The game appeared about three miles distant. As we proceeded, the captain made various remarks of doubt and indecision, and at length declared he would have nothing to do with such a breakneck business; protesting that he had ridden plenty of steeple-chases in his day, but he never knew what riding was till he found himself behind a band of buffalo the day before yesterday. "I am convinced," said the captain, "that 'running' is out of the question. Take my advice now and don't attempt it. It's dangerous, and of no use at all."

"Then why did you come out with us? What do you mean to do?"

"I shall 'approach,' " replied the captain.

"You don't mean to 'approach' with your pistols, do you? We have all of us left our rifles in the wagons."

The captain seemed staggered at the suggestion. In his characteristic indecision, at setting out, pistols, rifles, "running," and "approaching" were mingled in an inextricable medley in his brain. He trotted on in silence between us for a while; but at length he dropped behind, and slowly walked his horse back to rejoin the party. Shaw and I kept on; when lo! as we advanced,

the band of buffalo were transformed into certain clumps of tall bushes, dotting the prairie for a considerable distance. At this ludicrous termination of our chase, we followed the example of our late ally and turned back toward the party. We were skirting the brink of a deep ravine, when we saw Henry and the broad-chested pony coming toward us at a gallop.

"Here's old Papin and Frederic, down from Fort Laramie!" shouted Henry, long before he came up. We had for some days expected this encounter. Papin was the *bourgeois* of Fort Laramie. He had come down the river with the buffalo robes and the beaver, the produce of the last winter's trading. I had among our baggage a letter which I wished to commit to their hands; so, requesting Henry to detain the boats if he could until my return, I set out after the wagons. They were about four miles in advance. In half an hour I overtook them, got the letter, trotted back upon the trail, and looking carefully as I rode, saw a patch of broken, storm-blasted trees, and moving near them some little black specks like men and horses. Arriving at the place, I found a strange assembly. The boats, eleven in number, deep-laden with the skins, hugged close to the shore to escape being borne down by the swift current. The rowers, swarthy, ignoble Mexicans, turned their brutish faces upward to look as I reached the bank. Papin sat in the middle of one of the boats upon the canvas covering that protected the robes. He was a stout, robust fellow, with a little gray eye that had a peculiarly sly twinkle. "Frederic" also stretched his tall, rawboned proportions close by the *bourgeois,* and "mountain-men" completed the group; some lounging in the boats, some strolling on shore; some attired in gayly painted buffalo robes like Indian dandies; some with hair saturated with red paint, and beplastered with glue to their temples; and one bedaubed with vermilion upon his forehead and each cheek. They were a mongrel race, yet the French blood seemed to predominate; in a few, indeed, might be seen the black, snaky eye of the Indian half-breed; and one and all, they seemed to aim at assimilating themselves to their savage associates.

I shook hands with the *bourgeois* and delivered the letter;

then the boats swung around into the stream and floated away. They had reason for haste, for already the voyage from Fort Laramie had occupied a full month, and the river was growing daily more shallow. Fifty times a day the boats had been aground; indeed, those who navigate the Platte invariably spend half their time upon sand-bars. Two of these boats, the property of private traders, afterward separating from the rest, got hopelessly involved in the shallows, not very far from the Pawnee villages, and were soon surrounded by a swarm of the inhabitants. They carried off everything that they considered valuable, including most of the robes; and amused themselves by tying up the men left on guard, and soundly whipping them with sticks.

We encamped that night upon the bank of the river. Among the emigrants there was an overgrown boy, some eighteen years old, with a head as round and about as large as a pumpkin, and fever-and-ague fits had dyed his face of a corresponding color. He wore an old white hat, tied under his chin with a handkerchief; his body was short and stout, but his legs of disproportioned and appalling length. I observed him at sunset breasting the hill with gigantic strides, and standing against the sky on the summit like a colossal pair of tongs. In a moment after, we heard him screaming frantically behind the ridge, and nothing doubting that he was in the clutches of Indians or grizzly bears, some of the party caught up their rifles and ran to the rescue. His outcries, however, proved but an ebullition of joyous excitement; he had chased two little wolf pups to their burrow, and he was on his knees, grubbing away like a dog at the mouth of the hole, to get at them.

Before morning he caused more serious disquiet in the camp. It was his turn to hold the middle guard; but no sooner was he called up than he coolly arranged a pair of saddle-bags under a wagon, laid his head upon them, closed his eyes, opened his mouth, and fell asleep. The guard on our side of the camp, thinking it no part of his duty to look after the cattle of the emigrants, contented himself with watching our own horses and mules; the wolves, he said, were unusually noisy; but still no mischief was

anticipated, until the sun rose, and not a hoof or horn was in sight! The cattle were gone! While Tom was quietly slumbering, the wolves had driven them away.

Then we reaped the fruits of R.'s precious plan of traveling in company with emigrants. To leave them in their distress was not to be thought of, and we felt bound to wait until the cattle could be searched for, and, if possible, recovered. But the reader may be curious to know what punishment awaited the faithless Tom. By the wholesome law of the prairie, he who falls asleep on guard is condemned to walk all day, leading his horse by the bridle, and we found much fault with our companions for not enforcing such a sentence on the offender. Nevertheless, had he been of our own party, I have no doubt he would in like manner have escaped scot-free. But the emigrants went further than mere forbearance; they decreed that since Tom couldn't stand guard without falling asleep, he shouldn't stand guard at all, and henceforward his slumbers were unbroken. Establishing such a premium on drowsiness could have no very beneficial effect upon the vigilance of our sentinels; for it is far from agreeable, after riding from sunrise to sunset, to feel your slumbers interrupted by the butt of a rifle nudging your side, and a sleepy voice growling in your ear that you must get up, to shiver and freeze for three weary hours at midnight.

LOST ON THE GREAT PLAINS

"Buffalo! buffalo!" It was but a grim old bull, roaming the prairie by himself in misanthropic seclusion; but there might be more behind the hills. Dreading the monotony and languor of the camp, Shaw and I saddled our horses, buckled our holsters in their places, and set out with Henry Chatillon in search of the game. Henry, not intending to take part in the chase, but merely conducting us, carried his rifle with him, while we left ours behind as incumbrances. We rode for some five or six miles, and saw no living thing but wolves, snakes, and prairie dogs.

"This won't do at all," said Shaw.

"What won't do?"

"There's no wood about here to make a litter for the wounded

man; I have an idea that one of us will need something of the sort before the day is over."

There was some foundation for such an apprehension, for the ground was none of the best for a race, and grew worse continually as we proceeded; indeed it soon became desperately bad, consisting of abrupt hills and deep hollows, cut by frequent ravines not easy to pass. At length, a mile in advance, we saw a band of bulls. Some were scattered grazing over a green declivity, while the rest were crowded more densely together in the wide hollow below. Making a circuit to keep out of sight, we rode toward them until we ascended a hill within a furlong of them, beyond which nothing intervened that could possibly screen us from their view. We dismounted behind the ridge just out of sight, drew our saddle-girths, examined our pistols, and mounting again rode over the hill and descended at a canter toward them, bending close to our horses' necks. Instantly they took the alarm; those on the hill descended; those below gathered into a mass, and the whole got in motion, shouldering each other along at a clumsy gallop. We followed, spurring our horses to full speed; and as the herd rushed, crowding and trampling in terror through an opening in the hills, we were close at their heels, half suffocated by the clouds of dust. But as we drew near, their alarm and speed increased; our horses showed signs of the utmost fear, bounding violently aside as we approached, and refusing to enter among the herd. The buffalo now broke into several small bodies, scampering over the hills in different directions, and I lost sight of Shaw; neither of us knew where the other had gone. Old Pontiac ran like a frantic elephant up hill and down hill, his ponderous hoofs striking the prairie like sledge-hammers. He showed a curious mixture of eagerness and terror, straining to overtake the panic-stricken herd, but constantly recoiling in dismay as we drew near. The fugitives, indeed, offered no very attractive spectacle, with their enormous size and weight, their shaggy manes and the tattered remnants of their last winter's hair covering their backs in irregular shreds and patches, and flying off in the wind as they ran. At length I urged my horse close behind a bull, and after trying in vain, by blows and spurring, to

bring him alongside, I shot a bullet into the buffalo from this disadvantageous position. At the report, Pontiac swerved so much that I was again thrown a little behind the game. The bullet, entering too much in the rear, failed to disable the bull, for a buffalo requires to be shot at particular points or he will certainly escape. The herd ran up a hill, and I followed in pursuit. As Pontiac rushed headlong down on the other side, I saw Shaw and Henry descending the hollow on the right at a leisurely gallop; and in front, the buffalo were just disappearing behind the crest of the next hill, their short tails erect and their hoofs twinkling through a cloud of dust.

At that moment I heard Shaw and Henry shouting to me; but the muscles of a stronger arm than mine could not have checked at once the furious course of Pontiac, whose mouth was as insensible as leather. Added to this, I rode him that morning with a common snaffle, having the day before, for the benefit of my other horse, unbuckled from my bridle the curb which I ordinarily used. A stronger and hardier brute never trod the prairie; but the novel sight of the buffalo filled him with terror, and when at full speed he was almost incontrollable. Gaining the top of the ridge, I saw nothing of the buffalo; they had all vanished amid the intricacies of the hills and hollows. Reloading my pistols in the best way I could, I galloped on until I saw them again scuttling along at the base of the hill, their panic somewhat abated. Down went old Pontiac among them, scattering them to the right and left, and then we had another long chase. About a dozen bulls were before us, scouring over the hills, rushing down the declivities with tremendous weight and impetuosity, and then laboring with a weary gallop upward. Still Pontiac, in spite of spurring and beating, would not close with them. One bull at length fell a little behind the rest, and by dint of much effort I urged my horse within six or eight yards of his side. His back was darkened with sweat, and he was panting heavily, while his tongue lolled out a foot from his jaws. Gradually I came up abreast of him, urging Pontiac with leg and rein nearer to his side, when suddenly he did what buffalo in such circumstances will always do: he slackened his gallop, and turning toward us with an aspect of

mingled rage and distress, lowered his huge shaggy head for a charge. Pontiac, with a snort, leaped aside in terror, nearly throwing me to the ground, as I was wholly unprepared for such an evolution. I raised my pistol in a passion to strike him on the head, but thinking better of it, fired the bullet after the bull, who had resumed his flight; then drew rein, and determined to rejoin my companions. It was high time. The breath blew hard from Pontiac's nostrils, and the sweat rolled in big drops down his sides; I myself felt as if drenched in warm water. Pledging myself (and I redeemed the pledge) to take my revenge at a future opportunity, I looked round for some indications to show me where I was, and what course I ought to pursue. I might as well have looked for landmarks in the midst of the ocean. How many miles I had run or in what direction, I had no idea; and around me the prairie was rolling in steep swells and pitches, without a single distinctive feature to guide me. I had a little compass hung at my neck; and ignorant that the Platte at this point diverged considerably from its easterly course, I thought that by keeping to the northward I should certainly reach it. So I turned and rode about two hours in that direction. The prairie changed as I advanced, softening away into easier undulations, but nothing like the Platte appeared, nor any sign of a human being; the same wild endless expanse lay around me still; and to all appearance I was as far from my object as ever. I began now to consider myself in danger of being lost; and therefore, reining in my horse, summoned the scanty share of woodcraft that I possessed (if that term be applicable upon the prairie) to extricate me. Looking round, it occurred to me that the buffalo might prove my best guides. I soon found one of the paths made by them in their passage to the river; it ran nearly at right angles to my course; but turning my horse's head in the direction it indicated, his freer gait and erected ears assured me that I was right.

But in the meantime my ride had been by no means a solitary one. The whole face of the country was dotted far and wide with countless hundreds of buffalo. They trooped along in files and columns, bulls, cows, and calves, on the green faces of the

declivities in front. They scrambled away over the hills to the right and left; and far off, the pale blue swells in the extreme distance were dotted with innumerable specks. Sometimes I surprised shaggy old bulls grazing alone, or sleeping behind the ridges I ascended. They would leap up at my approach, stare stupidly at me through their tangled manes, and then gallop heavily away. The antelope were very numerous; and as they are always bold when in the neighborhood of buffalo, they would approach quite near to look at me, gazing intently with their great round eyes, then suddenly leap aside and stretch lightly away over the prairie as swiftly as a racehorse. Squalid, ruffian-like wolves sneaked through the hollows and sandy ravines. Several times I passed through villages of prairie dogs, who sat, each at the mouth of his burrow, holding his paws before him in a supplicating attitude and yelping away most vehemently, energetically whisking his little tail with every squeaking cry he uttered. Prairie dogs are not fastidious in their choice of companions; various long, checkered snakes were sunning themselves in the midst of the village, and demure little gray owls, with a large white ring around each eye, were perched side by side with the rightful inhabitants. The prairie teemed with life. Again and again I looked toward the crowded hillsides, and was sure I saw horsemen; and riding near, with a mixture of hope and dread, for Indians were abroad, I found them transformed into a group of buffalo. There was nothing in human shape amid all this vast congregation of brute forms.

When I turned down the buffalo path, the prairie seemed changed; only a wolf or two glided past at intervals, like conscious felons, never looking to the right or left. Being now free from anxiety, I was at leisure to observe minutely the objects around me; and here, for the first time, I noticed insects wholly different from any of the varieties found farther to the eastward. Gaudy butterflies fluttered about my horse's head; strangely formed beetles, glittering with metallic luster, were crawling upon plants that I had never seen before; multitudes of lizards, too, were darting like lightning over the sand.

I had run to a great distance from the river. It cost me a long

ride on the buffalo path before I saw from the ridge of a sand-hill the pale surface of the Platte glistening in the midst of its desert valleys, and the faint outline of the hills beyond waving along the sky. From where I stood, not a tree nor a bush nor a living thing was visible throughout the whole extent of the sun-scorched landscape. In half an hour I came upon the trail, not far from the river; and seeing that the party had not yet passed, I turned eastward to meet them, old Pontiac's long, swinging trot again assuring me that I was right in doing so. Having been slightly ill on leaving camp in the morning, six or seven hours of rough riding had fatigued me extremely. I soon stopped, therefore; flung my saddle on the ground, and with my head resting on it, and my horse's trail-rope tied loosely to my arm, lay waiting the arrival of the party, speculating meanwhile on the extent of the injuries Pontiac had received. At length the white wagon coverings rose from the verge of the plain. By a singular coincidence, almost at the same moment two horsemen appeared coming down from the hills. They were Shaw and Henry, who had searched for me a while in the morning, but well knowing the futility of the attempt in such a broken country, had placed themselves on the top of the highest hill they could find, and picketing their horses near them, as a signal to me, had lain down and fallen asleep.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. Francis Parkman (1823-1893) was an American writer, born in Boston, where his father was a well-known clergyman. At the age of eight years he went to live with his grandfather on a wild tract of land near Boston, and there developed the fondness for outdoor life which is shown in all his writings. Parkman was graduated from Harvard College in 1844, and from the Harvard Law School two years later, but he never practiced law. The journey related in his book, *The Oregon Trail,* from which "The Buffalo" is taken, was made immediately after Parkman completed his law studies. His purpose was to gain an intimate knowledge of Indian life. From the Missouri River two great overland routes led across the country to the Pacific. One, the Santa Fe trail, carried a large overland trade with northern Mexico and southern California; the other, the Oregon trail, was commonly used by emigrants on their way to the northwest coast. Parkman's journey occupied about five months.

He left Boston in April, 1846, accompanied by Quincy Adams Shaw, a relative, and went first to St. Louis, the trip by railroad, steamboat, and stage requiring about two weeks. Here they engaged two guides and procured an outfit, including a supply of presents for the Indians. After eight days on a river steamboat they arrived at Independence, Missouri, where the land journey began.

In a newspaper item of March tenth, 1919, the following appeared: "For the first time in half a century bisons are on sale in Omaha. A herd of thirty-three, raised on a Colorado ranch, arrived at the stock yards yesterday. The meat will sell for around $1.00 a pound."

Discussion. 1. Locate on a map the Platte River and the region mentioned in the story. 2. What picture do you see as you read the fourth paragraph? 3. Briefly relate the incident of the first afternoon's hunting trip. 4. What objections to traveling with emigrants did the party find? 5. What do you learn of prairie animals from this story? 6. Read the description of the prairie dog found on page 12; why is this description a good one? 7. What insects that differ from those found farther east does the author mention? 8. Point out lines that show Parkman to be excellent in description. 9. Compare travel at the time the author made this trip with travel at the present time. 10. Pronounce the following: alternately; minute; reptile; patriarch; inextricably; ally; robust; squalid; pumpkin; lolled; applicable; vehemently; buttes; gorges; circuit.

Phrases

(*The numbers in heavy type refer to pages; numbers in light type to lines.*)

exaggerated appreciation, **1**, 7
attentively scrutinized, **2**, 11
in his wake, **2**, 17
issued on the prairie, **2**, 20
gashed with numberless ravines, **2**, 24
doubly wild, **2**, 27
to windward, **2**, 30
Indian file, **3**, 1
worming his way, **3**, 8
science of a connoisseur, **3**, 30
overcame his scruples, **3**, 35
more eligible portions, **3**, 35
in the teeth of the sleet, **4**, 5
collapsed in proportion, **4**, 15
transatlantic sources, **4**, 34
an unbounded aversion, **5**, 3
to "run" a buffalo, **5**, 4
I shall "approach," **5**, 29
staggered at the suggestion, **5**, 32
characteristic indecision, **5**, 32
bourgeois of Fort Laramie, **6**, 9
rawboned proportions, **6**, 26
assimilating themselves, **6**, 35
involved in the shallows, **7**, 8
disproportioned and appalling, **7**, 19
breasting the hill, **7**, 20
hold the middle guard, **7**, 31
reaped the fruits, **8**, 4
precious plan, **8**, 4
wholesome law of the prairie, **8**, 9
such an apprehension, **9**, 3
drew our saddle-girths, **9**, 14
laboring with a weary gallop, **10**, 28
dint of much effort, **10**, 31
high time, **11**, 7
supplicating attitude, **12**, 15
rightful inhabitants, **12**, 21
vast congregation, **12**, 26

OLD EPHRAIM, THE GRIZZLY BEAR

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

VARIETIES OF BEAR

The king of the game beasts of temperate North America, because the most dangerous to the hunter, is the grizzly bear; known to the few remaining old-time trappers of the Rockies and the Great Plains, sometimes as "Old Ephraim" and sometimes as "Moccasin Joe"—the last in allusion to his queer, half-human footprints, which look as if made by some misshapen giant, walking in moccasins.

Bear vary greatly in size and color, no less than in temper and habits. Old hunters speak much of them in their endless talks over the camp-fires and in the snow-bound winter huts. They insist on many species; not merely the black and the grizzly, but the brown, the cinnamon, the gray, the silver-tip, and others with names known only in certain localities, such as the range bear, the roach-back, and the smut-face. But, in spite of popular opinion to the contrary, most old hunters are very untrustworthy in dealing with points of natural history. They usually know only so much about any given game animal as will enable them to kill it. They study its habits solely with this end in view; and once slain they only examine it to see about its condition and fur. With rare exceptions they are quite incapable of passing judgment upon questions of specific identity or difference. When questioned, they not only advance perfectly impossible theories and facts in support of their views, but they rarely even agree as to the views themselves. One hunter will assert that the true grizzly is only found in California, heedless of the fact that the name was first used by Lewis and Clark as one of the titles they applied to the large bears of the plains country round the Upper Missouri, a quarter of a century before the California grizzly was known to fame. Another hunter will call any big brindled bear a grizzly no matter where it is found; and he and his companions

will dispute by the hour as to whether a bear of large, but not extreme, size is a grizzly or a silver-tip. In Oregon the cinnamon bear is a phase of the small black bear; in Montana it is the plains variety of the large mountain silver-tip. I have myself seen the skins of two bears killed on the upper waters of Tongue River; one was that of a male, one of a female, and they had evidently just mated; yet one was distinctly a "silver-tip" and the other a "cinnamon." The skin of one very big bear which I killed in the Bighorn has proved a standing puzzle to almost all the old hunters to whom I have shown it; rarely do any two of them agree as to whether it is a grizzly, a silver-tip, a cinnamon, or a "smut-face." Any bear with unusually long hair on the spine and shoulders, especially if killed in the spring, when the fur is shaggy, is forthwith dubbed a "roach-back." The average sporting writer, moreover, joins with the more imaginative members of the "old hunter" variety in ascribing wildly various traits to these different bears. One comments on the superior prowess of the roach-back; the explanation being that a bear in early spring is apt to be ravenous from hunger. The next insists that the California grizzly is the only really dangerous bear; while another stoutly maintains that it does not compare in ferocity with what he calls the "smaller" silver-tip or cinnamon. And so on, and so on, without end. All of which is mere nonsense.

Nevertheless, it is no easy task to determine how many species or varieties of bear actually do exist in the United States, and I cannot even say without doubt that a very large set of skins and skulls would not show a nearly complete intergradation between the most widely separated individuals. However, there are certainly two very distinct types, which differ almost as widely from each other as a wapiti does from a mule deer, and which exist in the same localities in most heavily timbered portions of the Rockies. One is the small black bear, a bear which will average about two hundred pounds weight, with fine, glossy, black fur, and the foreclaws but little longer than the hinder ones; in fact, the hairs of the forepaw often reach to their tips. This bear is a tree climber. It is the only kind found east of the great plains, and it is also plentiful in the forest-clad portions of the Rockies,

being common in most heavily timbered tracts throughout the United States. The other is the grizzly, which weighs three or four times as much as the black, and has a pelt of coarse hair, which is in color gray, grizzled, or brown of various shades. It is not a tree climber, and the foreclaws are very long, much longer than the hinder ones. It is found from the great plains west of the Mississippi to the Pacific coast. This bear inhabits indifferently lowland and mountain; the deep woods and the barren plains where the only cover is the stunted growth fringing the streams. These two types are very distinct in every way, and their differences are not at all dependent upon mere geographical considerations; for they are often found in the same district. Thus I found them both in the Bighorn Mountains, each type being in extreme form, while the specimens I shot showed no trace of intergradation. The huge, grizzled, long-clawed beast, and its little, glossy-coated, short-clawed, tree-climbing brother roamed over exactly the same country in those mountains; but they were as distinct in habits, and mixed as little together as moose and caribou.

On the other hand, when a sufficient number of bears from widely separated regions are examined, the various distinguishing marks are found to be inconstant and to show a tendency—exactly how strong I cannot say—to fade into one another. The differentiation of the two species seems to be as yet scarcely completed; there are more or less imperfect connecting links, and as regards the grizzly it almost seems as if the specific characters were still unstable. In the far Northwest, in the basin of the Columbia, the "black" bear is as often brown as any other color; and I have seen the skins of two cubs, one black and one brown, which were shot when following the same dam. When these brown bears have coarser hair than usual their skins are with difficulty to be distinguished from those of certain varieties of the grizzly. Moreover, all bears vary greatly in size; and I have seen the bodies of very large black or brown bears with short foreclaws which were fully as heavy as, or perhaps heavier than, some small but full-grown grizzlies with long foreclaws. These very large bears with short claws are very reluctant to climb a tree; and are

almost as clumsy about it as is a young grizzly. Among the grizzlies the fur varies much in color and texture even among bears of the same locality; it is of course richest in the deep forest, while the bears of the dry plains and mountains are of a lighter, more washed-out hue.

A full-grown grizzly will usually weigh from five to seven hundred pounds; but exceptional individuals undoubtedly reach more than twelve hundredweight. The California bears are said to be much the largest. This I think is so, but I cannot say it with certainty—at any rate, I have examined several skins of full-grown Californian bears which were no larger than those of many I have seen from the northern Rockies. The Alaskan bears, particularly those of the peninsula, are even bigger beasts; the skin of one which I saw in the possession of Mr. Webster, the taxidermist, was a good deal larger than the average polar bear skin; and the animal when alive, if in good condition, could hardly have weighed less than 1400 pounds. Bears vary wonderfully in weight, even to the extent of becoming half as heavy again, according as they are fat or lean; in this respect they are more like hogs than like any other animals.

HABITS OF BEAR

The grizzly is now chiefly a beast of the high hills and heavy timber; but this is merely because he has learned that he must rely on cover to guard him from man, and has forsaken the open ground accordingly. In old days, and in one or two very out-of-the-way places almost to the present time, he wandered at will over the plains. It is only the wariness born of fear which nowadays causes him to cling to the thick brush of the large river bottoms throughout the plains country. When there were no rifle-bearing hunters in the land, to harass him and make him afraid, he roved hither and thither at will, in burly self-confidence. Then he cared little for cover, unless as a weather-break, or because it happened to contain food he liked. If the humor seized him he would roam for days over the rolling or broken prairie, searching for roots, digging up gophers, or perhaps following the great buffalo herds either to prey on some unwary

straggler which he was able to catch at a disadvantage in a washout, or else to feast on the carcasses of those which died by accident. Old hunters, survivors of the long-vanished ages when the vast herds thronged the high plains and were followed by the wild red tribes, and by bands of whites who were scarcely less savage, have told me that they often met bears under such circumstances; and these bears were accustomed to sleep in a patch of rank sage bush, in the niche of a washout, or under the lee of a bowlder, seeking their food abroad even in full daylight. The bears of the Upper Missouri basin—which were so light in color that the early explorers often alluded to them as gray or even as "white"—were particularly given to this life in the open. To this day that close kinsman of the grizzly known as the bear of the barren grounds continues to lead this same kind of life, in the far north. My friend, Mr. Rockhill, of Maryland, who was the first white man to explore eastern Tibet, describes the large grizzly-like bear of those desolate uplands as having similar habits.

However, the grizzly is a shrewd beast and shows the usual bear-like capacity for adapting himself to changed conditions. He has in most places become a cover-haunting animal, sly in his ways, wary to a degree, and clinging to the shelter of the deepest forests in the mountains and of the most tangled thickets in the plains. Hence he has held his own far better than such game as the bison and elk. He is much less common than formerly, but he is still to be found throughout most of his former range; save, of course, in the immediate neighborhood of the large towns.

In most places the grizzly hibernates, or, as old hunters say, "holes up," during the cold season, precisely as does the black bear; but, as with the latter species, those animals which live farthest south spend the whole year abroad in mild seasons. The grizzly rarely chooses that favorite den of his little black brother, a hollow tree or log, for his winter sleep, seeking or making some cavernous hole in the ground instead. The hole is sometimes in a slight hillock in a river bottom, but more often on a hill-side, and may be either shallow or deep. In the mountains it is generally a natural cave in the rock, but among the foot-hills and on the plains the bear usually has to take some hollow or opening,

and then fashion it into a burrow to his liking with his big digging claws.

Before the cold weather sets in, the bear begins to grow restless, and to roam about seeking for a good place in which to hole up. One will often try and abandon several caves or partially dug-out burrows in succession before finding a place to its taste. It always endeavors to choose a spot where there is little chance of discovery or molestation, taking great care to avoid leaving too evident trace of its work. Hence it is not often that the dens are found.

Once in its den the bear passes the cold months in lethargic sleep; yet, in all but the coldest weather, and sometimes even then, its slumber is but light, and if disturbed it will promptly leave its den, prepared for fight or flight as the occasion may require. Many times when a hunter has stumbled on the winter resting-place of a bear and has left it, as he thought, without his presence being discovered, he has returned only to find that the crafty old fellow was aware of the danger all the time, and sneaked off as soon as the coast was clear. But in very cold weather hibernating bears can hardly be wakened from their torpid lethargy.

The length of time a bear stays in its den depends of course upon the severity of the season and the latitude and altitude of the country.

When the bear first leaves its den the fur is in very fine order, but it speedily becomes thin and poor, and does not recover its condition until the fall. Sometimes the bear does not betray any great hunger for a few days after its appearance; but in a short while it becomes ravenous. During the early spring, when the woods are still entirely barren and lifeless, while the snow yet lies in deep drifts, the lean, hungry brute, both maddened and weakened by long fasting, is more of a flesh eater than at any other time. It is at this period that it is most apt to turn true beast of prey, and show its prowess either at the expense of the wild game, or of the flocks of the settler and the herds of the ranchman. Bears are very capricious in this respect, however. Some are confirmed game and cattle killers; others are not; while

yet others either are or are not, accordingly as the freak seizes them, and their ravages vary almost unaccountably, both with the season and the locality.

AN EXCITING BEAR HUNT

I spent much of the fall of 1889 hunting on the head-waters of the Salmon and Snake in Idaho, and along the Montana boundary line from the Big Hole Basin and the head of the Wisdom River to the neighborhood of Red Rock Pass and to the north and west of Henry's Lake. During the last fortnight my companion was the old mountain man named Griffeth or Griffin—I cannot tell which, as he was always called either "Hank" or "Griff." He was a crabbedly honest old fellow, and a very skillful hunter; but he was worn out with age and rheumatism, and his temper had failed even faster than his bodily strength. He showed me a greater variety of game than I had ever seen before in so short a time; nor did I ever before or after make so successful a hunt. But he was an exceedingly disagreeable companion on account of his surly, moody ways. I generally had to get up first, to kindle the fire and make ready breakfast, and he was very quarrelsome. Finally, during my absence from camp one day, while not very far from Red Rock Pass, he found my whiskey-flask, which I kept purely for emergencies, and drank all the contents. When I came back he was quite drunk. This was unbearable, and after some high words I left him, and struck off homeward through the woods on my own account. We had with us four pack and saddle horses; and of these I took a very intelligent and gentle little bronco mare, which possessed the invaluable trait of always staying near camp, even when not hobbled. I was not hampered with much of an outfit, having only my buffalo sleeping-bag, a fur coat, and my washing-kit, with a couple of spare pairs of socks and some handkerchiefs. A frying-pan, some salt, flour, baking-powder, a small chunk of salt pork, and a hatchet made up a light pack, which, with the bedding, I fastened across the stock saddle by means of a rope and a spare packing cinch. My cartridges and knife were in my belt; my compass and matches, as always, in my pocket. I walked, while

the little mare followed almost like a dog, often without my having to hold the lariat which served as halter.

The country was for the most part fairly open, as I kept near the foot-hills where glades and little prairies broke the pine forest. The trees were of small size. There was no regular trail, but the course was easy to keep, and I had no trouble of any kind save on the second day. That afternoon I was following a stream which at last "canyoned up"—that is, sank to the bottom of a canyon-like ravine impassable for a horse. I started up a side valley, intending to cross from its head coulies to those of another valley which would lead in below the canyon.

However, I got enmeshed in the tangle of winding valleys at the foot of the steep mountains, and as dusk was coming on I halted and camped in a little open spot by the side of a small, noisy brook, with crystal water. The place was carpeted with soft, wet, green moss, dotted red with the kinnikinnic berries, and at its edge, under the trees where the ground was dry, I threw down the buffalo bed on the mat of sweet-smelling pine needles. Making camp took but a moment. I opened the pack, tossed the bedding on a smooth spot, knee-haltered the little mare, dragged up a few dry logs, and then strolled off, rifle on shoulder, through the frosty gloaming, to see if I could pick up a grouse for supper.

For half a mile I walked quickly and silently over the pine needles, across a succession of slight ridges separated by narrow, shallow valleys. The forest here was composed of lodge-pole pines, which on the ridges grew close together, with tall slender trunks, while in the valleys the growth was more open. Though the sun was behind the mountains there was yet plenty of light by which to shoot, but it was fading rapidly.

At last, as I was thinking of turning toward camp, I stole up to the crest of one of the ridges, and looked over into the valley some sixty yards off. Immediately I caught the loom of some large, dark object; and another glance showed me a big grizzly walking slowly off with his head down. He was quartering to me, and I fired into his flank, the bullet, as I afterward found, ranging forward and piercing one lung. At the shot he uttered a loud, moaning grunt and plunged forward at a heavy gallop, while

I raced obliquely down the hill to cut him off. After going a few hundred feet he reached a laurel thicket, some thirty yards broad, and two or three times as long, which he did not leave. I ran up to the edge and there halted, not liking to venture into the mass of twisted, close-growing stems and glossy foliage. Moreover, as I halted, I heard him utter a peculiar, savage kind of whine from the heart of the brush. Accordingly, I began to skirt the edge, standing on tiptoe and gazing earnestly to see if I could not catch a glimpse of his hide. When I was at the narrowest part of the thicket, he suddenly left it directly opposite, and then wheeled and stood broadside to me on the hill-side, a little above. He turned his head stiffly toward me; scarlet strings of froth hung from his lips; his eyes burned like embers in the gloom.

I held true, aiming behind the shoulder, and my bullet shattered the point or lower end of his heart, taking out a big nick. Instantly the great bear turned with a harsh roar of fury and challenge, blowing the bloody foam from his mouth, so that I saw the gleam of his white fangs; and then he charged straight at me, crashing and bounding through the laurel bushes, so that it was hard to aim. I waited until he came to a fallen tree, raking him as he topped it with a ball which entered his chest and went through the cavity of his body, but he neither swerved nor flinched, and at the moment I did not know that I had struck him. He came steadily on, and in another second was almost upon me. I fired for his forehead, but my bullet went low, entering his open mouth, smashing his lower jaw and going into the neck. I leaped to one side almost as I pulled trigger; and through the hanging smoke the first thing I saw was his paw as he made a vicious side blow at me. The rush of his charge carried him past. As he struck he lurched forward, leaving a pool of bright blood where his muzzle hit the ground; but he recovered himself and made two or three jumps onward, while I hurriedly jammed a couple of cartridges into the magazine, my rifle holding only four, all of which I had fired. Then he tried to pull up, but as he did so his muscles seemed suddenly to give way, his head drooped, and he rolled over and over like a shot rabbit. Each of my first three bullets had inflicted a mortal wound.

It was already twilight, and I merely opened the carcass, and then trotted back to camp. Next morning I returned and with much labor took off the skin. The fur was very fine, the animal being in excellent trim, and unusually bright-colored. Unfortunately, in packing it out I lost the skull, and had to supply its place with one of plaster. The beauty of the trophy, and the memory of the circumstances under which I procured it, make me value it perhaps more highly than any other in my house.

This is the only instance in which I have been regularly charged by a grizzly. On the whole, the danger of hunting these great bears has been much exaggerated. At the beginning of the present century, when white hunters first encountered the grizzly, he was doubtless an exceedingly savage beast, prone to attack without provocation, and a redoubtable foe to persons armed with the clumsy, small-bore, muzzle-loading rifles of the day. But at present, bitter experience has taught him caution. He has been hunted for sport, and hunted for his pelt, and hunted for the bounty, and hunted as a dangerous enemy to stock, until, save in the very wildest districts, he has learned to be more wary than a deer, and to avoid man's presence almost as carefully as the most timid kind of game. Except in rare cases he will not attack of his own accord, and, as a rule, even when wounded his object is escape rather than battle.

Still, when fairly brought to bay, or when moved by a sudden fit of ungovernable anger, the grizzly is beyond peradventure a very dangerous antagonist. The first shot, if taken at a bear a good distance off and previously unwounded and unharried, is not usually fraught with much danger, the startled animal being at the outset bent merely on flight. It is always hazardous, however, to track a wounded and worried grizzly into thick cover, and the man who habitually follows and kills this chief of American game in dense timber, never abandoning the bloody trail whithersoever it leads, must show no small degree of skill and hardihood, and must not too closely count the risk to life or limb. Bears differ widely in temper, and occasionally one may be found who will not show fight, no matter how much he is bullied; but, as a rule, a hunter must be cautious in meddling with a wounded

animal which has retreated into a dense thicket, and has been once or twice roused; and such a beast, when it does turn, will usually charge again and again, and fight to the last with unconquerable ferocity. The short distance at which the bear can be seen through the underbrush, the fury of its charge, and its tenacity of life make it necessary for the hunter on such occasions to have steady nerves and a fairly quick and accurate aim. It is always well to have two men in following a wounded bear under such conditions. This is not necessary, however, and a good hunter, rather than lose his quarry, will, under ordinary circumstances, follow and attack it, no matter how tangled the fastness in which it has sought refuge; but he must act warily and with the utmost caution and resolution, if he wishes to escape a terrible and probably fatal mauling. An experienced hunter is rarely rash, and never heedless; he will not, when alone, follow a wounded bear into a thicket, if by the exercise of patience, skill, and knowledge of the game's habits he can avoid the necessity; but it is idle to talk of the feat as something which ought in no case to be attempted. While danger ought never to be needlessly incurred, it is yet true that the keenest zest in sport comes from its presence, and from the consequent exercise of the qualities necessary to overcome it. The most thrilling moments of an American hunter's life are those in which, with every sense on the alert, and with nerves strung to the highest point, he is following alone into the heart of its forest fastness the fresh and bloody footprints of an angered grizzly; and no other triumph of American hunting can compare with the victory to be thus gained.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Theodore Roosevelt (1858-1919), twenty-sixth President of the United States, was born in New York City. As a boy he was of frail physique, but overcame this handicap by systematic exercise and outdoor life. He was always interested in natural history, and at the age of fourteen, when he accompanied his father on a tour up the Nile, he made a collection of the Egyptian birds to be found in the Nile valley. This collection is now in the Smithsonian Museum, Washington, D. C. In 1884, Roosevelt bought two cattle ranches near Medora, in North Dakota, where for two years he lived and entered actively into western life and spirit.

In 1909, at the close of his presidency, he conducted an expedition to Africa, to make a collection of tropical animals and plants. Expert naturalists accompanied the party, which remained in the wilderness for a year, and returned with a collection which scientists pronounce of unusual value for students of natural history. Most of the specimens are now in the Smithsonian Museum. Some of the books in which he has recorded his hunting experiences are: *African Game Trails, The Deer Family,* and *The Wilderness Hunter,* from which "Old Ephraim, the Grizzly Bear" is taken.

Mr. Roosevelt's last work as an explorer was his journey to South America. On this journey he penetrated wildernesses rarely explored by white men, and made many discoveries in the field of South American animal and vegetable life and in geography.

The vigorous personality of this great American found expression not only in the life of men and their political and social relations, but also in his love of the great outdoors and the unbeaten tracks where life is an adventure, primitive in surroundings, such a life as was lived by Sir Walter Raleigh and other great seamen and explorers who were not content with the tameness of the commonplace.

Discussion. 1. By what characteristics may the grizzly generally be distinguished from the black bear? 2. Which of these characteristics is most fixed? 3. What change has taken place in the habits of the North American grizzly? 4. Account for this change. 5. Locate the region in which the author was hunting at the time of the adventure he narrates. 6. Describe his outfit and tell what must be considered in providing such a hunting outfit. 7. What moments in the encounter with the grizzly were most exciting and dangerous? 8. What qualities must a hunter of such game possess? 9. What conclusions does the author give as a result of his experience in hunting "this chief of American game"? 10. What impression of the author do you gain from this story? 11. Pronounce: species; wariness; harass; lethargic; capricious; cañyon; obliquely; severity; misshapen.

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MOTI GUJ—MUTINEER

RUDYARD KIPLING

DEESA'S PLAN FOR A VACATION

Once upon a time there was a coffee-planter in India who wished to clear some forest land for coffee-planting. When he had cut down all the trees and burned the underwood, the stumps still remained. Dynamite is expensive and slow fire slow. The happy medium for stump-clearing is the lord of all beasts, who is the elephant. He will either push the stump out of the ground with his tusks, if he has any, or drag it out with ropes. The planter, therefore, hired elephants by ones and twos and threes, and fell to work. The very best of all the elephants belonged to the very worst of all the drivers or mahouts; and this superior beast's name was Moti Guj. He was the absolute property of his mahout, which would never have been the case under native rule: for Moti Guj was a creature to be desired by kings, and his name, being translated, meant the Pearl Elephant. Because the British government was in the land, Deesa, the mahout, enjoyed his property undisturbed. He was dissipated. When he had made much money through the strength of his elephant, he would get extremely drunk and give Moti Guj a beating with a tent-peg over the tender nails of the forefeet. Moti Guj never trampled the life out of Deesa on these occasions, for he knew that after the beating was over, Deesa would embrace his trunk and weep and call him his love and his life and the liver of his soul, and give him some liquor. Moti Guj was very fond of liquor—arrack for choice, though he would drink palm-tree toddy if nothing better offered. Then Deesa would go to sleep between Moti Guj's forefeet, and as Deesa generally chose the middle of the public road, and as Moti Guj mounted guard over him, and would not permit horse, foot, or cart to pass by, traffic was congested till Deesa saw fit to wake up.

There was no sleeping in the daytime on the planter's clear-

ing: the wages were too high to risk. Deesa sat on Moti Guj's neck and gave him orders, while Moti Guj rooted up the stumps —for he owned a magnificent pair of tusks; or pulled at the end of a rope—for he had a magnificent pair of shoulders—while Deesa kicked him behind the ears and said he was the king of elephants. At evening time Moti Guj would wash down his three hundred pounds' weight of green food with a quart of arrack, and Deesa would take a share, and sing songs between Moti Guj's legs till it was time to go to bed. Once a week Deesa led Moti Guj down to the river, and Moti Guj lay on his side luxuriously in the shallows, while Deesa went over him with a coir-swab and a brick. Moti Guj never mistook the pounding blow of the latter for the smack of the former that warned him to get up and turn over on the other side. Then Deesa would look at his feet and examine his eyes, and turn up the fringes of his mighty ears in case of sores or budding ophthalmia. After inspection the two would "come up with a song from the sea," Moti Guj, all black and shining, waving a torn tree branch twelve feet long in his trunk, and Deesa knotting up his own long wet hair.

It was a peaceful, well-paid life till Deesa felt the return of the desire to drink deep. He wished for an orgy. The little draughts that led nowhere were taking the manhood out of him.

He went to the planter, and "My mother's dead," said he, weeping.

"She died on the last plantation two months ago, and she died once before that when you were working for me last year," said the planter, who knew something of the ways of nativedom.

"Then it's my aunt, and she was just the same as a mother to me," said Deesa, weeping more than ever. "She has left eighteen small children entirely without bread, and it is I who must fill their little stomachs," said Deesa, beating his head on the floor.

"Who brought you the news?" said the planter.

"The post," said Deesa.

"There hasn't been a post here for the past week. Get back to your lines!"

"A devastating sickness has fallen on my village, and all my wives are dying," yelled Deesa, really in tears this time.

"Call Chihun, who comes from Deesa's village," said the planter. "Chihun, has this man got a wife?"

"He?" said Chihun. "No. Not a woman of our village would look at him. They'd sooner marry the elephant."

Chihun snorted. Deesa wept and bellowed.

"You will get into a difficulty in a minute," said the planter. "Go back to your work!"

"Now I will speak Heaven's truth," gulped Deesa, with an inspiration. "I haven't been drunk for two months. I desire to depart in order to get properly drunk afar off and distant from this heavenly plantation. Thus I shall cause no trouble."

A flickering smile crossed the planter's face. "Deesa," said he, "you've spoken the truth, and I'd give you leave on the spot if anything could be done with Moti Guj while you're away. You know that he will only obey your orders."

"May the light of the heavens live forty thousand years. I shall be absent but ten little days. After that, upon my faith and honor and soul, I return. As to the inconsiderable interval, have I the gracious permission of the heaven-born to call up Moti Guj?"

Permission was granted, and in answer to Deesa's shrill yell, the mighty tusker swung out of the shade of a clump of trees where he had been squirting dust over himself till his master should return.

"Light of my heart, protector of the drunken, mountain of might, give ear!" said Deesa, standing in front of him.

Moti Guj gave ear, and saluted with his trunk. "I am going away," said Deesa.

Moti Guj's eyes twinkled. He liked jaunts as well as his master. One could snatch all manner of nice things from the road-side then.

"But you, you fussy old pig, must stay behind and work."

The twinkle died out as Moti Guj tried to look delighted. He hated stump-hauling on the plantation. It hurt his teeth.

"I shall be gone for ten days, oh, delectable one! Hold up your near forefoot and I'll impress the fact upon it, warty toad of a dried mud-puddle." Deesa took a tent-peg and banged

Moti Guj ten times on the nails. Moti Guj grunted and shuffled from foot to foot.

"Ten days," said Deesa, "you will work and haul and root the trees as Chihun here shall order you. Take up Chihun and set him on your neck!" Moti Guj curled the tip of his trunk, Chihun put his foot there, and was swung on to the neck. Deesa handed Chihun the heavy *ankus*—the iron elephant goad.

Chihun thumped Moti Guj's bald head as a paver thumps a curbstone.

Moti Guj trumpeted.

"Be still, hog of the backwoods! Chihun's your mahout for ten days. And now bid me good-by, beast after mine own heart. Oh, my lord, my king! Jewel of all created elephants, lily of the herd, preserve your honored health; be virtuous. Adieu!"

Moti Guj lapped his trunk round Deesa and swung him into the air twice. That was his way of bidding him good-by.

"He'll work now," said Deesa to the planter. "Have I leave to go?"

The planter nodded, and Deesa dived into the woods. Moti Guj went back to haul stumps.

THE MUTINY

Chihun was very kind to him, but he felt unhappy and forlorn for all that. Chihun gave him a ball of spices, and tickled him under the chin, and Chihun's little baby cooed to him after work was over, and Chihun's wife called him a darling; but Moti Guj was a bachelor by instinct, as Deesa was. He did not understand the domestic emotions. He wanted the light of his universe back again—the drink and the drunken slumber, the savage beatings and the savage caresses.

None the less he worked well, and the planter wondered. Deesa had wandered along the roads till he met a marriage procession of his own caste, and, drinking, dancing, and tippling, had drifted with it past all knowledge of the lapse of time.

The morning of the eleventh day dawned, and there returned no Deesa. Moti Guj was loosed from his ropes for the daily stint. He swung clear, looked round, shrugged his

shoulders, and began to walk away, as one having business elsewhere.

"Hi! ho! Come back, you!" shouted Chihun. "Come back and put me on your neck, misborn mountain! Return, splendor of the hill-sides! Adornment of all India, heave to, or I'll bang every toe off your fat forefoot!"

Moti Guj gurgled gently, but did not obey. Chihun ran after him with a rope and caught him up. Moti Guj put his ears forward, and Chihun knew what that meant, though he tried to carry it off with high words.

"None of your nonsense with me," said he. "To your pickets, devil-son!"

"Hrrump!" said Moti Guj, and that was all—that and the forebent ears.

Moti Guj put his hands in his pockets, chewed a branch for a toothpick, and strolled about the clearing, making fun of the other elephants who had just set to work.

Chihun reported the state of affairs to the planter, who came out with a dog-whip and cracked it furiously. Moti Guj paid the white man the compliment of charging him nearly a quarter of a mile across the clearing and "Hrrumphing" him into his veranda. Then he stood outside the house, chuckling to himself and shaking all over with the fun of it as an elephant will.

"We'll thrash him," said the planter. "He shall have the finest thrashing ever elephant received. Give Kala Nag and Nazim twelve foot of chain apiece, and tell them to lay on twenty."

Kala Nag—which means Black Snake—and Nazim were two of the biggest elephants in the lines, and one of their duties was to administer the graver punishment, since no man can beat an elephant properly.

They took the whipping-chains and rattled them in their trunks as they sidled up to Moti Guj, meaning to hustle him between them. Moti Guj had never, in all his life of thirty-nine years, been whipped, and he did not intend to begin a new experience. So he waited, waving his head from right to left, and measuring the precise spot in Kala Nag's fat side where a blunt

tusk could sink deepest. Kala Nag had no tusks; the chain was the badge of his authority; but for all that, he swung wide of Moti Guj at the last minute, and tried to appear as if he had brought the chain out for amusement. Nazim turned round and went home early. He did not feel fighting fit that morning and so Moti Guj was left standing alone with his ears cocked.

That decided the planter to argue no more, and Moti Guj rolled back to his amateur inspection of the clearing. An elephant who will not work and is not tied up is about as manageable as an eighty-one-ton gun loose in a heavy seaway. He slapped old friends on the back and asked them if the stumps were coming away easily; he talked nonsense concerning labor and the inalienable rights of elephants to a long "nooning"; and, wandering to and fro, he thoroughly demoralized the garden till sundown, when he returned to his picket for food.

"If you won't work, you shan't eat," said Chihun, angrily. "You're a wild elephant, and no educated animal at all. Go back to your jungle."

Chihun's little brown baby was rolling on the floor of the hut, and stretching out its fat arms to the huge shadow in the doorway. Moti Guj knew well that it was the dearest thing on earth to Chihun. He swung out his trunk with a fascinating crook at the end, and the brown baby threw itself, shouting, upon it. Moti Guj made fast and pulled up till the brown baby was crowing in the air twelve feet above his father's head.

"Great Lord!" said Chihun. "Flour cakes of the best, twelve in number, two feet across and soaked in rum, shall be yours on the instant, and two hundred pounds weight of fresh-cut young sugar-cane therewith. Deign only to put down safely that insignificant brat who is my heart and my life to me!"

Moti Guj tucked the brown baby comfortably between his forefeet, that could have knocked into toothpicks all Chihun's hut, and waited for his food. He ate it, and the brown baby crawled away. Moti Guj dozed and thought of Deesa. One of many mysteries connected with the elephant is that his huge body needs less sleep than anything else that lives. Four or five hours in the night suffice—two just before midnight, lying down on one

side; two just after one o'clock, lying down on the other. The rest of the silent hours are filled with eating and fidgeting, and long grumbling soliloquies.

At midnight, therefore, Moti Guj strode out of his pickets, for a thought had come to him that Deesa might be lying drunk somewhere in the dark forest with none to look after him. So all that night he chased through the undergrowth, blowing and trumpeting and shaking his ears. He went down to the river and blared across the shallows where Deesa used to wash him, but there was no answer. He could not find Deesa, but he disturbed all the other elephants in the lines, and nearly frightened to death some gypsies in the woods.

At dawn Deesa returned to the plantation. He had been very drunk indeed, and he expected to get into trouble for outstaying his leave. He drew a long breath when he saw that the bungalow and the plantation were still uninjured, for he knew something of Moti Guj's temper, and reported himself with many lies and salaams. Moti Guj had gone to his pickets for breakfast. The night exercise had made him hungry.

"Call up your beast," said the planter; and Deesa shouted in the mysterious elephant language that some mahouts believe came from China at the birth of the world, when elephants and not men were masters. Moti Guj heard and came. Elephants do not gallop. They move from places at varying rates of speed. If an elephant wished to catch an express train he could not gallop, but he could catch the train. So Moti Guj was at the planter's door almost before Chihun noticed that he had left his pickets. He fell into Deesa's arms, trumpeting with joy, and the man and beast wept and slobbered over each other, and handled each other from head to heel to see that no harm had befallen.

"Now we will get to work," said Deesa. "Lift me up, my son and my joy!"

Moti Guj swung him up, and the two went to the coffee-clearing to look for difficult stumps.

The planter was too astonished to be very angry.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Rudyard Kipling (1865-——) was born in Bombay, India, of British parents. He was sent to England for most of his education, but at the age of seventeen he returned to India to work as a journalist. Very soon he began to write tales of the life about him, as well as poems dealing with British civil officials and soldiers in India. By the time he was twenty-four he had won fame with his *Plain Tales from the Hills* and other short stories; and when he published *Barrack Room Ballads,* in 1892, he was widely recognized as a great poet. From 1892 to 1896 he lived in the United States. Perhaps he is best known to boys and girls as the author of the *Jungle Books.* He is a master of the art of telling stories, either in prose or verse. His ballads about the British soldier, "Tommy Atkins," and his experiences on the frontiers of civilization, have a ring and a movement that suggests the old days when the ballad-maker was a man of action, living the adventures that he celebrated in song.

Discussion. 1. Read all that tells you of the time and place in which this mutiny occurred. 2. Read all that gives you a picture of life on the clearing. 3. Who is the principal character in the story? 4. What caused the mutiny? 5. What ended it? 6. What is the most interesting point in the story? 7. Read parts that convince you that Kipling knows the characteristics of the elephant. 8. Find instances where he exaggerates the intelligence of the elephant, giving it human characteristics. 9. Does this add to or take from the interest of the story? 10. Read parts in which humor is shown in dialogue or incident. 11. Tell in your own words the main incident. 12. What do you like about this story? 13. Tell what you know of the author. 14. Pronounce the following: orgy; draughts; devastating; amateur; deign.

Phrases

happy medium, **27**, 5
absolute property, **27**, 11
the case under native rule, **27**, 12
liver of his soul, **27**, 22
draughts that led nowhere, **28**, 22
ways of nativedom, **28**, 27
with an inspiration, **29**, 8
inconsiderable interval, **29**, 18
mighty tusker, **29**, 22
domestic emotions, **30**, 26
savage caresses, **30**, 28
of his own caste, **30**, 31
adornment of all India, **31**, 5
forebent ears, **31**, 14
badge of his authority, **32**, 2
amateur inspection, **32**, 8
inalienable rights, **32**, 13
fascinating crook, **32**, 22
grumbling soliloquies, **33**, 3
blared across the shallows, **33**, 9

THE ELEPHANTS THAT STRUCK

SAMUEL WHITE BAKER

I remember an occasion many years ago when in Ceylon I, in connection with my brother, had organized a scheme for the development of a mountain sanitarium at Newera Ellia. We had a couple of tame elephants employed in various works; but it was necessary to obtain the assistance of the government stables for the transport of very heavy machinery, which could not be conveyed in the ordinary native carts. There were accordingly a large number of elephant wagons drawn by their colossal teams, some of which required four elephants.

It was the wet season upon the mountains. Our settlement was 6200 feet above the sea, and the zigzag pass from Ramboddé, at the base of the steep ascent, was fifteen miles in length. The crest of the pass was 7000 feet in altitude, from which we descended 800 feet to the Newera Ellia plain.

The elephant wagons having arrived at Ramboddé from Colombo, about 100 miles distant, commenced the heavy uphill journey. The rain was unceasing, the roads were soft, and the heavily laden wagons sank deeply in the ruts; but the elephants were mighty beasts, and, laying their weight against the work, they slowly dragged the vehicles up the yielding and narrow way.

The abrupt zigzags bothered the long wagons and their still longer teams. The bridges over dangerous chasms entailed the necessity of unloading the heavier carts, and caused great delay. Day after day passed away; but although the ascent was slow, the wagons still moved upwards, and the region of everlasting mist (at that season) was reached. Dense forests clothed the mountain sides; the roar of waterfalls resounded in the depths of black ravines; tangled bamboo grass crept upwards from the wet soil into the lower branches of the moss-covered trees, and formed a green curtain impenetrable to sight.

The thermometer fell daily as the altitude increased. The elephants began to sicken; two fine animals died. There was plenty of food, as the bamboo grass was the natural provender, and in the carts was a good supply of paddy; but the elephants' intelligence was acting against them—they had reasoned, and had become despondent.

For nine or ten days they had been exposed to ceaseless wet and cold, dragging their unmanageable wagons up a road that even in dry weather was insufficient to sustain the weight. The wheels sank deep below the metal foundation, and became hopelessly imbedded. Again and again the wagons had to be emptied of their contents, and extra elephants were taken from other carts and harnessed to the empty wagons, which were by sheer weight of animals dragged from the deep mire.

Thus the time had passed, and the elephants had evidently reasoned upon the situation, and had concluded that there was no summit to the mountain, and no end to the steep and horrible ascent; it would be, therefore, useless to persevere in unavailing efforts. They determined, under these heart-breaking circumstances, to strike work; and they did strike.

One morning a couple of the elephant drivers appeared at my house in Newera Ellia, and described the situation. They declared that it was absolutely impossible to induce the elephants to work; they had given it up as a bad job!

I immediately mounted my horse and rode up the pass, and then descended the road upon the other side, timing the distance by my watch. Rather under two miles from the summit I found the road completely blocked with elephant carts and wagons; the animals were grazing upon bamboo grass in the thick forest; the rain was drizzling, and a thick mist increased the misery of the scene. I ordered four elephants to be harnessed to a cart intended for only one animal. This was quickly effected, and the drivers were soon astride the animals' necks, and prodded them with the persuasive iron hooks. Not an elephant would exert itself to draw. In vain the drivers, with relentless cruelty, drove the iron points deep into the poor brutes' necks and heads, and used every threat of their vocabulary; the only response was a kind of

"marking time" on the part of the elephants, which simply moved their legs mechanically up and down, and swung their trunks to and fro; but none would pull or exert the slightest power, neither did they move forward a single inch!

I never saw such an instance of passive and determined obstinacy; the case was hopeless.

An idea struck me. I ordered the drivers to detach the four elephants from the harness, and to ride them thus unfettered up the pass, following behind my horse. It appeared to me that if the elephants were heart-broken, and in despair at the apparently interminable mountain pass, it would be advisable to let them know the actual truth, by showing them that they were hardly two miles from the summit, where they would exchange their uphill labor for a descent into Newera Ellia; they should then have an extra feed, with plenty of jaggery (a coarse brown sugar). If they passed an agreeable night, with the best of food and warm quarters, they would possibly return on the following day to their work, and with lighter hearts would put their shoulders to the wheel, instead of yielding to a dogged attitude of despair.

The success of this ruse was perfect. The elephants accompanied me to Newera Ellia, and were well fed and cared for. On the following day we returned to the heavy work, and I myself witnessed their start with the hitherto unyielding wagon. Not only did they exert their full powers, and drag the lumbering load straight up the fatiguing hill without the slightest hesitation, but their example, or some unaccountable communication between them, appeared to give general encouragement. I employed the most willing elephants as extras to each wagon, which they drew to the summit of the pass, and then returned to assist the others—thus completing what had been pronounced by the drivers as utterly impossible. There can be no doubt that the elephants had at once perceived the situation, and in consequence recovered their lost courage.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Samuel White Baker (1821-1893) was an English engineer. At the age of twenty-four he went to Ceylon, where he founded an agricultural settlement. He soon became known as an explorer and a hunter of big game. With his wife he explored the region of the Nile, and later discovered the lake now called Albert Nyanza. His explorations in this part of central Africa were a part of the thrilling story of the discovery of the sources of the Nile, and of the opening of this region to civilization. To know the complete story of these explorations you should read something about Henry M. Stanley and David Livingstone. An interesting book covering explorations in Africa is Bayard Taylor's *Central Africa.*

Upon his return to England, Baker was greatly honored. He was knighted and sent to Egypt, where he was commissioned by the Khedive to suppress the slave traffic and establish regular trade. Later he explored and hunted in Cyprus, Syria, India, Japan, and the United States. He is the author of *Wild Beasts and Their Ways, The Rifle and the Hound in Ceylon,* and *True Tales for My Grandsons,* from which this selection was taken.

Discussion. 1. Locate Ceylon on a map. 2. In what work were the elephants engaged when they became discouraged? 3. Why was the climb particularly difficult at this season? 4. What ruse was employed? 5. What success attended the plan? 6. Pronounce: vehicles; chasm; ruse; fatiguing.

Phrases

colossal teams, **35,** 8
entailed the necessity, **35,** 23
natural provender, **36,** 3
intelligence was acting against, **36,** 5
by sheer weight, **36,** 13
reasoned upon the situation, **36,** 16
persuasive iron hooks, **36,** 34
marking time, **37,** 1
passive obstinacy, **37,** 5
unaccountable communication, **37,** 27

BIRDS

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is this nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers,
Chee, chee, chee!"

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright, black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders, and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look what a nice new coat is mine;
Sure, there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note;
Braggart, and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man,
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight,
There, as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.

"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care,
Off his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I,
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows,
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee!"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878) was the first great American poet. He was reared among the rugged Berkshire Hills of western Massachusetts. Outside the district school, he had little teaching except that given by his mother and what he gave himself through the excellent library of his father, who was a country physician. He grew up in close touch with nature and the simple farm surroundings, and this lonely life may have tended to make him rather more serious and thoughtful than most boys of his age. By the time he was nine years old he was putting his thoughts into verse in the stately fashion of the English poets of that time. In 1811, when yet scarcely eighteen, he wrote "Thanatopsis," now one of the world's classics.

By this time he had studied two years at a private school and seven months at Williams College. He was ambitious to continue his studies at Yale, but his father's circumstances compelled him to give up that hope and to face the immediate problem of earning his own living. He studied law and was admitted to practice in 1815. After a few years he went to New York, where in 1825 he became editor of the *Evening Post* —a position which he continued to fill with distinction for more than half a century, until his death in 1878.

And yet this busy editor of a great city newspaper found leisure from time to time to cultivate his love for verse and to continue to write poetry. His poems were popular with Americans because he chose for the most part American subjects taken from his own immediate surroundings and experience—the scenes and impressions of his boyhood, the flowers, the birds, the hills, the climate of his own New England.

America's first men of letters whose writings proved that the new republic could produce a literature worthy to be compared with that of the mother country were James Fenimore Cooper, writer of Indian tales; Washington Irving, writer of legends about America and the sketches about our old English home; and William Cullen Bryant. Cooper showed the strangeness and romance of frontier life. Irving tried to give to America the romantic background that the new country lacked. Bryant opened men's eyes to the beauty of nature.

Though Bryant was eleven years younger than Irving, his "Thanatopsis" was written only two years after Irving's "Knickerbocker."

Note. The bobolink is an American song bird. In the spring the male is mostly black and white, while the female is streaked with yellowish brown. In midsummer the male bobolink molts, taking on "plain brown" plumage like that of his "Quaker wife." In the spring he regains his black and buff colors without molting any feathers. He sings only in the spring. The bobolink makes long migrations extending from Canada to Paraguay, and in the late autumn collects in large flocks which feed in the rice fields of the South, where he is known as the *ricebird*, or *reedbird*.

Discussion. 1. Read the lines that imitate the song of the bobolink. 2. Describe the dress of Robert of Lincoln and that of his "Quaker wife." 3. How does her song differ from his? 4. What are the work and the care that make him silent? 5. How does the poet account for the change in his appearance as the season advances? 6. Where does he go for winter? When will he come again?

Phrases

prince of braggarts, **40**, 12
chip the shell, **40**, 28
bestirs him well, **40**, 30
summer wanes, **41**, 15
humdrum crone, **41**, 17
pipe that merry old strain, **41**, 21

THE MARYLAND YELLOW-THROAT *

HENRY VAN DYKE

While May bedecks the naked trees
With tassels and embroideries,
And many blue-eyed violets beam
Along the edges of the stream,
I hear a voice that seems to say,
Now near at hand, now far away,
"Witchery—witchery—witchery."

An incantation so serene,
So innocent, befits the scene:
There's magic in that small bird's note—
See, there he flits—the Yellow-Throat;
A living sunbeam, tipped with wings,
A spark of light that shines and sings
"Witchery—witchery—witchery."

You prophet with a pleasant name,
If out of Mary-land you came,
You know the way that thither goes
Where Mary's lovely garden grows;
Fly swiftly back to her, I pray,
And try to call her down this way,
"Witchery—witchery—witchery!"

Tell her to leave her cockle-shells,
And all her little silver bells
That blossom into melody,
And all her maids less fair than she.
She does not need these pretty things,
For everywhere she comes, she brings
"Witchery—witchery—witchery!"

*From *Poems of Henry van Dyke;* copyright 1897, 1911, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers

The woods are greening overhead,
And flowers adorn each mossy bed;
The waters babble as they run—
One thing is lacking, only one:
If Mary were but here today,
I would believe your charming lay,
"Witchery—witchery—witchery!"

Along the shady road I look—
Who's coming now across the brook?
A woodland maid, all robed in white—
The leaves dance round her with delight,
The stream laughs out beneath her feet—
Sing, merry bird, the charm's complete,
"Witchery—witchery—witchery!"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Henry van Dyke (1852- —) was born in Germantown, which is now a part of the city of Philadelphia. When a small boy, his parents moved to Brooklyn. He was graduated from Princeton College in 1873 and from the Princeton Theological Seminary in 1877. For several years he was pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York City. Later he was made professor of English Literature at Princeton University, which position he still holds. In 1913 Dr. van Dyke was appointed United States Minister to Holland, where he lived during the early years of the World War. He has written many stories and poems of great literary charm.

Discussion. 1. What bird does the poet celebrate in this poem? 2. What pictures does the first stanza give you? 3. What does the Yellow-Throat seem to say? 4. Make a list of all the names by which the poet speaks of the bird. 5. What fancy does the poet express in the third and fourth stanzas? 6. What does the poet say is wanting to make the day's charm complete? 7. Which stanza do you like best? 8. What is the name of the "woodland maid"?

Phrases

May bedecks the naked trees, **43**, 1
incantation so serene, **43**, 8.
befits the scene, **43**, 9.
living sunbeam, **43**, 12.
you prophet, **43**, 15
blossom into melody, **43**, 24.
the woods are greening, **44**, 1
charming lay, **44**, 6.

THE BELFRY PIGEON

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

On the cross-beam under the Old South bell,
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In summer and winter, that bird is there,
Out and in with the morning air.

I love to see him track the street
With his wary eye and active feet;
And I often watch him, as he springs,
Circling the steeple with easy wings,
Till across the dial his shade has passed,
And the belfry edge is gained at last.

'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
There's a human look in its swelling breast,
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel,
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.
Whatever is rung on that noisy bell,
Chime of the hour, or funeral knell,
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.

When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon,
When the sexton cheerily rings for noon,
When the clock strikes clear at morning light,
When the child is waked with "nine at night,"
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer,
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirred,

Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast;
Then drops again, with filméd eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd, like thee!
With wings to fly to wood and glen,
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;
And, daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street;
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world, and soar;
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

I would that, on such wings of gold,
I could my weary heart upfold;
I would I could look down unmoved
(Unloving as I am unloved),
And while the world throngs on beneath,
Smooth down my cares and calmly breathe;
And, never sad with others' sadness,
And never glad with others' gladness,
Listen, unstirred, to knell or chime,
And, lapped in quiet, bide my time.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. Nathaniel Parker Willis (1806-1867) was a native of Portland, Maine, and a graduate of Yale College. He was born one year earlier than Longfellow, and lived most of his life in New York City, being one of a small group of writers known as "The Knickerbockers," who for many years made New York the literary center of the country. His father, the Rev. Nathaniel Willis, established in Boston *The Youth's Companion.*

"Old South" is the name of a church in Boston, in which public meetings were held at the time of the Revolutionary War. It is now used as a museum of historic collections.

Discussion. 1. What do the first two stanzas tell you about the bird? 2. Name the various sounds of the bell that the poet mentions. 3. What comparison is found in the fifth stanza? 4. Compare the last stanza of "The Sandpiper" with the last stanza of this poem and tell which you like the better. 5. Can you give a reason why the pigeon is made the hero of this poem?

Phrases

track the street, **45**, 5.
wary eye, **45**, 6.
easy wings, **45**, 8.
nine at night, **45**, 23.
filméd eyes, **46**, 3.
hermit in the crowd, **46**, 6.
thy lot is cast with men, **46**, 8.
with unwilling feet, **46**, 9.
dismiss the world, **46**, 12.
half-felt wish for rest, **46**, 13.
weary heart upfold, **46**, 17.
throngs on beneath, **46**, 20.
lapped in quiet, **46**, 25.
bide my time, **46**, 25.

THE SANDPIPER

CELIA THAXTER

Across the lonely beach we flit,
  One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
  The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
  The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,
  One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
  Scud, black and swift, across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
  Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
  I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,
  One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry:
He starts not at my fitful song,
Nor flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong,
He scans me with a fearless eye;
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be tonight,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Celia Thaxter (1835-1894), whose father was a lighthouse keeper on White Island, one of the rocky isles known as the "Isles of Shoals," off the coast of New Hampshire, had the ocean for her companion in her early years. She studied the sunrise and the sunset, the wild flowers, the birds, the rocks, and all sea life. This selection shows how intimate was her friendship with the bird life of the ocean.

Discussion. 1. The poet and the sandpiper were comrades; in the first stanza, what tells you this? 2. Which lines give you a picture that might be used to illustrate this poem? 3. What common experiences did the poet and the bird have? 4. Give a quotation from the poem that describes the sandpiper and his habits. 5. What effect have the repetitions of the second line of the poem at the end of the first and second stanzas and the variations of it at the end of the third and fourth stanzas? 6. Which lines express confidence in God's care for His children? 7. What classes of "God's children" do "little sandpiper" and "I," respectively, represent? 8. Pronounce the following: stanch; loosed; wroth.

Phrases

silent ghosts in misty shrouds, **47**, 11.
close-reefed vessels, **47**, 14.
my fitful song, **48**, 3.
flash of fluttering drapery, **48**, 4.
loosed storm breaks furiously, **48**, 10
wroth the tempest rushes, **48**, 13.

THE THROSTLE

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

"Summer is coming, summer is coming,
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again!"
Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again!"
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
O warble unchidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892) was poet laureate of England, succeeding Wordsworth. This means that he was appointed to write poems about matters of national interest, such as his ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington; and that he also expressed something of the national spirit of England, as in his poems about King Arthur (*The Idylls of the King*) and in many poems about his native land. He was born in Lincolnshire and studied at Trinity College, Cambridge. He lived a quiet life and devoted himself to poetry, in which he excelled in beauty of expression and choice of words. You will learn to know him as a teller of tales in verse, these tales being both modern ballads and romances about King Arthur; as a writer of many lovely song-poems or lyrics; and as a poet of religious faith.

Note. The song-thrush, or throstle, is found in most parts of England, and is one of the finest songsters in Europe. Its note is rich and mellow. This is the bird of which Browning wrote,

"He sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!"

Discussion. 1. Which lines in the first stanza represent the song of the bird? 2. Which line gives Tennyson's answer to the throstle? 3. Point out the words in the poem that represent the bird's song. 4. Which lines tell you that Tennyson did not share the little bird's hope? 5. What do the last two lines show that the bird did for the poet?

Phrases

wild little Poet, **49**, 4.
carol so madly, **49**, 8.
never a prophet so crazy, **49**, 10.
winters are hidden, **49**, 16.

TO THE CUCKOO

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

O blithe newcomer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice;
O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy twofold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listen'd to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still long'd for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blesséd bird! the earth we pace,
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place,
That is fit home for thee!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. William Wordsworth (1770-1850) was born in the beautiful Cumberland Highlands of northern England, which furnished the inspiration for most of his poetry. While still a young man, he retired to the beautiful Lake Country of northern England, where he lived a simple life. He was devoted to the cause of liberty; he was a believer in the beauty and charm of the humble life; he often wrote about peasants rather than about lords and ladies and knights of romance. His flower poems and bird poems show the simplicity and sincerity of his nature.

Note. The cuckoo is a European bird noted for its two-syllable whistle, in imitation of which it is named; also for its habit of laying eggs in the nests of other birds for them to hatch, instead of building a nest of its own.

Discussion. 1. Why does the poet call the cuckoo "a wandering voice"? 2. What other names does the poet call the cuckoo? 3. To what habit of the cuckoo does this poem call attention? 4. Why does the poet say a "fairy place" is a fit home for the cuckoo? 5. What "golden time" is mentioned?

Phrases

thy twofold shout, **50, 6.**
at once far off and near, **50, 8.**
tale of visionary hours, **50, 11.**
beget that golden time again, **51, 11.**

THE BIRDS' ORCHESTRA

CELIA THAXTER

Bobolink shall play the violin,
Great applause to win;
Lonely, sweet, and sad, the meadow-lark
Plays the oboe. Hark!
Yellow-bird the clarionet shall play,
Blithe, and clear, and gay.
Purple-finch what instrument will suit?
He can play the flute.
Fire-winged blackbirds sound the merry fife
Soldiers without strife;
And the robins wind the mellow horn
Loudly, eve and morn.
Who shall clash the cymbals? Jay and crow,
That is all they know;
And, to roll the deep melodious drum,
Lo! the bull-frogs come.
Then the splendid chorus! Who shall sing
Of so fine a thing?
Who the names of the performers call
Truly, one and all?

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

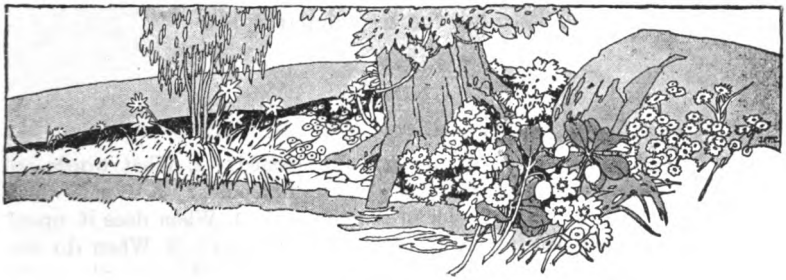
For Biography, see page 48.

Discussion. 1. What instruments compose the birds' orchestra? 2. Why does the poet say the jay and crow are assigned to the cymbals? 3. Explain: "fire-winged" blackbirds. 4. What leads you to think that the author knew those birds intimately? 5. Do you think the chorus would be pleasing? 6. What assignments do you think are particularly apt?

Phrases

soldiers without strife, **52**, 10.
wind the mellow horn, **52**, 11.
clash the cymbals, **52**, 13.
roll the deep melodious drum, **52**, 15.

FLOWERS AND TREES



TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Thou blossom, bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night;

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography, see page 41.

Discussion. 1. To whom is this poem addressed? 2. What words tell you the time of year that the fringed gentian blooms? 3. What words does the poet use to tell the color of the gentian? 4. When does it open? 5. What words does Bryant use to mean early morning? 6. When do violets come and in what kind of soil do they grow? 7. What words in the poem tell you this? 8. What does the poet tell you about the violets when he says they "lean," and about the columbine when he says it "nods"? 9. What signs of approaching winter does the poet mention? 10. Why does the poet repeat "blue" in the third line of stanza 4? 11. Of what is this color a symbol? 12. To what in his life does Bryant compare the end of the year? 13. In this comparison what does the little flower represent?

Phrases

heaven's own blue, **53**, 2
quiet light succeeds, **53**, 3
shortening days portend, **53**, 11
cerulean wall, **53**, 16

VIOLET! SWEET VIOLET!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Violet! sweet violet!
Thine eyes are full of tears;
Are they wet
Even yet
With the thought of other years?
Or with gladness are they full,
For the night so beautiful,
And longing for those far-off spheres?

Loved-one of my youth thou wast,
Of my merry youth,
And I see,
Tearfully,

All the fair and sunny past,
All its openness and truth,
Ever fresh and green in thee
As the moss is in the sea.

Thy little heart, that hath with love
Grown colored like the sky above,
On which thou lookest ever,
Can it know
All the woe
Of hope for what returneth never,
All the sorrow and the longing
To these hearts of ours belonging?

Out on it! no foolish pining
For the sky
Dims thine eye,
Or for the stars so calmly shining;
Like thee let this soul of mine
Take hue from that wherefor I long,
Self-stayed and high, serene and strong,
Not satisfied with hoping—but divine.
Violet! dear violet!
Thy blue eyes are only wet
With joy and love of him who sent thee,
And for the fulfilling sense
Of that glad obedience
Which made thee all that nature meant thee!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. James Russell Lowell (1819-1891) came of one of the oldest and most influential New England families. Born in an atmosphere of learning, in the old family home in historic Cambridge, at the very doors of Harvard College, he enjoyed every advantage for culture that inherited tastes, ample means, and convenient opportunity could offer. Besides the facilities of the college near by, his father's library, in which he roamed at will from his very infancy, was one of the richest in the whole country. It is not strange, then, that he grew to be one of the most scholarly Americans of his time.

After leaving college he studied law and opened an office in Boston. He became deeply interested in the political issues of the times and was thus stirred to his first serious efforts in literature. In 1848 appeared his "Vision of Sir Launfal," founded upon the legend of the Holy Grail, and one of the most spiritually beautiful poems in any literature. Few patriotic poems surpass his "Commemoration Ode." Besides his poetical works he wrote many essays and books of travel and of criticism. He succeeded Longfellow in his professorship at Harvard, and was the first editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. He served successively as Minister to Spain and to England.

Discussion. 1. In the first stanza, how does the poet account for the violet's eyes being "full of tears"? 2. To the poet what does the violet represent? 3. What vision does the violet bring to the poet? 4. How does the poet account for the color of the violet? 5. What change in the poet's feeling is noted in the fourth stanza? 6. From what does the poet say his soul must "take hue"? 7. How does the poet in the last lines of the poem account for the violet's eyes being "full of tears"?

Phrases

far-off spheres, **54**, 8
fair and sunny past, **55**, 1
fulfilling sense, **55**, 24
glad obedience, **55**, 25

TO THE DANDELION

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth—thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;

'Tis the spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time;
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass—
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways—
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind—of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap—and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography, see page 55.

Discussion. 1. In which stanzas does the poet express his love for the dandelion? 2. Which stanzas tell why the dandelion is so dear to the poet? 3. Where must the poet have lived to learn what he tells us in these stanzas? 4. Use your own words for "rich earth's ample round." 5. Name some "prouder summer-blooms." 6. What gold "drew the Spanish prow," and through what "Indian seas"? 7. What gold wrinkles "the lean brow of age" and robs "the lover's heart of ease"? How does the dandelion's gold differ from it? 8. Explain the last three lines of stanza 2, and name any other common things we do not value enough. 9. How can the poet *look* at the dandelion, but *see* the tropics and Italy? 10. What "eyes are in the heart, and heed not space or time"? 11. Has a poet more vivid imagination than other people? Why? 12. Compare the expression "eyes are in the heart, and heed not space or time" with that of Wordsworth in "The Daffodils," page 59, lines 21 and 22, "that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude," and with that of Trowbridge in "Midwinter," page 83, lines 15 and 16, "in my inmost ear is heard the music of a holier bird." 13. Is there a similar idea in these expressions? 14. Which do you like best, "inward eye," "inmost ear," or "eyes in the heart"? 15. The dandelion is compared to gold and to sunshine; which comparison had the poet in mind in the first two lines of the last stanza? In the next four lines? 16. The flower reflects its "scanty gleam of heaven" in glowing color; how can human hearts reflect it?

Phrases

pledge of blithesome May, **56**, 3
high-hearted buccaneers, **56**, 5
primeval hush, **56**, 11
spring's largess, **57**, 1
lavish hand, **57**, 2
unrewarded eye, **57**, 5
golden-cuirassed bee, **57**, 10
childish piety, **57**, 28
untainted ears, **57**, 31
living pages, **58**, 9

THE DAFFODILS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography, see page 51.

Discussion. 1. What picture do the first two stanzas give you? 2. To whom does "I" refer? 3. Point out the comparison and the things compared in stanza 1; in stanza 2. 4. Why does the poet use the word "host" when he has already spoken of a "crowd"? 5. Explain the peculiar fitness of the word "sprightly." 6. What lines particularly express life and gayety?

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS

JOHN G. WHITTIER

I wandered lonely where the pine-trees made
Against the bitter East their barricade,
And, guided by its sweet
Perfume, I found, within a narrow dell,
The trailing spring flower tinted like a shell
Amid dry leaves and mosses at my feet.

From under dead boughs, for whose loss the pines
Moaned ceaseless overhead, the blossoming vines
Lifted their glad surprise,
While yet the bluebird smoothed in leafless trees
His feathers ruffled by the chill sea-breeze,
And snow-drifts lingered under April skies.

As, pausing o'er the lonely flower I bent,
I thought of lives thus lowly, clogged, and pent,
Which yet find room,
Through care and cumber, coldness and decay,
To lend a sweetness to the ungenial day,
And make the sad earth happier for their bloom.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892) was born near the little town of Haverhill, Massachusetts, in the same county as Salem, the birthplace of Hawthorne. The old farmhouse in which Whittier was born was built by the poet's great-great-grandfather. It still stands to mark the site of the old home. His family were Quakers, sturdy of stature as of character. Whittier's boyhood was in complete contrast to that of Lowell or Longfellow. He led the life of a typical New England farm boy, used to hard work, no luxuries, and few pleasures. His library consisted of practically one book, the family Bible, which was later supplemented by a copy of Burns's poems, loaned him by the district schoolmaster. Whittier is often compared with Burns in the simple homeliness of his style, his patriotism, his fiery indignation at wrong, and his sympathy with the humble and the oppressed.

Discussion. 1. Where did the poet find "the trailing spring flower"? 2. Have you found it? Where? When? 3. What beautiful thought came to the poet while he bent over the arbutus? 4. Have you known lowly lives that made the earth happier by their presence? 5. The poet *found* the lowly flower that lends "sweetness to the ungenial day"; can we find the lowly person who "makes the earth happier"? 6. What does Nature teach through the lowly trailing arbutus? 7. What other selections by this author have you read?

Phrases

bitter East, **60**, 2
glad surprise, **60**, 9
clogged, and pent, **60**, 14
ungenial day, **60**, 17

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

ROBERT BURNS

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun [1] crush amang the stoure [2]
Thy slender stem.
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie [3] gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie Lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,[4]
Wi' speckl'd breast!
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

[1] *maun*, must.
[2] *stoure*, dust.
[3] *bonnie*, pretty
[4] *weet*, wet.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's [1] maun shield,
But thou, beneath the random bield [2]
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie [3] stibble [4]-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskillful he to note the card [5]
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's plowshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom!

[1] *wa's*, walls.
[2] *bield*, shelter.
[3] *histie*, barren.
[4] *stibble*, stubble.
[5] *card*, compass-face.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Robert Burns (1759-1796) was a Scottish poet, whose home was near Ayr, in Scotland. His life was short and filled with poverty and hardship, but he saw beauty in the common things of life and had a heart full of sympathy. He wrote this poem at a time when he was in great trouble. His farm was turning out badly, the soil was sour and wet, his crops were failures, and he saw nothing but ruin before him. Burns's tenderness and sympathy are shown in the feeling expressed in this poem at crushing the flower.

Discussion. 1. How does the English daisy, which Burns describes in the first line of the poem, differ from the daisy that you know, the American daisy? 2. Select and give the meaning of words that illustrate Burns's use of the Scotch dialect. 3. Picture the incident related in the first stanza. 4. What do you know about the lark that helps you to understand why it is called the daisy's "companion" and "neebor"? 5. What comparison is made between the daisy and the garden flowers? 6. What "share" is mentioned in stanza 5? 7. What characteristic of the flower does Burns seem to like best?

Phrases

companion meet, **61**, 8
purpling east, **61**, 12
glinted forth, **61**, 15
parent-earth, **61**, 17
unassuming head, **62**, 9
humble guise, **62**, 10
luckless starr'd, **62**, 14
prudent lore, **62**, 16

SWEET PEAS

JOHN KEATS

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight,
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.
Linger a while upon some bending planks
That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,
And watch intently Nature's gentle doings;
They will be found softer than ringdove's cooings.
How silent comes the water round that bend!
Not the minutest whisper does it send
To the o'erhanging sallows; blades of grass
Slowly across the checkered shadows pass.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. John Keats (1795-1821) was of humble birth, being the son of a London stablekeeper. He lived at the time of Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, and Leigh Hunt, from all of whom he gathered inspiration. His years were few, and his fame did not come while he was living. He had a passion for beauty, which found expression in all his poetry. On account of failing health he went to Rome in 1820, where he died the year following.

Discussion. 1. Why does the poet say sweet peas are "on tiptoe for a flight"? 2. What are the wings of the sweet pea? 3. The poet tells of the perfect stillness of the moving water in the stream; what words does he use in lines immediately preceding to prepare you for this stillness? 4. What picture does the last sentence of the poem give you?

Phrases

rushy banks, **63**, 6
ringdove's cooings, **63**, 8
o'erhanging sallows, **63**, 11
checkered shadows, **63**, 12

CHORUS OF FLOWERS

LEIGH HUNT

We are the sweet flowers,
Born of sunny showers;
Think, whene'er you see us, what our beauty saith;
Utterance, mute and bright,
Of some unknown delight,
We fill the air with pleasure by our simple breath.
All who see us love us.
We befit all places.
Unto sorrow we give smiles, and unto graces, graces.
Mark our ways, how noiseless
All, and sweetly voiceless,
Though the March winds pipe to make our passage clear;
Not a whisper tells
Where our small seed dwells,
Nor is known the moment green when our tips appear.
We thread the earth in silence;
In silence build our bowers;
And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we laugh atop sweet flowers.

See and scorn all duller!
Taste how Heaven loves color!
How great Nature, clearly, joys in red and green!
What sweet thoughts she thinks
Of violets and pinks,
And a thousand flashing hues made solely to be seen;
See her whitest lilies
Chill the silver showers;
And what a red mouth has her rose, the woman of her flowers!

Uselessness divinest,
Of a use the finest,
Painteth us, the teachers of the end of use.
Travelers, weary-eyed,
Bless us far and wide;
Unto sick and prisoned thoughts we give sudden truce.
Not a poor town window
Loves its sickliest planting,
But its wall speaks loftier truth than Babylonian vaunting.

Sagest yet the uses
Mixed with our sweet juices,
Whether man or may-fly profits of the balm.
As fairy fingers healed
Knights of the olden field,
We hold cups of mightiest force to give the wildest calm.
E'en the terror, poison,
Hath its plea for blooming;
Life it gives to reverent lips, though death to the presuming.

And oh! our sweet soul-taker,
That thief, the honey-maker,
What a house hath he by the thymy glen!
In his talking rooms
How the feasting fumes,

Till his gold-cups overflow to the mouths of men!
The butterflies come aping
Those fine thieves of ours,
And flutter round our rifled tops like tickled flowers with flowers.

See those tops, how beauteous!
What fair service duteous
Round some idol waits, as on their lord the Nine?
Elfin court 'twould seem,
And taught, perchance, that dream
Which the old Greek mountain dreamt upon nights divine;
To expound such wonder,
Human speech avails not,
Yet there dies no poorest weed that such a glory exhales not.

Think of all these treasures,
Matchless works and pleasures,
Every one a marvel, more than thought can say;
Then think in what bright showers
We thicken fields and bowers,
And with what heaps of sweetness half stifle wanton May.
Think of the mossy forests
By the bee-birds haunted,
And all those Amazonian plains, lone lying, as enchanted.

Trees themselves are ours;
Fruits are born of flowers;
Peach and roughest nut were blossoms in the spring.
The lusty bee knows well
The news, and comes pell-mell
And dances in the bloomy thicks with darksome antheming.
Beneath the very burden
Of planet-pressing ocean
We wash our smiling cheeks in peace, a thought for meek devotion.

Who shall say that flowers
Dress not heaven's own bowers?
Who its love without them can fancy—or sweet floor?
Who shall even dare
To say we sprang not there,
And came not down, that Love might bring one piece of heaven the more?
Oh! pray believe that angels
From those blue dominions
Brought us in their white laps down, 'twixt their golden pinions.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. Leigh Hunt (1784-1859) was an English poet, journalist, and essayist. He was a personal friend of Shelley and Byron, and an intimate friend of Keats. His poems and essays are marked by a delightful style.

The "Nine" (stanza 7) refers to the Muses, patronesses of poetry and music, whose lord is Apollo, and who assembled on Mount Parnassus or Mount Helicon, to hold learned discussions on poetry, science, or music.

Discussion. 1. What is a chorus? 2. Who are the singers? 3. What is the purpose of their song? 4. When you look at a flower, what things are you apt to notice about it? 5. Name a poem you have read that tells of the uses of a flower. 6. What poem that you have read in this book celebrates the color of the flower? 7. What familiar custom grows out of the belief that "unto sorrow we give smiles"? That "unto graces [we give] graces"? 8. For what purpose are flowers in "a thousand flashing hues"? 9. What things are compared in the last line of stanza 4? 10. What uses of flowers are pointed out in stanza 5? 11. In stanza 7 what is compared with the "Nine" muses? 12. Read the lines that tell what lesson the sea-weeds teach. 13. What does the last stanza suggest as a possible source and use of flowers? 14. Which stanza do you like best?

Phrases

born of sunny showers, **64**, 2
sweetly voiceless, **64**, 11
thread the earth, **64**, 16
flashing hues, **65**, 6
sickliest planting, **65**, 17
Babylonian vaunting, **65**, 18
reverent lips, **65**, 27
death to the presuming, **65**, 27
thymy glen, **65**, 30
our rifled tops, **66**, 4
Amazonian plains, **66**, 22
comes pell-mell, **66**, 27
darksome antheming, **66**, 28
planet-pressing ocean, **66**, 30
blue dominions, **67**, 9
'twixt their golden pinions, **67**, 9

TREES

JOYCE KILMER

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree;

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

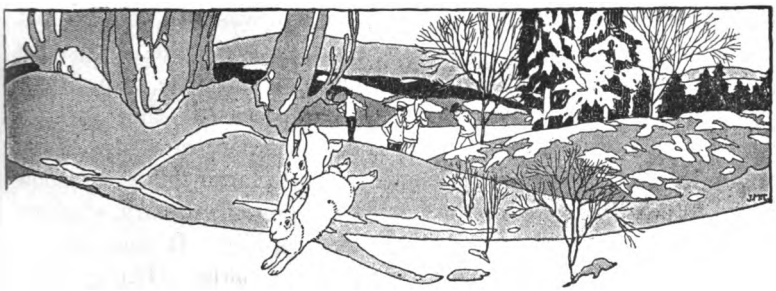
Biography. Joyce Kilmer (1886-1918) was born in New Brunswick, N. J. He was one of the first Americans to be deeply moved by Germany's challenge to humanity. He gave up his journalistic career in New York, and enlisted seventeen days after the United States declared war. He was attached to the Intelligence Department of the army, one of his duties being to precede the troops before an attack and find out the positions of the enemy guns. He served during almost the whole of the battle of the Marne until August first, 1918, when he received a mortal wound. Kilmer was the first American man of letters to be killed in the war. At the time of his enlistment he was the editor of poetry for the *Literary Digest*.

Discussion. 1. Do you agree with the poet's conclusion given in the first stanza? 2. What is the most beautiful poem you have read? 3. What fact relating to the tree does the second couplet tell? The third couplet? The fourth? The fifth? 4. What does the last couplet tell you?

Phrases

hungry mouth, **68**, 3
earth's sweet flowing breast, **68**, 4
looks at God all day, **68**, 5
nest of robins in her hair, **68**, 8

WINTER



THE GREAT BLIZZARD

HAMLIN GARLAND

A blizzard on the prairie corresponds to a storm at sea; it never affects the traveler twice alike. Each norther seems to have a manner of attack all its own. One storm may be short, sharp, high-keyed, and malevolent, while another approaches slowly, relentlessly, wearing out the souls of its victims by its inexorable and long-continued cold and gloom. One threatens for hours before it comes, the other leaps like a tiger upon the defenseless settlement, catching the children unhoused, the men unprepared; of this character was the first blizzard Lincoln ever saw.

The day was warm and sunny. The eaves dripped musically, and the icicles dropping from the roof fell occasionally with pleasant crash. The snow grew slushy, and the bells of wood teams jingled merrily all the forenoon, as the farmers drove to their timber-lands five or six miles away. The room was uncomfortably warm at times, and the master opened the outside door. It was the eighth day of January. One afternoon recess, as the boys were playing in their shirt-sleeves, Lincoln called Milton's attention to a great cloud rising in the west and north. A vast, slaty-

blue, seamless dome, silent, portentous, with edges of silvery frosty light.

"It's going to storm," said Milton. "It always does when we have a south wind and a cloud like that in the west."

When Lincoln set out for home, the sun was still shining, but the edge of the cloud had crept, or more properly slid, across the sun's disk, and its light was growing cold and pale. In fifteen minutes more the wind from the south ceased—there was a moment of breathless pause, and then, borne on the wings of the north wind, the streaming clouds of soft, large flakes of snow drove in a level line over the homeward-bound scholars, sticking to their clothing and faces and melting rapidly. It was not yet cold enough to freeze, though the wind was colder. The growing darkness troubled Lincoln most.

By the time he reached home, the wind was a gale, the snow a vast blinding cloud, filling the air and hiding the road. Darkness came on instantly, and the wind increased in power, as though with the momentum of the snow. Mr. Stewart came home early, yet the breasts of his horses were already sheathed in snow. Other teamsters passed, breasting the storm, and calling cheerily to their horses. One team, containing a woman and two men, neighbors living seven miles north, gave up the contest, and turned in at the gate for shelter, confident that they would be able to go on in the morning. In the barn, while rubbing the ice from the horses, the men joked and told stories in a jovial spirit, with the feeling generally that all would be well by daylight. The boys made merry also, singing songs, popping corn, playing games, in defiance of the storm.

But when they went to bed, at ten o'clock, Lincoln felt some vague premonition of a dread disturbance of nature, far beyond any other experience in his short life. The wind howled like ten thousand tigers, and the cold grew more and more intense. The wind seemed to drive in and through the frail tenement; water and food began to freeze within ten feet of the fire.

Lincoln thought the wind at that hour had attained its utmost fury, but when he awoke in the morning, he saw how mistaken he had been. He crept to the fire, appalled by the steady, solemn,

implacable clamor of the storm. It was like the roarings of all the lions of Africa, the hissing of a wilderness of serpents, the lashing of great trees. It benumbed his thinking, it appalled his heart, beyond any other force he had ever known.

The house shook and snapped, the snow beat in muffled, rhythmic pulsations against the walls, or swirled and lashed upon the roof, giving rise to strange, multitudinous sounds; now dim and far, now near and all-surrounding; producing an effect of mystery and infinite reach, as though the cabin were a helpless boat, tossing on an angry, limitless sea.

Looking out, there was nothing to be seen but the lashing of the wind and snow. When the men attempted to face it, to go to the rescue of the cattle, they found the air impenetrably filled with fine, powdery snow, mixed with the dirt caught up from the plowed fields by a terrific blast, moving ninety miles an hour. It was impossible to see twenty feet, except at long intervals. Lincoln could not see at all when facing the storm. When he stepped into the wind, his face was coated with ice and dirt, as by a dash of mud—a mask which blinded the eyes, and instantly froze to his cheeks. Such was the power of the wind that he could not breathe an instant unprotected. His mouth being once open, it was impossible to draw breath again without turning from the wind.

The day was spent in keeping warm and in feeding the stock at the barn, which Mr. Stewart reached by desperate dashes, during the momentary clearing of the air following some more than usually strong gust. Lincoln attempted to water the horses from the pump, but the wind blew the water out of the pail. So cold had the wind become that a dipperful, thrown into the air, fell as ice. In the house it became more and more difficult to remain cheerful, notwithstanding the family had fuel and food in abundance.

Oh, that terrible day! Hour after hour they listened to that prodigious, appalling, ferocious uproar. All day Lincoln and Owen moved restlessly to and fro, asking each other, "Won't it ever stop?" To them the storm now seemed too vast, too ungovernable, to ever again be spoken to a calm, even by God Himself.

It seemed to Lincoln that no power whatever could control such fury; his imagination was unable to conceive of a force greater than this war of wind or snow.

On the third day the family rose with weariness, and looked into each other's faces with a sort of horrified surprise. Not even the invincible heart of Duncan Stewart, nor the cheery good nature of his wife, could keep a gloomy silence from settling down upon the house. Conversation was scanty; nobody laughed that day, but all listened anxiously to the invisible tearing at the shingles, beating against the door, and shrieking around the eaves. The frost upon the windows, nearly half an inch thick in the morning, kept thickening into ice, and the light was dim at midday. The fire melted the snow on the window-panes and upon the door, while around the key-hole and along every crack, frost formed. The men's faces began to wear a grim, set look, and the women sat with awed faces and downcast eyes full of unshed tears, their sympathies going out to the poor travelers, lost and freezing.

The men got to the poor dumb animals that day to feed them; to water them was impossible. Mr. Stewart went down through the roof of the shed, the door being completely sealed up with solid banks of snow and dirt. One of the guests had a wife and two children left alone in a small cottage six miles farther on, and physical force was necessary to keep him from setting out in face of the deadly tempest. To him the nights seemed weeks, and the days interminable, as they did to the rest, but it would have been death to venture out.

That night, so disturbed had all become, they lay awake listening, waiting, hoping for a change. About midnight Lincoln noticed that the roar was no longer so steady, so relentless, and so high-keyed as before. It began to lull at times, and though it came back to the attack with all its former ferocity, still there was a perceptible weakening. Its fury was becoming spasmodic. One of the men shouted down to Mr. Stewart, "The storm is over," and when the host called back a ringing word of cheer, Lincoln sank into deep sleep in sheer relief.

Oh, the joy with which the children melted the ice on the

window-panes, and peered out on the familiar landscape, dazzling, peaceful, under the brilliant sun and wide blue sky. Lincoln looked out over the wide plain, ridged with vast drifts; on the far blue line of timber, on the near-by cottages sending up cheerful columns of smoke (as if to tell him the neighbors were alive), and his heart seemed to fill his throat. But the wind was with him still, for so long and continuous had its voice sounded in his ears, that even in the perfect calm his imagination supplied its loss with fainter, fancied roarings.

Out in the barn the horses and cattle, hungry and cold, kicked and bellowed in pain, and when the men dug them out, they ran and raced like mad creatures, to start the blood circulating in their numbed and stiffened limbs. Mr. Stewart was forced to tunnel to the barn door, cutting through the hard snow as if it were clay. The drifts were solid, and the dirt mixed with the snow was disposed on the surface in beautiful wavelets, like the sands at the bottom of a lake. The drifts would bear a horse. The guests were able to go home by noon, climbing above the fences, and rattling across the plowed ground.

And then in the days which followed, came grim tales of suffering and heroism. Tales of the finding of stage-coaches with the driver frozen on his seat and all his passengers within; tales of travelers striving to reach home and families. Cattle had starved and frozen in their stalls, and sheep lay buried in heaps beside the fences where they had clustered together to keep warm. These days gave Lincoln a new conception of the prairies. It taught him that however bright and beautiful they might be in summer under skies of June, they could be terrible when the Norther was abroad in his wrath. They seemed now as pitiless and destructive as the polar ocean. It seemed as if nothing could live there unhoused. All was at the mercy of that power, the north wind, whom only the Lord Sun could tame.

This was the worst storm of the winter, though the wind seemed never to sleep. To and fro, from north to south, and south to north, the dry snow sifted till it was like fine sand that rolled under the heel with a ringing sound on cold days. After each storm the restless wind got to work to pile the new-fallen

flakes into ridges behind every fence or bush, filling every ravine and forcing the teamsters into the fields and out on to the open prairie. It was a savage and gloomy time for Lincoln, with only the pleasure of his school to break the monotony of cold.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Hamlin Garland (1860- —) was born in Wisconsin. His father was a farmer-pioneer, who, always eager to be upon the border line of agricultural development, moved from Wisconsin to Minnesota, from Minnesota to Iowa, and from Iowa to Dakota. The hope of cheaper acres, better soil, and bigger crops lured him on.

When Hamlin Garland turned his attention to literature he was keen enough to see the literary value of his early experiences. He resolved to interpret truthfully the life of the western farmer and its great hardships and limitations, no less than its hopes, joys, and achievements. In doing this, through a succession of short stories and novels, he won fame and success. In *A Son of the Middle Border,* an autobiography, he has written an intensely interesting and valuable record of typical experiences in the development of the Middle West. This selection is taken from *Boy Life on the Prairie.*

Discussion. 1. What distinguishes a blizzard from other violent storms? 2. What are the dangers when it comes without ample warning? 3. What was the manner of attack of this blizzard? 4. What caused the early darkness? 5. What was it in the storm that "appalled" the boy's heart and "benumbed his thinking"? 6. What effect had it upon other members of the household? 7. Has man any power to oppose the violence of such a storm? 8. What was the velocity of the wind? 9. How long did the blizzard last? How did it compare in this respect with the ordinary blizzard? 10. What name was given it because of its force, fury, and duration? 11. What results of the storm proved its violence? 12. What new idea of the prairie did the storm give the boy Lincoln? 13. Pronounce the following: recess; infinite; columns; calm; heroism; implacable.

Phrases

defenseless settlement, **69,** 7
dripped musically, **69,** 10
seamless dome, **70,** 1
breathless pause, **70,** 9
sheathed in snow, **70,** 19
vague premonition, **70,** 30
dread disturbance, **70,** 30
implacable clamor, **71,** 1
rhythmic pulsations, **71,** 5
multitudinous sounds, **71,** 7
invisible tearing, **72,** 9
perceptible weakening, **72,** 33
becoming spasmodic, **72,** 33
monotony of cold, **74,** 4

THE FROST

HANNAH F. GOULD

The Frost looked forth on a still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now, I shall be out of sight;
So, through the valley, and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
That make such a bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they!"

So he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The glittering point of many a spear
Which he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the window of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the morning light were seen
Most beautiful things!—there were flowers and trees,
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities and temples and towers; and these
All pictured in silvery sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair—
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,

"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"And this costly pitcher I'll burst in three!
And the glass of water they've left for me,
Shall 'tchick' to tell them I'm drinking."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Hannah F. Gould (1789-1865) was an American poet, born at Lancaster, Mass. At the age of eleven she removed with her parents to Newburyport, Mass., where she lived the rest of her life. A collection of her poems, entitled *Hymns and Poems for Children,* contains many beautiful selections.

Discussion. 1. Why does the poet personify "The Frost"? 2. What pictures do the following give you: "powdered its crest"; "their boughs he dressed"? 3. What picture of the window pane does stanza 3 give you? 4. Which line tells you on what kind of night to expect frost?

Phrases

blustering train, **75,** 5
in vain, **75,** 7
hung on its margin, **75,** 15
burst in three, **76,** 3

THE FROST SPIRIT

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes! You may trace his footsteps now
On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the brown hill's withered brow.
He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees where their pleasant green came forth,
And the winds, which follow wherever he goes, have shaken them down to earth.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—from the frozen Labrador—
From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which the white bear wanders o'er—

Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the luckless forms below
In the sunless cold of the lingering night into marble statues grow!

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—on the rushing Northern blast,
And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed as his fearful breath went past.
With an unscorched wing he has hurried on, where the fires of Hecla glow
On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient ice below.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—and the quiet lake shall feel
The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring to the skater's heel;
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks, or sang to the leaning grass,
Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in mournful silence pass.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—let us meet him as we may,
And turn with the light of the parlor-fire his evil power away;
And gather closer the circle round, when that fire-light dances high,
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his sounding wing goes by!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography, see page 60.

Discussion. 1. Why does the poet personify "The Frost Spirit"? 2. Why is "Fiend" personified? 3. How can one "trace his footsteps" on woods and fields? 4. Locate on a map Labrador, the pine region of Norway, and the volcano of Hecla. 5. What is "the icy bridge of the northern seas"? 6. What are "the luckless forms below"? 7. Why does the poet say "In the sunless cold of the lingering night"? 8. What does the poet mean by "the shriek of the baffled Fiend"?

Phrases

blasted fields, 76, 2
luckless forms, 77, 1
sunless cold, 77, 2
fearful breath, 77, 4
unscorched wing, 77, 5
ancient ice, 77, 6
torpid touch, 77, 8
glazing breath, 77, 8

THE SNOW STORM

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
The steed and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
Come, see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Mauger the farmer's sighs, and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,

Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) was a native of Boston, born not far from Franklin's birthplace. He was the oldest among that brilliant group of New England scholars and writers that developed under the influence of Harvard College. Emerson was a quiet boy, but that he had high ambitions and sturdy determination is shown by the fact that he worked his own way through college. He is best known for his essays, full of noble ideas and wise philosophy, but he also wrote poetry. As a poet he was careless of his meter, making his lines often purposely rugged, but they are always charged and bristling with thoughts that shock and thrill like electric batteries. In 1836 he wrote the "Concord Hymn" containing the famous lines:

"Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world!"

His poems of nature are clear-cut and vivid as snapshots. "The Humble-Bee," as a critic puts it, "seems almost to shine with the heat and light of summer."

Discussion. 1. Picture the scene described in the first five lines. 2. Compare with the picture given you in the first stanza of "Snow-Flakes," page 80. 3. Read in a way to bring out the contrast between the wild storm and the scene within the "farmhouse at the garden's end." 4. What is meant by "fierce artificer"? 5. What is the "tile" with which the poet imagines the "unseen quarry" is furnished? 6. Of what are the "white bastions" made? 7. Does the use of the word "windward" add to the picture and does such detail add to the beauty of the poem or detract from it? 8. Who is described as "myriad-handed"? 9. What is the mockery in hanging "Parian wreaths" on a coop or kennel? 10. What picture do lines 20, 21, and 22 give you? 11. What does the "mad wind's night-work" do for Art?

Phrases

courier's feet delayed, **78**, 6
radiant fireplace, **78**, 8
tumultuous privacy, **78**, 9
north wind's masonry, **78**, 10
myriad-handed, **78**, 15
Parian wreaths, **78**, 18
tapering turret, **78**, 22
hours are numbered, **78**, 23
slow structures, **79**, 2
frolic architecture, **79**, 4

SNOWFLAKES

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Out of the bosom of the Air,
  Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
  Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
    Silent, and soft, and slow,
    Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
  Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
  In the white countenance confession,
    The troubled sky reveals
    The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
  Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
  Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
    Now whispered and revealed
    To wood and field.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882) was born in Portland, Maine. In "The Courtship of Miles Standish" he has made us acquainted with his ancestors, John Alden and Priscilla Mullens, passengers on the *Mayflower*.

Longfellow's education was obtained in Portland and at Bowdoin College, where he had for classmates several youths who afterward became famous, notably, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Franklin Pierce. Upon Longfellow's graduation, the trustees of the college, having decided to establish a chair of modern languages, proposed that this young graduate should fit himself for the position. Three years, therefore, he spent in delightful study and travel in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. Here was laid the foundation for his scholarship, and, as in Irving on his first European

trip, there was kindled that passion for romantic lore which followed him through life and which gave direction to much of his work. He mastered the language of each country visited, in a remarkably short time, and many of the choicer poems found in these languages he has given to us in English.

After five years at Bowdoin, Longfellow was invited in 1834 to the chair of modern languages in Harvard College. Again he was given an opportunity to prepare himself by a year of study abroad. In 1836 he began his active work at Harvard and took up his residence in the historic Craigie House, overlooking the Charles River—a house in which Washington had been quartered for some months when he came to Cambridge in 1775 to take command of the Continental forces. Longfellow was thenceforth one of the most prominent members of that group of men including Sumner, Hawthorne, Agassiz, Lowell, and Holmes, who gave distinction to the Boston and Cambridge of earlier days.

For twenty years Longfellow served as a teacher, introducing hundreds of students to the literature of modern Europe. In his poetry, too, he exerted a powerful influence for bringing about a relationship between America and European civilization. He was thus a poet of culture, rendering a great service at a time when the thought of America was provincial. He was also a poet of the household, writing many poems about the joys and sorrows of home life, poems of aspiration and religious faith, poems about village characters as well as about national heroes. He excels, too, as a writer of tales in verse. "Evangeline," a story of the Acadian exiles and their wanderings; "The Courtship of Miles Standish," a story of early colonial life in Massachusetts; and "Hiawatha," an Indian epic into which he put a vast amount of legendary matter belonging to the first owners of our country, are examples of his power in sustained verse narrative. His ballads, such as "The Skeleton in Armor" and "The Wreck of the Hesperus," show his power to handle a legend in brief and stirring form. He was a writer of almost perfect sonnets, and a writer of prose of distinction. The most loved and most widely known of American poets, Longfellow helped to interpret our common life in terms of beauty.

Discussion. 1. What picture does the first stanza give you? 2. Compare this picture with that found in the first ten lines of "The Snow Storm," page 78, and with that given in the third, fourth, and fifth stanzas of "Midwinter," page 82. 3. To what does "her" refer in the second line? 4. Explain how "the troubled heart" makes "confession in the countenance." 5. How does the poet fancy "the troubled sky" reveals its grief? 6. What is "the poem of the air"? 7. What are the "silent syllables" in which "the poem of the air" is recorded? 8. What is "whispered and revealed"?

Phrases

cloud-folds, **80**, 2
cloudy fancies, **80**, 7
secret of despair, **80**, 15
cloudy bosom, **80**, 16

MIDWINTER

JOHN T. TROWBRIDGE

The speckled sky is dim with snow,
The light flakes falter and fall slow;
Athwart the hilltop, rapt and pale,
Silently drops a silvery veil;
And all the valley is shut in
By flickering curtains gray and thin.

But cheerily the chickadee
Singeth to me on fence and tree;
The snow sails round him as he sings,
White as the down on angels' wings.

I watch the snow flakes as they fall
On bank and brier and broken wall;
Over the orchard, waste and brown,
All noiselessly they settle down,
Tipping the apple boughs and each
Light quivering twig of plum and peach.

On turf and curb and bower roof
The snowstorm spreads its ivory woof;
It paves with pearl the garden walk;
And lovingly round tattered stalk
And shivering stem its magic weaves
A mantle fair as lily leaves.
The hooded beehive, small and low,
Stands like a maiden in the snow;
And an old door slab is half hid
Under an alabaster lid.

All day it snows; the sheeted post
Gleams in the dimness like a ghost;
All day the blasted oak has stood
A muffled wizard of the wood;
Garland and airy cap adorn
The sumac and the wayside thorn,
And clustering spangles lodge and shine
In the dark tresses of the pine.

The ragged bramble, dwarfed and old,
Shrinks like a beggar in the cold;
In surplice white the cedar stands,
And blesses him with priestly hands.

Still cheerily the chickadee
Singeth to me on fence and tree;
But in my inmost ear is heard
The music of a holier bird;
And heavenly thoughts as soft and white
As snowflakes on my soul alight,
Clothing with love my lonely heart,
Healing with peace each bruiséd part,
Till all my being seems to be
Transfigured by their purity.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. John Townsend Trowbridge (1827-1916) was an American author. His home was in Cambridge, Mass., within the shadow of Harvard College. At one time he was one of the editors of *Our Young Folks' Magazine.* "Midwinter" and "Darius Green and His Flying Machine" are two of his poems most widely known.

Discussion. 1. Compare the picture that the first stanza gives you with that given you in the first stanza of "Snow-Flakes" and that given you by the first ten lines of "The Snow Storm." 2. Compare the picture that the fourth stanza gives you with that given by lines 17-22 of "The Snow Storm." 3. In the fourth stanza, what does the poet say the snowstorm does? 4. What does the poet mean by "muffled wizard of the wood"? 5. What pictures does the sixth stanza give you? 6. Which of these descriptions seems

to you most apt? 7. What does the poet mean by "inmost ear"? 8. Compare this meaning with that of "inward eye" in Wordsworth's "The Daffodils" and with "eyes in the heart" in Lowell's "To the Dandelion." 9. What do the "heavenly thoughts" suggested by the scene do for the poet?

Phrases

flickering curtains, **82**, 6
ivory woof, **82**, 18
paves with pearl, **82**, 19
tattered stalk, **82**, 20
shivering stem, **82**, 21
alabaster lid, **82**, 26
clustering spangles, **83**, 7
surplice white, **83**, 11

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. William Shakespeare (1564-1616) was the greatest English poet, and was one of the greatest poets the world has ever known. He wrote for all times and all peoples. He was born at Stratford-on-Avon, where fifty-two years later he died. At the age of twenty-two he removed to London, where for twenty years he wrote poems and plays, was an actor, and later a shareholder in the theater. The last six years of his life he spent quietly at Stratford.

This song is from the comedy *As You Like It,* a story of the adventures of a group of courtiers and rustics in the forest of Arden. A charming element in Shakespeare's romantic comedies is the introduction of song-poems or lyrics. All the writers of those days, the days of Good Queen Bess, wrote songs. England was "a nest of singing birds." They were real songs, too, filled with joy and musical language, and all the people sang them to the accompaniment of the quaint musical instruments of the time. And all the people took part in games and pageants in "Merrie England," and listened to the strange tales of seafarers, and went to the playhouse to see Shakespeare's *As You Like It.*

Discussion. 1. Why is the thought of green holly appropriate in connection with the winter wind? 2. What feeling does ingratitude arouse? 3. Why does the poet say the "tooth" of the wind is not so keen as man's ingratitude? 4. What change of feeling do you notice after line 6? 5. What do you think caused the change? 6. In the second stanza read lines that show the poet did not really think that "life is most jolly." 7. Which lines explain the poet's distrust of friendship? 8. Which word in stanza 1 is explained by line 3 of stanza 2? 9. Find a word in stanza 1 that gives the same thought as the second line of the second stanza. 10. Give the meaning of "warp" in stanza 2 (an old Saxon proverb said, "Winter shall warp water").

Phrases

benefits forgot, **84**, 13

friendship is feigning, **84**, 18

WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,

Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography, see page 85.

This is the second part of a song of four stanzas, found in the comedy *Love's Labor's Lost*. The first two stanzas are descriptive of spring, and introduce the song of the cuckoo. The last two stanzas are given here.

Discussion. 1. Do these lines describe life in the city or in the country? 2. What does the use of names, Dick, Tom, Joan, and Marian, add to the poem? 3. For what use were logs brought into the hall? 4. Can you see fitness in the use of the word "greasy"? 5. What is the song of the owl? 6. Explain the second line of stanza 2. 7. Why is the owl called "staring"?

Phrases

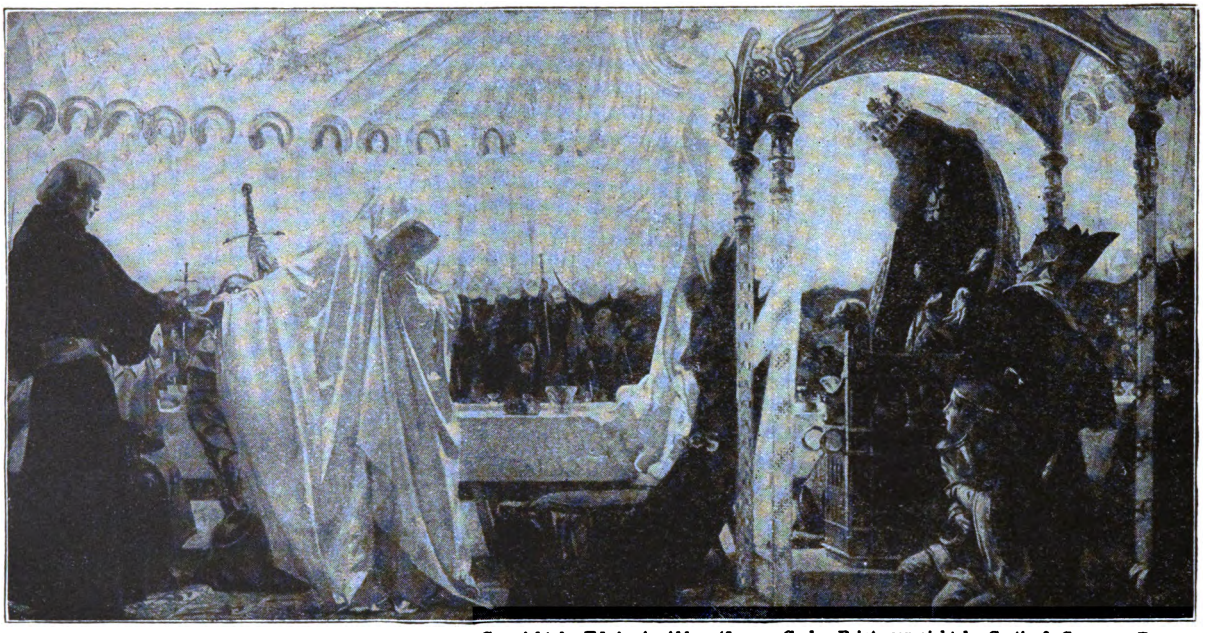
blows his nail, **85**, 2
ways be foul, **85**, 5
staring owl, **86**, 1
keel the pot, **86**, 4
parson's saw, **86**, 6
brooding in the snow, **86**, 7

PART II

ADVENTURES OLD AND NEW

"Some say that the age of chivalry is past. The age of chivalry is never past, so long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth, or a man or woman left to say, 'I will redress that wrong or spend my life in the attempt'."

—Charles Kingsley.



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THE ROUND TABLE OF KING ARTHUR

(Galahad is taking his place next to Sir Lancelot, while King Arthur rises to receive the new knight)

ADVENTURES OLD AND NEW

INTRODUCTION

Along with our interest in the world of animals and the plant world and the seasons, we are curious to know about people. A good deal of our conversation is about what others say or do. And when we say of a man, "He *does* things," we pay him the highest possible compliment.

Ever since man came on the earth he has been "doing things." Centuries ago, a man found out how to make fire by striking pieces of flint together. Then other men discovered strange things that might be done by means of the mysterious flame that sprang up. Another man ventured over the hill or mountain out into the unknown world beyond, or far across the blue water that seemed to reach to the end of the world. And when the traveler returned, men listened eagerly to his stories. So from earliest days men who ventured beyond the beaten track and did things their fellows were too lazy or too timid to think of doing have been interesting to those who stayed at home. In such ways ships were built to carry voyagers to strange places. In such ways commerce sprang up, for these adventurers brought back new foods and new objects, and knowledge of men who lived in strange places. In such ways islands and continents were discovered and settled, and men made war for the possession of rich territories, and life for all men became more varied and interesting through the adventures of the daring ones. For life is full of zest and interest only in proportion as the spirit of adventure enters into it.

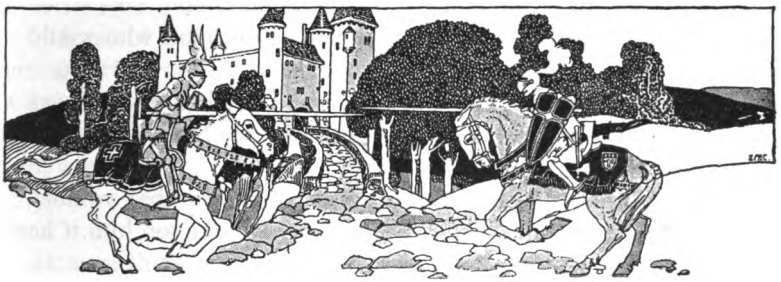
The men in former times who stood out above their fellows because of their deeds were the subjects of song and story. Minstrels and poets in all times have put into words the wonder and admiration of the people for the doer of great deeds. Some stories of this kind you will read in the pages that follow—just a few of the thousands of stories of adventure that men have

told in song and prose tale. Some of these stories introduce King Arthur and his Round Table, in the days of chivalry, when knighthood was in flower. A few of them are old ballads, which are tales made by the people or by some of their number, and sung by the people or by minstrels, or by mothers to their children, and so handed down from one generation to another. And some of them are very recent indeed, for they spring out of the heroic deeds of men in the World War that ended in November, 1918.

This spirit of adventure that makes men willing to face danger, and even death, to get some new experience or to render some service, the spirit that makes some men explore strange places, or seek for the South Pole, or fight in great battles—this spirit of adventure never dies. Sometimes the story is of a knight clad in armor, and sometimes it is about a man in khaki who died the other day that his fellows might live—the spirit is the same. Men no longer dress like Lancelot, or like George Washington, but they do the same sort of things. And people like to read of these things or hear the stories told just as much now as they did when the first traveler returned to the little village in Greece, or when Sir Gareth and Sir Gawain won their victories, or when General Putnam or Mad Anthony Wayne, in our Revolutionary War, performed some brave act for the American cause. And now, all over the world, groups gather about the soldier who has returned from Flanders Fields with his stories of valor. Always the spirit of adventure lives; always we like to hear what it brings back to us of news about life. If we have had no chance yet to do a thing worth men's praise, we get a larger view of life, a better sense of what life really means, from reading or hearing such stories. And we mean to do brave things ourselves, some day, so the stories thrill us with the sense of what life holds for us.

These things we must remember, then, as we read. Through these stories we become partners in all the brave deeds of the past. And, again, the spirit of adventure is ever-living and is as keen today as in the past. And, finally, by such stories our own knowledge of the fine qualities of human nature is increased and our own experience enlarged so that we become braver and better because we see what wonderful things life can bring.

THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY



THE COMING OF ARTHUR

OF THE BIRTH OF ARTHUR AND HOW HE BECAME KING

Long years ago, there ruled over Britain a king called Uther Pendragon. A mighty prince was he, and feared by all men; yet, when he sought the love of the fair Igraine of Cornwall, she would have naught to do with him, so that, from grief and disappointment, Uther fell sick, and at last seemed like to die.

Now in those days, there lived a famous magician named Merlin, so powerful that he could change his form at will, or even make himself invisible; nor was there any place so remote but that he could reach it at once, merely by wishing himself there. One day, suddenly he stood at Uther's bedside, and said:

"Sir King, I know thy grief, and am ready to help thee. Only promise to give me, at his birth, the son that shall be born to thee, and thou shalt have thy heart's desire."

To this the King agreed joyfully, and Merlin kept his word: for he gave Uther the form of one whom Igraine had loved dearly, and so she took him willingly for her husband.

When the time had come that a child should be born to the King and Queen, Merlin appeared before Uther to remind him

of his promise; and Uther swore it should be as he had said. Three days later, a prince was born and, with pomp and ceremony, was christened by the name of Arthur; but immediately thereafter the King commanded that the child should be carried to the postern-gate, there to be given to the old man who would be found waiting without.

Not long after, Uther fell sick, and he knew that his end was come; so, by Merlin's advice, he called together his knights and barons and said to them:

"My death draws near. I charge you, therefore, that ye obey my son even as ye have obeyed me; and my curse upon him if he claim not the crown when he is a man grown."

Then the King turned his face to the wall and died.

Scarcely was Uther laid in his grave before disputes arose. Few of the nobles had seen Arthur or even heard of him, and not one of them would have been willing to be ruled by a child; rather, each thought himself fitted to be king, and, strengthening his own castle, made war on his neighbors until confusion alone was supreme, and the poor groaned because there was none to help them.

Now when Merlin carried away Arthur—for Merlin was the old man who had stood at the postern-gate—he had known all that would happen, and had taken the child to keep him safe from the fierce barons until he should be of age to rule wisely and well, and perform all the wonders prophesied of him. He gave the child to the care of the good knight Sir Ector to bring him up with his son Kay, but revealed not to him that it was the son of Uther Pendragon that was given into his charge.

At last, when years had passed and Arthur was grown a tall youth well skilled in knightly exercises, Merlin went to the Archbishop of Canterbury and advised him that he should call together at Christmas-time all the chief men of the realm to the great cathedral in London.

"For," said Merlin, "there shall be seen a great marvel by which it shall be made clear to all men who is the lawful king of this land." The Archbishop did as Merlin counseled. Under pain of a fearful curse, he bade barons and knights come to

London to keep the feast, and to pray heaven to send peace to the realm.

The people hastened to obey the Archbishop's commands and, from all sides, barons and knights came riding in to keep the birth-feast of our Lord. And when they had prayed, and were coming forth from the cathedral, they saw a strange sight. There, in the open space before the church, stood, on a great stone, an anvil thrust through with a sword; and on the stone were written these words:

"Whoso can draw forth this sword is rightful King of Britain born."

At once there were fierce quarrels, each man clamoring to be the first to try his fortune, none doubting his own success. Then the Archbishop decreed that each should make the venture in turn, from the greatest baron to the least knight; and each in turn, having put forth his utmost strength, failed to move the sword one inch, and drew back ashamed. So the Archbishop dismissed the company, and having appointed guards to watch over the stone, sent messengers through all the land to give word of great jousts to be held in London at Easter, when each knight could give proof of his skill and courage, and try whether the adventure of the sword was for him.

Among those who rode to London at Easter was the good Sir Ector, and with him his son, Sir Kay, newly made a knight, and the young Arthur. When the morning came that the jousts should begin, Sir Kay and Arthur mounted their horses and set out for the lists; but before they reached the field, Kay looked and saw that he had left his sword behind. Immediately Arthur turned back to fetch it for him, only to find the house fast shut, for all were gone to view the tournament. Sore vexed was Arthur, fearing lest his brother Kay should lose his chance of gaining glory, till, of a sudden, he bethought him of the sword in the great anvil before the cathedral. Thither he rode with all speed, and the guards having deserted their posts to view the tournament, there was none to forbid him the adventure. He leaped from his horse, seized the hilt, and instantly drew forth the sword as easily as from a scabbard; then, mounting his horse and think-

ing no marvel of what he had done, he rode after his brother and handed him the weapon.

When Kay looked at it, he saw at once that it was the wondrous sword from the stone. In great joy he sought his father, and showing it to him, said:

"Then must I be King of Britain."

But Sir Ector bade him say how he came by the sword, and when Sir Kay told how Arthur had brought it to him, Sir Ector bent his knee to the boy and said:

"Sir, I perceive that ye are my King, and here I tender you my homage"; and Kay did as his father. Then the three sought the Archbishop, to whom they related all that had happened; and he, much marveling, called the people together to the great stone, and bade Arthur thrust back the sword and draw it forth again in the presence of all, which he did with ease. But an angry murmur arose from the barons, who cried that what a boy could do, a man could do; so, at the Archbishop's word, the sword was put back, and each man, whether baron or knight, tried in his turn to draw it forth, and failed. Then, for the third time, Arthur drew forth the sword. Immediately there arose from the people a great shout:

"Arthur is King! Arthur is King! We will have no King but Arthur"; and, though the great barons scowled and threatened, they fell on their knees before him while the Archbishop placed the crown upon his head, and they swore to obey him faithfully as their lord and sovereign.

Thus Arthur was made king; and to all he did justice, righting wrongs and giving to all their dues. Nor was he forgetful of those that had been his friends; for Kay, whom he loved as a brother, he made seneschal and chief of his household, and to Sir Ector, his foster father, he gave broad lands.

HOW KING ARTHUR TOOK A WIFE, AND OF THE TABLE ROUND

Thus Arthur was made king, but he had to fight for his own; for eleven great kings drew together and refused to acknowledge him as their lord, and chief amongst the rebels was King Lot of Orkney, who had married Arthur's sister, Bellicent

By Merlin's advice Arthur sent for help overseas, to Ban and Bors, the two great Kings who ruled in Gaul. With their aid, he overthrew his foes in a fierce battle near the river Trent; and then he passed with them into their own lands and helped them drive out their enemies. So there was ever great friendship between Arthur and the Kings Ban and Bors, and all their kindred; and afterwards some of the most famous Knights of the Round Table were of that kin.

Then King Arthur set himself to restore order throughout his kingdom. To all who would submit and amend their evil ways, he showed kindness; but those who persisted in oppression and wrong he removed, putting in their places others who would deal justly with the people. And because the land had become overrun with forest during the days of misrule, he cut roads through the thickets, that no longer wild beasts and men, fiercer than the beasts, should lurk in their gloom, to the harm of the weak and defenseless. Thus it came to pass that soon the peasant plowed his fields in safety, and where had been wastes, men dwelt again in peace and prosperity.

Amongst the lesser kings whom Arthur helped to rebuild their towns and restore order was King Leodogran, of Cameliard. Now Leodogran had one fair child, his daughter Guinevere; and from the time that first he saw her, Arthur gave her all his love. So he sought counsel of Merlin, his chief adviser. Merlin heard the King sorrowfully, and said:

"Sir King, when a man's heart is set, he may not change. Yet had it been well if ye had loved another."

So the King sent his knights to Leodogran to ask of him his daughter; and Leodogran consented, rejoicing to wed her to so good and knightly a king. With great pomp, the princess was conducted to Canterbury, and there the King met her, and they two were wed by the Archbishop in the great cathedral, amid the rejoicings of the people.

On that same day did Arthur found his Order of the Round Table, the fame of which was to spread throughout Christendom and endure through all time. Now the Round Table had been made for King Uther Pendragon by Merlin, who had meant

thereby to set forth plainly to all men the roundness of the earth. After Uther died, King Leodogran had possessed it; but when Arthur was wed, he sent it to him as a gift, and great was the King's joy at receiving it. One hundred fifty knights might take their places about it, and for them Merlin made sieges, or seats. One hundred twenty-eight did Arthur knight at that great feast; thereafter, if any sieges were empty, at the high festival of Pentecost new knights were ordained to fill them, and by magic was the name of each knight found inscribed, in letters of gold, in his proper siege. One seat only long remained unoccupied, and that was the Siege Perilous. No knight might occupy it until the coming of Sir Galahad; for, without danger to his life, none might sit there who was not free from all stain of sin.

With pomp and ceremony did each knight take upon him the vows of true knighthood: *to obey the King; to show mercy to all who asked it; to defend the weak; and for no worldly gain to fight in a wrongful cause;* and all the knights rejoiced together, doing honor to Arthur and to his Queen. And all men of worship said it was merry to be under such a chieftain, that would put his person in adventure as other poor knights did. Then they rode forth to right the wrong and help the oppressed, and by their aid, the King held his realm in peace, doing justice to all.

OF THE FINDING OF EXCALIBUR

Now when Arthur was first made king, as young knights will, he courted peril for its own sake, and often would he ride unattended by lonely forest ways, seeking the adventure that chance might send him. All unmindful was he of the ruin to his realm if mischief befell him; and even his trusty counselors, though they grieved that he should thus imperil him, yet could not but love him the more for his hardihood.

So, on a day, he rode through the Forest Perilous where dwelt the Lady Annoure, a sorceress of great might, who used her magic powers but for the furtherance of her own desires. And as she looked from a turret window, she descried King Arthur come riding down a forest glade, and the sunbeams falling upon him made one glory of his armor and of his yellow hair. Then, as

Annoure gazed upon the King, she resolved that, come what might, she would have him for her own, to dwell with her always and fulfill all her behests. And so she bade her men to lower the drawbridge and raise the portcullis, and sallying forth accompanied by her maidens, she gave King Arthur courteous salutation, and prayed him that he would rest within her castle that day, for that she had a petition to make to him; and Arthur, doubting nothing of her good faith, suffered himself to be led within.

Then was a great feast spread, and Annoure caused the King to be seated in a chair of state at her right hand, while squires and pages served him on bended knee. So when they had feasted, the King turned to the Lady Annoure and said courteously:

"Lady, somewhat ye said of a request that ye would make. If there be aught in which I may give pleasure to you, I pray you let me know it, and I will serve you as knightly as I may."

"In truth," said the lady, "there is that which I would fain entreat of you, most noble knight; yet suffer, I beseech you, that first I may show you somewhat of my castle and my estate, and then will I crave a boon of your chivalry."

Then the sorceress led King Arthur from room to room of her castle, and ever each displayed greater store of beauty than the last. In some the walls were hung with rich tapestries, in others they gleamed with precious stones; and the King marveled what might be the petition of one that was mistress of such wealth. Lastly, Annoure brought the King out upon the battlements, and as he gazed around him, he saw that since he had entered the castle there had sprung up about it triple walls of defense that shut out wholly the forest from view. Then turned he to Annoure, and gravely said:

"Lady, greatly I marvel in what a simple knight may give pleasure to one that is mistress of so wondrous a castle as ye have shown me here; yet if there be aught in which I may render you knightly service, right gladly would I hear it now, for I must go forth upon my way to render service to those whose knight I am sworn."

"Nay, now, King Arthur," answered the sorceress mockingly,

"ye may not deceive me! for well I know you, and that all Britain bows to your behest."

"The more reason then that I should ride forth to right wrong and succor them that, of their loyalty, render true obedience to their lord."

"Ye speak as a fool," said the sorceress; "why should one that may command be at the beck and call of every hind and slave within his realm? Nay, rest thee here with me, and I will make thee ruler of a richer land than Britain, and satisfy thy every desire."

"Lady," said the King sternly, "I will hear and judge of your petition here and now, and then will I go forth upon my way."

"Nay," said Annoure, "there needs not this harshness. I did but speak for thine advantage. Only vow thee to my service, and there is naught that thou canst desire that thou shalt not possess. Thou shalt be lord of this fair castle and of the mighty powers that obey me. Why waste thy youth in hardship and in the service of such as shall render thee little enough again?"

Thereupon, without ever a word, the King turned him about and made for the turret stair by which he had ascended, but nowhere could he find it. Then said the sorceress, mocking him:

"Fair sir, how think ye to escape without my goodwill? See ye not the walls that guard my stronghold? And think ye that I have not servants enough to do my bidding?"

She clapped her hands and forthwith there appeared a company of squires who, at her command, seized the King and bore him away to a strong chamber where they locked him in.

And so the King abode that night, the prisoner of that evil sorceress, with little hope that day, when it dawned, should bring him better cheer. Yet lost he not courage, but kept watch and vigil the night through, lest the powers of evil should assail him unawares. And with the early morning light, Annoure came to visit him. More stately she seemed than the night before, more tall and more terrible; and her dress was one blaze of flashing gems so that scarce could the eye look upon her. As a queen might address a vassal, so greeted she the King, and as conde-

scending to one of low estate, asked how he had fared that night. And the King made answer:

"I have kept vigil as behooves a knight who, knowing himself to be in the midst of danger, would bear himself meetly in any peril that should offer."

And the Lady Annoure, admiring his knightly courage, desired more earnestly even than before to win him to her will, and she said:

"Sir Arthur, I know well your courage and knightly fame, and greatly do I desire to keep you with me. Stay with me and I promise that ye shall bear sway over a wider realm than any that ye ever heard of, and I, even I, its mistress, will be at your command. And what lose ye if ye accept my offer? Little enough; for never think that ye shall win the world from evil, and men to loyalty and truth."

Then answered the King in anger: "Full well I see that thou art in league with evil and that thou but seekest to turn me from my purpose. I defy thee, foul sorceress. Do thy worst; though thou slay me, thou shalt never sway me to thy will"; and therewith, the King raised his cross-hilted sword before her. Then the lady quailed at that sight. Her heart was filled with hate, but she said:

"Go your way, proud King of a petty realm. Rule well your race of miserable mortals, since it pleases you more than to bear sway over the powers of the air. I keep you not against your will."

With these words she passed from the chamber, and the King heard her give command to her squires to set him without her gates, give him his horse, and suffer him to go on his way.

And so it came to pass that the King found himself once more at large, and marveled to have won so lightly to liberty. Yet knew he not the depths of treachery in the heart of Annoure; for when she found she might not prevail with the King, she bethought her how, by mortal means, she might bring him to dishonor and death. And so, by her magic art, she caused the King to follow a path that brought him to a fountain, whereby a knight had his tent, and, for the love of adventure, held the way

against all comers. Now this knight was Sir Pellinore, and at that time he had not his equal for strength and knightly skill, nor had any been found that might stand against him. So, as the King drew nigh, Pellinore cried:

"Stay, knight, for no one passes this way except he joust with me."

"That is not a good custom," said the King; "and it were well that ye followed it no more."

"It is my custom, and I will follow it still," answered Pellinore; "if ye like it not, amend it if ye can."

"I will do my endeavor," said Arthur, "but, as ye see, I have no spear."

"Nay, I seek not to have you at disadvantage," replied Pellinore, and bade his squire give Arthur a spear. Then they dressed their shields, laid their lances in rest, and rushed upon each other. Now the King was wearied by his night's vigil, and the strength of Pellinore was as the strength of three men; so, at the first encounter, Arthur was unhorsed. Then said he:

"I have lost the honor on horseback, but now will I encounter thee with my sword and on foot."

"I, too, will alight," said Pellinore; "small honor to me were it if I slew thee on foot, I being horsed the while." So they encountered each other on foot, and so fiercely they fought that they hewed off great pieces of each other's armor, and the ground was dyed with their blood. But at the last, Arthur's sword broke off short at the hilt, and so he stood all defenseless before his foe.

"I have thee now," cried Pellinore; "yield thee as recreant or I will slay thee."

"That will I never," said the King; "slay me if thou canst."

Then he sprang on Pellinore, caught him by the middle, and flung him to the ground, himself falling with him. And Sir Pellinore marveled, for never before had he encountered so bold and resolute a foe; but exerting his great strength, he rolled himself over, and so brought Arthur beneath him. Then Arthur would have perished, but at that moment Merlin stood beside him, and when Sir Pellinore would have struck off the King's head, stayed his blow, crying:

"Pellinore, if thou slayest this knight, thou puttest the whole realm in peril; for this is none other than King Arthur himself."

Then was Pellinore filled with dread, and cried:

"Better make an end of him at once; for if I suffer him to live, what hope have I of his grace, that have dealt with him so sorely?"

But before Pellinore could strike, Merlin caused a deep sleep to come upon him; and raising King Arthur from the ground, he stanched his wounds and recovered him of his swoon.

But when the King came to himself, he saw his foe lie, still as in death, on the ground beside him; and he was grieved, and said:

"Merlin, what have ye done to this brave knight? Nay, if ye have slain him, I shall grieve my life long; for a good knight he is, bold and a fair fighter, though something wanting in knightly courtesy."

"He is in better case than ye are, Sir King, who so lightly imperil your person, and thereby your kingdom's welfare; and, as ye say, Pellinore is a stout knight, and hereafter shall he serve you well. Have no fear. He shall wake again in three hours and have suffered naught by the encounter. But for you, it were well that ye came where ye might be tended for your wounds."

"Nay," replied the King, smiling, "I may not return to my court thus weaponless; first will I find means to possess me of a sword."

"That is easily done," answered Merlin; "follow me, and I will bring you where ye shall get you a sword, the wonder of the world."

So, though his wounds pained him sore, the King followed Merlin by many a forest path and glade, until they came upon a mere, bosomed deep in the forest; and as he looked thereon, the King beheld an arm, clothed in white samite, above the surface of the lake, and in the hand was a fair sword that gleamed in the level rays of the setting sun.

"This is a great marvel," said the King, "what may it mean?"

And Merlin made answer: "Deep is this mere, so deep indeed that no man may fathom it; but in its depths, and built upon the roots of the mountains, is the palace of the Lady of the Lake.

Powerful is she with a power that works ever for good, and she shall help thee in thine hour of need."

Anon the damsel herself came unto Arthur and said: "Sir Arthur, King, yonder sword is mine and if ye will give me a gift when I ask it of you, ye shall have it."

"By my faith," said Arthur, "I will give you what ye will ask."

Then was Arthur aware of a little skiff, half hidden among the bulrushes that fringed the lake; and leaping into the boat, without aid of oar, he was wafted out into the middle of the lake, to the place where, out of the water, rose the arm and sword. And leaning from the skiff, he took the sword from the hand, which forthwith vanished, and immediately thereafter the skiff bore him back to land.

Arthur drew from its scabbard the mighty sword, wondering at the marvel of its workmanship, for the hilt shone with the elfin light of twinkling gems—diamond and topaz and emerald, and many another whose name none knows. And as he looked on the blade, Arthur was aware of mystic writings on the one side and the other, and calling to Merlin, he bade him interpret them.

"Sir," said Merlin, "on the one side is written 'Keep me,' and on the other 'Throw me away.' "

"Then," said the King, "which does it behoove me to do?"

"Keep it," answered Merlin; "the time to cast it away is not yet come. This is the good brand Excalibur, or Cut Steel, and well shall it serve you. But what think ye of the scabbard?"

"A fair cover for so good a sword," answered Arthur.

"Nay, it is more than that," said Merlin, "for so long as ye keep it, though ye be wounded never so sore, yet ye shall not bleed to death." And when he heard that, the King marveled the more.

Then they journeyed back to Caerleon, where the knights made great joy of the return of their lord. And presently, thither came Sir Pellinore, craving pardon of the King, who made but jest of his own misadventure. And afterwards Sir Pellinore became of the Round Table, a knight vowed, not only to deeds of hardihood, but also to gentleness and courtesy; and faithfully he served the King, fighting ever to maintain justice and put down wrong, and to defend the weak from the oppressor.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS.

Historical Note. The ancient Britons looked out from their little island home with its protecting seas, and pictured the great unknown world beyond as a fairyland filled with enchanted cities and wonderful forests, and peopled by friendly fairies and magicians. About the beginning of our Christian era the Romans came among them for a time, teaching them obedience to law. Later, the barbarian hordes came over the North Sea, to conquer them. But the invaders were resisted by strong leaders among whom one by the name of Arthur stands pre-eminent. Historians generally agree that a chieftain of this name actually lived about the close of the fifth century or the beginning of the sixth. Some say he was from the north, some from the south, of England. Arthur became not only the great national hero, but also the champion of Christianity against heathen invaders. He is said to have united the scattered British clans and to have defeated the invaders in twelve great battles.

In their days of distress many of the Britons fled across the Channel and settled among their kindred, the Bretons of northern France. From here Welsh bards with their harps wandered throughout all Christendom, singing of Arthur's heroic deeds. As time went on these tales of Arthur became blended with the fairy stories of their old happy dream-life. When chivalry was at its height, from the twelfth to the fifteenth century, the strolling minstrels took up the legend, adapting it to the ideals of the times and to the tastes of their audiences in court and castle and market place.

In these songs and legends, Arthur appeared as a great king surrounded at his "Table Round" with valiant knights who, under vows of purity and holiness, went forth in daily quest of noble deeds. Early in the twelfth century the legends were carried back to England. A Welsh priest, Goeffrey of Monmouth, gave a form to these tales which became widely popular, and later from this version and others, Sir Thomas Malory wrote his story, "Le Morte D'Arthur" (The Death of Arthur). In 1485, William Caxton, the first English printer, published Sir Thomas's story, which became the chief source of modern poets who have written on this theme. Among these, the English poet, Tennyson, in his beautiful "Idylls of the King," has told the story of Arthur and his knights.

Britain at the time in which Arthur is supposed to have lived was a land of warring tribes. Christianity had gained little more than a foothold. It was an age in which might was greater than right. But when Arthur's knights went forth at the command of their king, their aim was to overthrow the injustice and lawlessness then so common in the land. Wonderful deeds were done by that little company of brave men, who rode abroad "redressing wrongs."

Discussion. 1. Is there a historical basis for the stories of Arthur? 2. How did they become interwoven with myth and legend? 3. When Arthur

became king, what was the condition of the people of Britain? 4. Why did the barons oppose Arthur? 5. What reforms did Arthur introduce? 6. Read lines which show that Arthur thought of the poor as well as of the rich and the great. 7. What was the Round Table? 8. Read the lines that tell of the vows made by the knights. 9. What did the knights promise first? 10 Why do you think Arthur put this first? 11. What reason did Arthur give the sorceress for not wishing to remain longer in her castle? 12. Find a word in this speech that explains Arthur's life. 13. Read lines which show Arthur's generosity toward a foe. 14. What ideals of conduct did these stories uphold in times when might was greater than right? 15. Pronounce the following: joust; tournament; stanched.

Phrases

confusion alone was supreme, **92**, 18
knightly exercises, **92**, 30
pain of a fearful curse, **92**, 37
great jousts, **93**, 20
sore vexed, **93**, 30
tender you my homage, **94**, 10
foster father, **94**, 31
of that kin, **95**, 8
persisted in oppression, **95**, 11
days of misrule, **95**, 14
with pomp and ceremony, **96**, 14
men of worship, **96**, 18
put his person in adventure, **96**, 19
courted peril, **96**, 24
fulfill all her behests, **97**, 3
raise the portcullis, **97**, 4
courteous salutation, **97**, 5
fain entreat of you, **97**, 17
crave a boon of your chivalry, **97**, 20
render true obedience, **98**, 4
kept vigil, **99**, 3
bear himself meetly, **99**, 4
bear sway, **99**, 11
in league with evil, **99**, 17
petty realm, **99**, 23
by mortal means, **99**, 34
do my endeavor, **100**, 11
to have you at disadvantage, **100**, 13
dressed their shields, **100**, 14
yield thee as recreant, **100**, 27
stanched his wounds, **101**, 9
good brand Excalibur, **102**, 24

THE STORY OF GARETH

HOW BEAUMAINS CAME TO KING ARTHUR'S COURT

King Arthur had a custom that at the feast of Pentecost he would not go to meat until he had heard or seen a great marvel. And because of that custom all manner of strange adventures came before him at that feast.

So Sir Gawain, a little before noon of the day of Pentecost, saw from a window three men on horseback and a dwarf on foot, and one of the men was higher than the other two, by a foot and a half. Then Sir Gawain went unto the King and said, "Sir, go to your meat, for here at hand come strange adventures."

Right so came into the hall two men and upon their shoulders there leaned the goodliest young man and the fairest that ever they all saw, and he was tall and large and broad in the shoulders and the fairest and largest-handed that ever man saw.

This young man said, "King Arthur, God bless you and all your fair fellowship. For this cause I am come hither, to pray you to give me three gifts and they shall not be unreasonably asked, but you may honorably grant them me. The first gift I will ask now and the other two I will ask this day twelvemonth."

"Now ask," said Arthur, "and ye shall have your asking."

"Sir," said the young man, "this is my petition, that ye will give me meat and drink for this twelvemonth, and at that day I will ask mine other two gifts."

"My fair son," said Arthur, "ask better, I counsel thee, for this is but simple asking; for my heart tells me that thou shalt prove a man of right great honor."

"Sir," said the young man, "be that as it may, I have asked that I will ask."

"Well," said the King, "ye shall have meat and drink enough; I never refused that to friend or foe. But what is thy name?"

"I cannot tell you," said the young man.

"That is strange," said the King, "that thou knowest not thy name and thou art the goodliest young man that ever I saw."

Then the King charged Sir Kay, the steward, that he should give the young man meat and drink of the best as though he were a lord's son.

"There is no need of that," said Sir Kay, "for I am sure he is of lowly birth. If he had come of gentlemen he would have asked of you horse and armor, but such as he is, so he asketh. And as he hath no name I shall name him Beaumains, that is Fair-hands, and into the kitchen I shall take him."

Then was Sir Gawain wroth and Sir Lancelot bade Sir Kay stop his mocking of the young man. But Sir Kay bade the young man sit down to meat with the boys of the kitchen and there he ate sadly. And then Sir Lancelot bade him come to his chamber and there he should have meat and drink enough. And this Sir Lancelot did of his great gentleness and courtesy. And Sir Gawain proffered him meat and drink, but he refused them both and thus he was put into the kitchen.

So he endured all that twelvemonth and never displeased man nor child, but always he was meek and kindly. But ever when there was any jousting of knights, that would he see if he might.

So it passed on till the feast of Pentecost. On that day there came a damsel into the hall and saluted the King and prayed for succor for her lady who was besieged in her castle.

"Who is your lady and what is his name who hath besieged her?" asked the King.

"Sir King," she said, "my lady's name shall ye not know from me at this time, but the tyrant that besiegeth her and destroyeth her lands is called the Red Knight of the Red Lands."

"I know him not," said the King.

"Sir," said Sir Gawain, "I know him well; men say that he hath seven men's strength and from him I escaped once full hard with my life."

"Fair damsel," said the King, "there be knights here would do their power to rescue your lady, but because you will not tell her name, none of my knights shall go with you by my will."

Then Beaumains came before the King and said, "Sir King, I have been this twelvemonth in your kitchen and now I will ask my two gifts."

"Ask," said the King, "and right gladly will I grant them."

"Sir, these shall be my two gifts, first that ye will grant me to have this adventure."

"Thou shalt have it," said the King.

"Then, sir, this is the other gift, that ye shall bid Sir Lancelot to make me knight. And I pray you let him ride after me and make me knight when I ask him."

"All this shall be done," said the King.

"Fie on thee," said the damsel, "shall I have none but one that is your kitchen boy?"

Then was she wroth and took her horse and departed from him.

And with that there came one to Beaumains and told him his horse and armor were come and there was the dwarf ready with all things that he needed in the richest manner. So when he was armed there were few so goodly men as he was.

Then Sir Kay said all open in the hall, "I will ride after my boy of the kitchen, to see whether he will know me for his better." And as Beaumains overtook the damsel, right so came Sir Kay and said, "Beaumains, what, sir, know ye not me?"

"Yea," said Beaumains, "I know you for an ungentle knight of the court and therefore beware of me."

Therewith Sir Kay put his spear in the rest and ran straight upon him, and Beaumains came as fast upon him with his sword and thrust him through the side, so that Sir Kay fell down as if he were dead and Beaumains took Sir Kay's shield and spear and rode on his way.

When Sir Lancelot overtook him, he proffered Sir Lancelot to joust and they came together fiercely and fought for an hour, and Lancelot marveled at Beaumains' strength, for he fought more like a giant than a knight. So Sir Lancelot said, "Beaumains, fight not so sore; your quarrel and mine is not so great but we may leave off."

"Truly that is truth," said Beaumains, "but it doth me good to feel your might."

"Hope ye that I may any while stand a proved knight?" said Beaumains.

"Yea," said Lancelot, "do as ye have done and I shall be your warrant."

"Then I pray you," said Beaumains, "give me the order of knighthood."

"Then must ye tell me your name," said Lancelot.

"Sir," he said, "my name is Gareth, and I am brother unto Sir Gawain."

"Ah, sir," said Lancelot, "I am more glad of you than I was, for ever methought ye should be of great blood and that ye came not to the court for meat or drink."

Then Sir Lancelot gave him the order of knighthood and departed from him and came to Sir Kay and made him to be borne home upon his shield and he was healed of his wound.

But when Beaumains had overtaken the damsel, she said, "What dost thou here? Thou smellest of the kitchen, thy clothes be soiled with the grease and tallow that thou gainest in King Arthur's kitchen. Therefore, turn again, dirty kitchen boy; I know thee well, for Sir Kay named thee Beaumains."

"Damsel," said Beaumains, "say to me what ye will, I will not go from you, whatever ye say, for I have undertaken to King Arthur for to achieve your adventure and so shall I finish it to the end or I shall die therefor."

So thus as they rode in the wood, there came a man flying all that ever he might. "Whither wilt thou?" said Beaumains.

"O lord," he said, "help me, for six thieves have taken my lord and bound him, so I am afraid lest they will slay him."

"Bring me thither," said Beaumains.

And so they rode together until they came where the knight was bound and then he rode unto the thieves and slew them all and unbound the knight. And the knight thanked him and prayed him to ride with him to his castle and he should reward him for his good deeds.

"Sir," said Beaumains, "I will no reward have; I was this day made knight of noble Sir Lancelot and therefore I will no reward have but God reward me. Also I must follow this damsel."

And when he came nigh her, she bade him ride from her. "For thou smellest of the kitchen," she said. Then the same knight

which was rescued rode after the damsel and prayed them to lodge with him that night, and so that night they had good cheer and rest.

And on the morrow the damsel and Beaumains rode on their way until they came to a great forest. And there was a river and but one passage and there were two knights to prevent their crossing. "What sayest thou," said the damsel, "wilt thou match yonder knights or turn again?"

"Nay," said Sir Beaumains, "I will not turn again if they were six more." And therewith he rushed into the water and they drew their swords and smote at each other and Sir Beaumains slew both the knights.

"Alas," said the damsel, "that a kitchen boy should have the fortune to destroy two such brave knights."

"Damsel," said Beaumains, "I care not what ye say, so that I may rescue your lady."

"If you follow me," said the damsel, "thou art but slain, for I see all that ever thou dost is but by misadventure and not by might of thy hands."

"Well, damsel, ye may say what ye will, but wheresoever ye go, I will follow you."

So Beaumains rode with that lady till evening and ever she chid him and would not stop. And they came to a black plain and there was a black hawthorne and thereon hung a black shield and by it stood a black spear, great and long, and a great black horse covered with silk.

HOW BEAUMAINS FOUGHT WITH THE FOUR KNIGHTS

There sat a knight all armed in black armor and his name was the Knight of the Black Lands. And when the damsel came nigh he said, "Damsel, have ye brought this knight of King Arthur to be your champion?" "Nay, fair knight," said she, "this is but a kitchen boy that was fed in King Arthur's kitchen for alms."

"Why cometh he," said the knight, "in such array? It is shame that he beareth you company."

"Sir, I cannot be delivered of him; through mishap I saw

him slay two knights at the passage of the water and other deeds he did before right marvelous and by chance."

"I marvel," said the Black Knight, "that any man that is of honor will fight with him."

"They know him not," said the damsel.

"That may be," said the knight, "but this much I shall grant you; I shall put him down upon foot, and his horse and his armor he shall leave with me, for it were shame to me to do him any more harm."

When Sir Beaumains heard him say thus, he said, "Sir Knight, thou art full liberal of my horse and armor. I let thee know it cost thee nought, and horse nor armor gettest thou none of mine unless thou win them with thy hands."

Then in great wrath they departed with their horses and came together as it had been thunder. When they had fought for an hour and a half the Black Knight fell down off his horse in swoon and there he died. And Beaumains armed him in his armor and took his horse and rode after the damsel.

When she saw him come nigh, she said, "Away, kitchen boy, for the smell of thy clothes grieveth me. Alas, that a kitchen boy should by mishap slay so good a knight as thou hast done."

"I warn you, fair damsel," said Beaumains, "that I will not flee away nor leave your company for all that ye can say; therefore, ride on your way, for follow you I will, whatsoever happen."

Thus as they rode together they saw a knight come driving by them all in green, both his horse and his armor, and when he came nigh the damsel, he asked her, "Is that my brother, the Black Knight, that ye have brought with you?"

"Nay, nay," she said, "this kitchen boy hath slain your brother."

"Ah! traitor," said the Green Knight, "thou shalt die for slaying of my brother."

"I defy thee," said Beaumains, "for I slew him knightly and not shamefully."

And then they ran together with all their might and fought a long while, and at last Beaumains gave the Green Knight such a buffet upon the helmet that he fell upon his knees. And then

the Green Knight cried for mercy and prayed Sir Beaumains to slay him not.

"Fair knight," said the Green Knight, "save my life and I will forgive thee the death of my brother and forever be thy man, and thirty knights that follow me shall forever do you service."

"Sir Knight," said Beaumains, "all this availeth thee not unless this damsel speak with me for thy life." And therewith he made a motion as if to slay him.

"Let be," said the damsel, "slay him not, for if thou do thou shalt repent it."

Then Beaumains said, "Sir Knight, I release thee at this damsel's request."

And then the Green Knight kneeled down and did him homage with his sword, and he said, "Ye shall lodge with me this night and tomorrow I shall help you through this forest." So they took their horses and rode to his manor.

And ever the damsel rebuked Beaumains and would not allow him to sit at her table. "I marvel," said the Green Knight, "why ye rebuke this noble knight as ye do, for I warn you, damsel, he is a full noble knight and I know no knight is able to match him, therefore you do great wrong to rebuke him."

And on the morrow they took their horses and rode on their way and the Green Knight said, "My lord Beaumains, I and these thirty knights shall be always at your summons both early and late."

"It is well said," said Beaumains; "when I call upon you ye must yield you unto King Arthur and all your knights."

"If ye so command us, we shall be ready at all times," said the Green Knight. So then departed the Green Knight.

So within a while they saw a town as white as any snow and the lord of the tower was in his castle and looked out at a window and saw a damsel and a knight. So he armed him hastily. And when he was on horseback, it was all red, both his horse and his armor. And when he came nigh he thought it was his brother, the Black Knight, and he cried aloud, "Brother, what do ye here?"

"Nay, nay," said the damsel, "it is not he. This is but a kitchen boy. He hath killed thy brother, the Black Knight

Also I saw thy brother, the Green Knight, overcome by him. Now may ye be revenged on him."

With this the knights came together with all their might and fought furiously for two hours, so that it was wonder to see that strong battle. Yet at the last, Sir Beaumains struck the Red Knight to the earth. And the Red Knight cried mercy, saying, "Noble knight, slay me not, and I shall yield me to thee with sixty knights that be at my command. And I forgive thee all thou hast done to me, and the death of my brother, the Black Knight."

"All this availeth not," said Beaumains, "unless the damsel pray me to save thy life." And therewith he made a motion as if to slay him.

"Let be," said the damsel; "slay him not, for he is a noble knight."

Then Beaumains bade the Red Knight stand up and the Red Knight prayed them to see his castle and rest there that night. And upon the morn he came before Beaumains with his three score knights and offered him his homage and service.

"I thank you," said Beaumains, "but this ye shall grant me: to come before my lord King Arthur and yield you unto him to be his knight, when I call upon you."

"Sir" said the Red Knight, "I will be ready at your summons.'

So Sir Beaumains departed and the damsel, and ever she rode chiding him.

"Damsel," said Beaumains, "ye are uncourteous to rebuke me as ye do, for I have done you good service."

"Well," said she, "right soon ye shall meet a knight who shall pay thee all thy wages, for he is the greatest of the world, except King Arthur."

And soon there was before them a city rich and fair, and between them and the city there was a fair meadow and therein were many pavilions fair to behold.

"Lo," said the damsel, "yonder is a lord that owneth yonder city and his custom is when the weather is fair to joust in this meadow. And ever there be about him five hundred knights and gentlemen of arms."

"That goodly lord," said Beaumains, "would I fain behold."

"Thou shalt see him time enough," said the damsel, and so as she rode near she saw the pavilion where he was. "Lo," said she, "seest thou yonder pavilion that is all blue of color, and the lord's name is Sir Persant, the lordliest knight that ever thou lookedst on?"

"It may well be," said Beaumains, "but be he never so stout a knight, in this field I shall abide until I see him."

"Sir," she said, "I marvel what thou art; boldly thou speakest and boldly thou hast done, that have I seen; therefore I pray thee save thyself, for thou and thy horse are weary and here I dread me sore lest ye catch some hurt. But I must tell you that Sir Persant is nothing in might unto the knight that laid the siege about my lady."

"As for that," said Sir Beaumains, "since I have come so nigh this knight, I will prove his might before I depart from him."

"Oh," said the damsel, "I marvel what manner of man ye be, for so shamefully did never woman treat knight as I have done you and ever courteously ye have borne it. Alas, Sir Beaumains, forgive me all that I have said or done against thee."

"With all my heart," said he, "I forgive you and now I think there is no knight living, but I am able enough for him."

When Sir Persant saw them in the field, he sent to them to know whether Beaumains came in war or in peace.

"Say to thy lord," said Beaumains, "that shall be as he pleases."

And so Sir Persant rode against him, and his armor and trappings were blue, and Beaumains saw him and made him ready and their horses rushed together and they fought two hours and more. And at the last Beaumains smote Sir Persant that he fell to the earth. Then Sir Persant yielded him and asked mercy. With that came the damsel and prayed to save his life.

"I will gladly," said Beaumains, "for it were pity this noble knight should die."

"Now this shall I do to please you," said Sir Persant, "ye shall have homage of me and an hundred knights to be always at your command."

And so they went to Sir Persant's pavilion to rest that night.

And so on the morn the damsel and Sir Beaumains took their leave.

"Fair damsel," said Sir Persant, "whither are ye leading this knight?"

"Sir," she said, "this knight is going to rescue my sister, Dame Liones, who is besieged in the Castle Perilous."

"Ah," said Sir Persant, "she is besieged by the Red Knight of the Red Lands, a man that is without mercy, and men say that he hath seven men's strength. He hath been well nigh two years at this siege and he prolongeth the time, hoping to have Sir Lancelot to do battle with him, or Sir Tristam, or Sir Lamorak, or Sir Gawain."

"My lord, Sir Persant," said the damsel, "I require that ye will make this gentleman knight before he fight the Red Knight."

"I will with all my heart," said Sir Persant, "if it please him to take the order of knighthood from so simple a man as I am."

"Sir," said Beaumains, "I thank you for your goodwill, but the noble knight Sir Lancelot made me knight."

"Ah," said Sir Persant, "of a more renowned knight might ye not be made knight, for of all knights he may be called chief of knighthood; and so all the world saith that betwixt three knights is knighthood divided, Sir Lancelot, Sir Tristam, and Sir Lamorak. Therefore, God speed ye well, for if ye conquer the Red Knight, ye shall be called the fourth of the world."

"Sir," said Beaumains, "I would fain be of good fame and knighthood and I will tell you both who I am. Truly then, my name is Gareth of Orkney, and King Lot was my father, and my mother is King Arthur's sister, and Sir Gawain is my brother and Sir Agravaine and Sir Gaheris, and I am youngest of them all. And yet know not King Arthur nor Sir Gawain who I am."

HOW THE LADY THAT WAS BESIEGED HAD WORD FROM HER SISTER

The lady that was besieged had word of her sister's coming by the dwarf, and also how the knight had passed all the perilous passages.

"Dwarf," said the lady, "I am glad of these things. Go thou unto my sister and greet her well and commend me unto that gentle knight and pray him to eat and to drink and make him strong, and say ye that I thank him for his courtesy and goodness."

So the dwarf departed and told Sir Beaumains all as ye have heard and returned to the castle again. And there met him the Red Knight of the Red Lands and asked him where he had been.

"Sir," said the dwarf, "I have been with my lady's sister of this castle, and she hath been at King Arthur's court and brought a knight with her."

"Then I count her labor but lost, for though she had brought with her Sir Lancelot, Sir Tristam, Sir Lamorak, or Sir Gawain, I would think myself good enough for them all."

"It may well be," said the dwarf, "but this knight hath passed all the perilous passages and slain the Black Knight and won the Green Knight, the Red Knight, and the Blue Knight."

"Then is he one of the four that I have named."

"He is none of those," said the dwarf.

"What is his name?" said the Red Knight.

"That will I not tell you," said the dwarf.

"I care not," said the Red Knight, "what knight soever he be, he shall have a shameful death as many others have had."

And then Beaumains and the damsel came to a plain and saw many tents and a fair castle and there was much smoke and great noise and as they came near they saw upon great trees there hung nigh forty goodly armed knights.

"Fair sir," said the damsel, "all these knights came to this siege to rescue my sister, and when the Red Knight of the Red Lands had overcome them, he put them to this shameful death without mercy or pity."

"Truly," said Beaumains, "he useth shameful customs and it is marvel that none of the noble knights of my lord Arthur have dealt with him."

And there was near by a sycamore tree and there hung a horn and this Red Knight had hanged it up there, that if there came

any errant knight he must blow that horn and then he would make him ready and come to him to do battle.

"Sir, I pray you," said the damsel, "blow ye not the horn till it be high noon, for his strength increaseth until noon, and at this time men say he hath seven men's strength."

"Ah, for shame, fair damsel, say ye so never more to me, for I will win honorably, or die knightly in the field."

Therewith he blew the horn so eagerly that the castle rang with the sound.

Then the Red Knight armed him hastily and all was blood red, his armor, spear, and shield.

"Sir," said the damsel, "yonder is your deadly enemy and at yonder window is my sister."

With that the Red Knight of the Red Lands called to Sir Beaumains, "Sir knight, I warn thee that for this lady I have done many strong battles."

"If thou have so done," said Beaumains, "it was but waste labor, and know, thou Red Knight of the Red Lands, I will rescue her or die."

Then Sir Beaumains bade the damsel go from him, and then they put their spears in their rests and came together with all their might.

Then they fought till it was past noon and when they had rested a while they returned to the battle till evening, but at last Sir Beaumains smote the sword out of the Red Knight's hand and smote him on the helmet, so that he fell to the earth.

Then the Red Knight said in a loud voice, "O noble knight, I yield me to thy mercy."

But Sir Beaumains said, "I may not with honor save thy life, for the shameful deaths thou hast caused many good knights to die."

"Sir," said the Red Knight, "hold your hand and ye shall know the causes why I put them to so shameful a death."

"Say on," said Sir Beaumains.

"Sir, a lady prayed me that I would make her a promise by the faith of my knighthood that I would labor daily in arms, until I met Sir Lancelot or Sir Gawain, who, she said, had slain her

brother, and this is the cause that I have put all these knights to death. And now I will tell thee that every day my strength increaseth till noon and all this time have I seven men's strength."

Then there came many earls and barons and noble knights and prayed Sir Beaumains to save his life.

"Sir," they said, "it were fairer to take homage and let him hold his lands of you than to slay him; by his death ye shall have no advantage, and his misdeeds that be done may not be undone, and therefore he shall make amends to all parties and we all will become your men and do you homage."

"Fair lords," said Beaumains, "I am loath to slay this knight; nevertheless he hath done shamefully, but insomuch all that he did was at a lady's request, I will release him upon this condition, that he go within the castle and yield him to the lady, and if she will forgive him, I will. And also when that is done, that ye go unto the court of King Arthur and there that you ask Sir Lancelot mercy and Sir Gawain, for the evil will ye have had against them."

"Sir," said the Red Knight, "all this will I do as ye command." And so within a while the Red Knight went into the castle and promised to make amends for all that had been done against the lady. And then he departed unto the court of King Arthur and told openly how he was overcome and by whom.

Then said King Arthur and Sir Gawain, "We marvel much of what blood he is come, for he is a noble knight."

"He is come of full noble blood," said Sir Lancelot, "and as for his might and hardiness, there be but few now living so mighty as he is."

HOW AT THE FEAST OF PENTECOST ALL THE KNIGHTS THAT SIR GARETH HAD OVERCOME CAME AND YIELDED THEM TO KING ARTHUR

So leave we Sir Beaumains and turn we unto King Arthur, that at the next feast of Pentecost held his feast, and there came the Green Knight with thirty knights and yielded them all unto King Arthur. And so there came the Red Knight, his brother, and yielded him unto King Arthur and threescore knights with

him. Also there came the Blue Knight, brother to them, with an hundred knights and yielded them unto King Arthur.

These three brethren told King Arthur how they were overcome by a knight that a damsel had with her and called him Beaumains.

"I wonder," said the King, "what knight he is and of what lineage he is come."

So, right as the King stood talking with these three brothers, there came Sir Lancelot and told the King that there was come a goodly lord and six hundred knights with him.

Then this lord saluted the King.

"Sir," he said, "my name is the Red Knight of the Red Lands, and here I am sent by a knight that is called Beaumains, for he won me in battle hand for hand."

"Ye are welcome," said the King, "for ye have long been a great foe to me and my court and now I trust to God I shall so treat you that ye shall be my friend."

"Sir, both I and these knights shall always be at your summons to do you service."

"Then I shall make thee a knight of the Table Round, but thou must be no more a murderer."

"Sir, as to that, I have promised Sir Beaumains never more to use such customs and I must go unto Sir Lancelot and to Sir Gawain and ask them forgiveness of the evil will I had unto them."

"They be here now," said the King, "before thee; now may ye say to them what ye will."

And then he kneeled down unto Sir Lancelot and Sir Gawain and prayed for forgiveness for the enmity that he had against them.

HOW THE QUEEN OF ORKNEY CAME TO THE FEAST

So then they went to meat, and as they sat at the meat there came in the Queen of Orkney with ladies and knights, a great number. And then Sir Gawain, Sir Agravaine, and Sir Gaheris arose and went to her and saluted her upon their knees and asked her blessing, for in fifteen years they had not seen her.

Then she spake to her brother, King Arthur, "Where is my young son, Sir Gareth? He was here a twelvemonth, and ye made a kitchen boy of him, which is shame to you all. Alas, where is my dear son that was my joy and my bliss?"

"O dear mother," said Sir Gawain, "I knew him not." "Nor I," said the King, "but thank God he is proved an honorable knight as any now living of his years, and I shall never be glad until I find him."

"Ah, brother," said the Queen, "ye did yourself great shame when you kept my son in the kitchen."

"Fair sister," said the King, "I knew him not, nor did Sir Gawain. Also, sister, ye might have told me of his coming and then, if I had not done well to him, ye might have blamed me. For when he came to my court, he asked me three gifts and one he asked the same day; that was, that I would give him meat enough for that twelvemonth, and the other two gifts he asked that day a twelvemonth and that was that he might have the adventure for the damsel, and the third was that Sir Lancelot should make him knight when he desired him. And so I granted him all his desire."

"Sir," said the Queen, "I sent him to you well armed and horsed and gold and silver plenty to spend."

"It may be," said the King, "but thereof saw we none, save the day he departed from us, knights told me that there came a dwarf hither suddenly and brought him armor and a good horse, and thereat we all had marvel from whence those riches came."

"Brother," said the Queen, "all that ye say I believe, but I marvel that Sir Kay did mock and scorn him and gave him that name Beaumains."

"By the grace of God," said Arthur, "he shall be found, so let all this pass and be merry, for he is proved to be a man of honor and that is my joy."

Then said Sir Gawain and his brethren to Arthur, "Sir, if ye will give us leave, we will go and seek our brother."

"Nay," said Sir Lancelot, "that shall ye not need, for by my advice the King shall send unto Dame Liones a messenger and

pray that she will come to the court in all the haste that she may and then she may give you best counsel where to find him."

"That is well said of you," said the King.

So the messenger was sent forth and night and day he went until he came to the Castle Perilous. And the lady was there with her brother and Sir Gareth. When she understood the message she went to her brother and Sir Gareth and told them how King Arthur had sent for her.

"That is because of me," said Sir Gareth. "I pray you do not let them know where I am. I know my mother is there and all my brethren and they will take upon them to seek me."

So the lady departed and came to King Arthur, where she was nobly received and there she was questioned by the King. And she answered that she could not tell where Sir Gareth was. But she said to Arthur, "Sir, I will have a tournament proclaimed to take place before my castle and the proclamation shall be this: that you, my lord Arthur, shall be there and your knights; and I will provide that my knights shall be against yours and then I am sure ye shall hear of Sir Gareth."

"That is well advised," said King Arthur, and so she departed.

When the Lady Liones returned to her home, she told what she had done and the promise she had made to King Arthur. Then Sir Gareth sent unto Sir Persant, the Blue Knight, and summoned him and his knights. Then he sent unto the Red Knight and charged him that he be ready with all his knights.

Then the Red Knight answered and said, "Sir Gareth, ye shall understand that I have been at the court of King Arthur and Sir Persant and his brethren and there we have done our homage as ye commanded us. Also, I have taken upon me with Sir Persant and his brethren to hold part against my lord, Sir Lancelot and the knights of that court. And this have I done for the love of you, my lord Sir Gareth."

"Ye have well done," said Sir Gareth, "but you must know you shall be matched with the most noble knights of the world; therefore we must provide us with good knights, wherever we may get them."

So the proclamation was made in England, Wales, Scotland,

Ireland, and in Brittany, that men should come to the Castle Perilous and all the knights should have the choice whether to be on the one party with the knights of the castle or on the other party with King Arthur. And so there came many good knights and chose to be on the side of the castle and against King Arthur and his knights.

HOW KING ARTHUR WENT TO THE TOURNAMENT

And there came with King Arthur many kings, princes, earls, barons, and other noble knights. Then Sir Gareth prayed Dame Liones and the Red Knight and Sir Persant that none should tell his name and that they should make no more of him than of the least knight that was there.

Upon the day of the tournament the heralds sounded the trumpets to call the knights to the field. After many noble knights had encountered, Sir Gareth came upon the field. All the knights that encountered him were overthrown.

"That knight is a good knight," said King Arthur.

Wherefore the King called unto him Sir Lancelot and prayed him to encounter with that knight.

"Sir," said Lancelot, "when a good knight doth so well upon some day, it is no good knight's part to prevent him from receiving honor, and therefore, as for me, this day he shall have the honor; though it lay in my power to hinder him, I would not."

Then betwixt many knights there was strong battle, and marvelous deeds of arms were done. And two knights, who were brothers, assailed Sir Lancelot at once and he, as the noblest knight of the world, fought with them both, so that all men wondered at the nobility of Sir Lancelot. And then came in Sir Gareth and knew that it was Sir Lancelot that fought with the two strong knights. So Sir Gareth came with his good horse and hurled them apart and no stroke would he smite to Sir Lancelot.

Sir Lancelot saw this and thought it must be the good Knight Sir Gareth and Sir Gareth rode here and there and smote on the right hand and on the left hand, so that all men said he best did his duty.

"Now go," said King Arthur unto the heralds, "and ride about

him and see what manner of knight he is, for I have inquired of many knights this day that be of his party and all say they know him not."

And so a herald rode as near Sir Gareth as he could and there he saw written upon his helmet in gold, "Sir Gareth of Orkney." Then the herald cried and many heralds with him, "This is Sir Gareth of Orkney." Then all the kings and knights pressed to behold him and ever the heralds cried, "This is Sir Gareth of Orkney, King Lot's son."

When Sir Gareth saw that he was known, then he doubled his strokes and with great difficulty made his way out of the crowd, and rode into the forest. And then fell there a thunder and rain as though heaven and earth should go together.

Sir Gareth was not a little weary, for all that day he had but little rest, neither his horse nor he, and he rode in the forest until night came. And ever it lightened and thundered but at last by fortune he came to a castle.

HOW SIR GARETH CAME TO A CASTLE WHERE HE WAS WELL LODGED

Then Sir Gareth rode into the courtyard of the castle and prayed the porter to let him in. The porter answered, "Thou gettest no lodging here."

"Fair sir, say not so, for I am a knight of King Arthur's, and pray the lord or the lady of this castle to give me lodging for the love of King Arthur."

Then the porter went unto the lady and told her there was a knight of King Arthur's would have lodging.

"Let him enter," said the lady, "for King Arthur's sake."

Then she went up into a tower over the gate with great torch-light. When Sir Gareth saw the light he cried aloud, "Whether thou be lord or lady, giant or champion, I care not, so that I may have lodging this night; and if it so be that I must fight, spare me not tomorrow when I have rested, for both I and mine horse be weary."

"Sir Knight," said the lady, "thou speakest knightly and boldly, but the lord of this castle loveth not King Arthur nor his

court, for my lord hath been ever against him and therefore thou were better not to come within this castle, for if thou come in this night, then wherever thou meet my lord, thou must yield thee to him as prisoner."

"Madam," said Sir Gareth, "what is your lord's name?"

"Sir, my lord's name is the Duke de la Rowse."

"Well, madam," said Sir Gareth, "I shall promise you in whatever place I meet your lord, I shall yield me unto him and to his good grace, if I understand he will do me no harm; and if I understand that he will, I will release myself if I can, with my spear and my sword."

"Ye say well," said the lady, and then she let the drawbridge down and he rode into the hall and there he alit, and his horse was led into a stable. And in the hall he unarmed him and said, "Madam, I will not go out of this hall this night, and when it is daylight, whoever will fight me shall find me ready."

Then was he set unto supper and had many good dishes, and so when he had supped, he rested him all night. And on the morn he took his leave and thanked the lady for her lodging and good cheer and then she asked him his name.

"Madam," he said, "truly my name is Gareth of Orkney and some men call me Beaumains."

So Sir Gareth departed and by fortune he came to a mountain and there he found a goodly knight, who said, "Abide, sir knight, and joust with me."

"What are ye called?" said Sir Gareth.

"My name is the Duke de la Rowse."

"Ah, sir, I lodged in your castle and there I made promise unto your lady that I should yield me unto you."

"Ah," said the duke, "art thou that proud knight that offerest to fight with my knights? Make thee ready, for I will fight with you."

So they did battle together more than an hour and at last Sir Gareth smote the duke to earth and the duke yielded to him.

"Then must ye go," said Sir Gareth, "unto King Arthur, my lord, at the next feast and say that I, Sir Gareth of Orkney, sent you unto him."

"It shall be done," said the duke, "and I will do homage to you, and a hundred knights with me, and all the days of my life do you service wherever you command me."

HOW SIR GARETH AND SIR GAWAIN FOUGHT EACH AGAINST OTHER

So the duke departed and Sir Gareth stood there alone and then he saw an armed knight coming toward him. Then Sir Gareth mounted upon his horse and they ran together as it had been thunder. And so they fought two hours. At last came the damsel, who rode with Sir Gareth so long, and she cried, "Sir Gawain, Sir Gawain, leave thy fighting with thy brother Sir Gareth."

And when he heard her say so he threw away his shield and his sword and ran to Sir Gareth and took him in his arms and then kneeled down and asked for mercy.

"Who are ye," said Sir Gareth, "that right now were so strong and so mighty and now so suddenly yield you to me?"

"O Gareth, I am your brother, Gawain, that for your sake have had great sorrow and labor."

Then Sir Gareth unlaced his helmet and kneeled down to him and asked for mercy. Then they rose and embraced each other and wept a great while and either of them gave the other the prize of the battle. And there were many kind words between them.

"Alas, my fair brother," said Sir Gawain, "I ought of right to honor you, if you were not my brother, for ye have honored King Arthur and all his court, for ye have sent him more honorable knights this twelvemonth than six of the best of the Round Table have done except Sir Lancelot."

Then the damsel went to King Arthur, who was but two miles thence. And when she told him of Sir Gawain and Sir Gareth, the King mounted a horse and bade the lords and ladies come after, who that would, and there was saddling and bridling of queens' horses and princes' horses and well was he that was soonest ready.

And when the King came nigh Sir Gareth, he made great joy and ever he wept as if he were a child. With that came Gareth's mother and when she saw Gareth she might not weep, but sud-

denly fell down in a swoon and lay there a great while, as if she were dead. And then Sir Gareth comforted his mother in such wise that she recovered and made good cheer.

Then made Sir Lancelot great cheer of Sir Gareth and he of him, for there was never knight that Sir Gareth loved so well as he did Sir Lancelot, and ever for the most part he would be in Sir Lancelot's company.

And this Sir Gareth was a noble knight and a well-ruled and fair-languaged.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. What classes of people are mentioned in this story? 2. Were the people of one class on terms of equality with those of another class? Do all have equal opportunities under such a system? 3. Upon what ideal was our government founded? 4. What reason can you give for Gareth's wish to keep his name and rank secret? 5. One who wished to become a knight must first prove himself worthy of the honor; would it be easy for a kitchen boy to give this proof? 6. If, under such circumstances, he won the honor, could he feel sure that he had rightfully earned it? 7. What is the test to apply in judging others? 8. What characters in the story made rank their test? 9. Which one of these acknowledged the mistake? 10. How did Arthur, Lancelot, and Gawain judge Gareth? 11. Point out lines that help to portray the character of Gareth by showing: (1) that he wished to win knighthood through ability, not through influence of his rank and wealth; (2) that he would take no reward for helping the distressed; (3) that he was not afraid when outnumbered; (4) that he could not be turned from his purpose by ridicule or injustice; (5) that he granted mercy to those who asked it; (6) that he would not take an unfair advantage of an opponent; (7) that he was always courteous; (8) that he was ready to forgive wrongs done to him; (9) that he desired to help in righting wrongs in Arthur's kingdom. 12. What reasons had Arthur for founding such an order as the Knights of the Round Table? 13. Is it necessary now to become a member of such an order if one wishes to help right wrongs? 14. Read the lines that tell of Gareth's love for Sir Lancelot.

Phrases

ungentle knight, **107**, 21
fight not so sore, **107**, 31
your warrant, **108**, 1
achieve your adventure, **108**, 21
to be your champion, **109**, 30
in such array, **109**, 33
slew him knightly, **110**, 33
be thy man, **111**, 4
uncourteous to rebuke, **112**, 26
errant knight, **116**, 1
make amends, **117**, 9
tournament proclaimed, **120**, 15
to encounter with that knight, **121**, 18
well-ruled and fair-languaged, **125**, 8

THE PEERLESS KNIGHT LANCELOT

THE TOURNAMENT AT WINCHESTER

King Arthur proclaimed a great joust and a tournament that should be held at Camelot, that is Winchester; and the King said that he and the King of Scots would joust against all that would come against them. And when this proclamation was made, thither came many knights.

So King Arthur made him ready to depart to these jousts, but Sir Lancelot would not ride with the King, for he said he was suffering from a grievous wound. And so the King departed toward Winchester with his fellowship and by the way he lodged in a town called Astolat.

And upon the morn early Sir Lancelot departed and rode until he came to Astolat and there it happened in the evening, he came to the castle of an old baron, who was called Sir Bernard of Astolat. As Sir Lancelot entered into his lodging, King Arthur saw him and knew him full well.

"It is well," said King Arthur unto the knights that were with him. "I have now seen one knight that will play his play at the jousts to which we are going. I undertake he will do great marvels."

"Who is that, we pray you tell us?" said many knights that were there at that time.

"Ye shall not know from me," said the King, "at this time." And so the King smiled and went to his lodging.

So when Sir Lancelot was in his lodging and unarmed him in his chamber, the old baron came to him and welcomed him in the best manner, but the old knight knew not Sir Lancelot.

"Fair sir," said Sir Lancelot to his host, "I would pray you to lend me a shield that were not openly known, for mine is well known."

"Sir," said his host, "ye shall have your desire for meseemeth ye be one of the likeliest knights of the world and therefore I shall

show you friendship. Sir, I have two sons that were but late made knights and the elder is called Sir Torre and he was hurt that same day he was made knight, that he may not ride and his shield ye shall have, for that is not known, I dare say, but here, and in no place else. And my younger son is called Lavaine and if it please you, he shall ride with you unto the jousts and he is of age and strong and brave; for much my heart giveth unto you that ye be a noble knight. Therefore, I pray you tell me your name," said Sir Bernard.

"As for that," said Sir Lancelot, "ye must hold me excused at this time and if God give me grace to speed well at the jousts, I shall come again and tell you. But, I pray you, in any wise, let me have your son, Sir Lavaine, with me and that I may have his brother's shield."

"All this shall be done," said Sir Bernard.

This old baron had a daughter that was called at that time the fair maiden of Astolat and her name was Elaine. So this maiden besought Sir Lancelot to wear upon him at the jousts a token of hers.

"Fair damsel," said Sir Lancelot, "if I grant you that, I will do more for you than ever I did for lady."

Then he remembered him he would go to the jousts disguised. And because he had never before that time borne the token of any lady, then he bethought him that he would wear one of hers, that none of his blood thereby might know him. And then he said, "Fair maiden, I will grant you to wear a token of yours upon mine helmet and therefore what it is, show it me."

"Sir," she said, "it is a sleeve of mine, of scarlet, well embroidered with great pearls."

And so she brought it him. So Sir Lancelot received it and gave the maiden his shield in keeping, and he prayed her to keep that until he came again.

So upon a day, on the morn, King Arthur and all his knights departed, for the King had tarried three days to abide his noble knights. And so when the King had gone, Sir Lancelot and Sir Lavaine made them ready to ride and either of them had white shields, and the red sleeve Sir Lancelot carried with him. So they

took their leave of Sir Bernard, the old baron, and of his daughter the fair maiden of Astolat.

And then they rode till they came to Camelot and there was a great press of kings, dukes, earls, and barons and many noble knights. But there Sir Lancelot was lodged by means of Sir Lavaine with a rich burgess so that no man in that town knew who they were. And so they reposed them there, till the day of the tournament.

So the trumpets blew unto the field and King Arthur was set on a high place to behold who did best. Then some of the kings were that time turned upon the side of King Arthur. And then on the other party were the King of Northgalis and the King of the Hundred Knights and the King of Northumberland and Sir Galahad, the noble prince. But these three kings and this duke were passing weak to hold against King Arthur's party, for with him were the noblest knights of the world.

So then they withdrew them, either party from other, and every man made him ready in his best manner to do what he might. Then Sir Lancelot made him ready and put the red sleeve upon his head and fastened it fast; and so Sir Lancelot and Sir Lavaine departed out of Winchester and rode into a little leaved wood behind the party that held against King Arthur's party, and there they held them still till the parties smote together.

And then came in the King of Scots and the King of Ireland on Arthur's party and against them came the King of Northumberland, and the King with the Hundred Knights smote down the King of Ireland. So there began a strong assail upon both parties. And there came in together many knights of the Table Round and beat back the King of Northumberland and the King of Northgalis.

When Sir Lancelot saw this, he said unto Sir Lavaine, "See, yonder is a company of good knights and they hold them together as boars that were chased with dogs."

"That is truth," said Sir Lavaine.

"Now," said Sir Lancelot, "if ye will help me a little, ye shall see yonder fellowship that chaseth now these men on our side, that they shall go as fast backward as they went forward."

"Sir, spare not," said Sir Lavaine, "for I shall do what I may."

Then Sir Lancelot and Sir Lavaine came in at the thickest of the press and there Sir Lancelot smote down five knights and all this he did with one spear; and Sir Lavaine smote down two knights. And then Sir Lancelot got another spear and there he smote down four knights and Sir Lavaine smote one.

And then Sir Lancelot drew his sword and there he smote on the right hand and on the left hand and by great force he unhorsed three knights; and then the knights of the Table Round withdrew them back, after they had gotten their horses as well as they might.

"Oh," said Sir Gawain, "what knight is yonder that doth such marvelous deeds of arms in that field?"

"I know well who he is," said King Arthur, "but at this time I will not name him."

"Sir," said Sir Gawain, "I would say it were Sir Lancelot by his riding and the blows I see him deal, but ever meseemeth it should not be he, for that he beareth the red sleeve upon his head, for I know he never wore token of lady at a joust."

"Let him be," said King Arthur; "he will be better known and do more, or ever he depart."

Then the party that was against King Arthur was well comforted and then they held them together that beforehand were sore pressed. So nine knights of Lancelot's kin thrust in mightily, for they were all noble knights; and they, of great hate that they had unto him, thought to rebuke that noble knight, Sir Lancelot, and Sir Lavaine, for they knew them not. And so they came charging together and smote down many knights of Northgalis and Northumberland.

And when Sir Lancelot saw them fare so, he took a spear in his hand and there encountered with him all at once, Sir Bors, Sir Ector, and Sir Lionel, and all they three smote him at once with their spears.

And with force of themselves they smote Sir Lancelot's horse to the earth and by misfortune Sir Bors smote Sir Lancelot through the shield into the side and the spear broke and the head was left in his side.

When Sir Lavaine saw his master lie on the ground, he ran to the King of Scots and smote him to the earth; and by great force he took his horse and brought it to Sir Lancelot, and in spite of them all he made him to mount upon that horse. And then Sir Lancelot took a spear in his hand and there he smote Sir Bors, horse and man, to the earth. In the same wise he served Sir Ector and Sir Lionel.

And then Sir Lancelot drew his sword, for he felt himself so sore and hurt that he thought there to have had his death. And he smote down three knights more, but by this was Sir Bors horsed and then he came with Sir Ector and Sir Lionel and all they three smote with swords upon Sir Lancelot's helmet. And when he felt their buffets and his wound, which was so grievous, then he thought to do what he might, while he might endure.

And then he gave Sir Bors such a buffet that he made him bow his head passing low; and therewith he smote off his helmet and might have slain him; and so pulled him down, and in the same wise he served Sir Ector and Sir Lionel. For he might have slain them, but when he saw their faces his heart might not serve him thereto, but left them there.

And so afterward he hurled into the thickest press of them all and did there the most marvelous deeds of arms that ever man saw or heard speak of, and ever Sir Lavaine, the good knight, with him. And there Sir Lancelot with his sword smote down and pulled down more than thirty knights and the most part were of the Table Round; and Sir Lavaine did full well that day, for he smote down ten knights of the Table Round.

"I marvel," said Sir Gawain, "what knight that is with the red sleeve."

"Sir," said King Arthur, "he will be known before he depart."

And then the trumpets blew and the prize was given by heralds unto the knight with the white shield that bore the red sleeve. Then came the King with the Hundred Knights, the King of Northgalis and the King of Northumberland and Sir Galahad, the noble prince, and said unto Sir Lancelot, "Fair knight, God thee bless, for much have you done this day for us; therefore, we pray

you that ye will come with us, that ye may receive the honor and the prize, as ye have honorably deserved it."

"My fair lords," said Sir Lancelot, "if I have deserved thanks, I have sore bought it; and that me repenteth, for I am like never to escape with my life; therefore, fair lords, I pray you that ye will suffer me to depart where me liketh, for I am sore hurt. I care for no honor, for I would more gladly repose me than to be lord of all the world."

And therewithal he groaned piteously and rode away from them until he came to a wood. And when he saw that he was from the field nigh a mile, that he was sure he might not be seen, then he said, "O gentle knight, Sir Lavaine, help me that this spear were out of my side, for it slayeth me."

"O mine own lord," said Sir Lavaine, "I would fain do that might please you, but I dread me sore, if I pull out the spear, that ye shall be in peril of death."

"I charge you," said Sir Lancelot, "as ye love me, draw it out."

And therewithal he descended from his horse and right so did Sir Lavaine; and forthwith Sir Lavaine drew the spear out of his side and he gave a great shriek and so swooned, pale and deadly.

"Alas," said Sir Lavaine, "what shall I do?"

And so at the last Sir Lancelot cast up his eyes and said, "O Lavaine, help me that I were on my horse, for here is fast by within this two miles a gentle hermit, that sometime was a full noble knight and a great lord of possessions. And for great goodness he hath taken him to poverty and his name is Sir Baudwin of Brittany and he is a full noble surgeon. Now let see, help me up that I were there, for ever my heart telleth me that I shall never die of my cousin's hands."

And then with great pain Sir Lavaine helped him upon his horse. And then they rode together and so by fortune they came to that hermitage, the which was in a wood and a great cliff on the other side and fair water running under it. And Sir Lavaine beat on the gate and there came a fair child to them and asked them what they would.

"Fair son," said Sir Lavaine, "go and pray thy lord, the hermit, to let in here a knight that is full sore wounded; and this

day, tell thy lord, I saw him do more deeds of arms than ever I heard say that any man did."

So the child went in lightly and then he brought the hermit, the which was a passing good man. When Sir Lavaine saw him, he prayed him for succor.

"What knight is he?" said the hermit. "Is he of the house of Arthur or not?"

"I know not," said Sir Lavaine, "what is he or what is his name, but well I know I saw him do marvelously this day, as of deeds of arms."

"On whose party was he?" said the hermit.

"Sir," said Lavaine, "he was this day against King Arthur and there he won the prize from all the knights of the Round Table."

"I have seen the day," said the hermit, "I would have loved him the worse because he was against my lord, King Arthur, for sometime I was one of the fellowship of the Round Table, but I thank God, now I am otherwise disposed. But where is he? Let me see him."

And when the hermit beheld him, he thought that he should know him, but he could not bring him to knowledge because he was so pale.

"What knight are ye?" said the hermit.

"My fair lord," said Lancelot, "I am a stranger and a knight adventurous, that laboreth throughout many realms for to win honor."

Then the hermit saw by a wound on his cheek that he was Sir Lancelot.

"Alas," said the hermit, "mine own lord, why conceal you your name from me? Forsooth, I ought to know you of right, for ye are the noblest knight of the world, for well I know you for Sir Lancelot."

"Sir," said he, "since ye know me, help me if ye can, for I would be out of this pain at once, either to death or to life."

"Have ye no doubt," said the hermit, "ye shall live and fare right well."

And so the hermit called to him two of his servants and they bore him into the hermitage and lightly unarmed him and laid him in his bed. And then anon the hermit stanched his blood and soon Sir Lancelot was well refreshed and knew himself.

Now turn we unto King Arthur and leave we Sir Lancelot in the hermitage. So when the kings were come together on both parties and the great feast should be held, King Arthur asked the King of Northgalis and their fellowship, where was that knight that bore the red sleeve.

"Bring him before me, that he may have his praise and honor and the prize as it is right."

Then spake Sir Galahad, the noble prince, "We suppose that knight is injured and that he is never like to see you nor any of us all, and that is the greatest pity that ever we knew of any knight."

"Alas," said Arthur, "how may this be? Is he so hurt? What is his name?"

"Truly," said they all, "we know not his name, nor from whence he came nor whither he went."

"Alas," said the King, "this be to me the worst tidings that came to me this seven year, for I would not for all the lands I possess to know that that noble knight were slain."

"Know ye him?" said they all.

"As for that," said Arthur, "whether I know him or not, ye shall not know from me what man he is, but God send me good tidings of him."

"If it so be that the good knight be so sore hurt," said Sir Gawain, "it is great damage and pity to all this land, for he is one of the noblest knights that ever I saw in a field handle a spear or a sword; and if he may be found, I shall find him, for I am sure he is not far from this town."

Right so Sir Gawain took a squire with him and rode all about Camelot within six or seven miles, but so he came again and could hear no word of him. Then within two days King Arthur and all the fellowship returned unto London again.

And so as they rode by the way, it happened that Sir Gawain lodged with Sir Bernard where was Sir Lancelot lodged. And Sir

Bernard and his daughter, Elaine, came to him to cheer him and to ask him who did best at that tournament.

"There were two knights," said Sir Gawain, "that bore two white shields, but one of them bore a red sleeve upon his head and certainly he was one of the best knights that ever I saw joust in field. For I dare say, that one knight with the red sleeve smote down forty knights of the Table Round and his fellow did right well and honorably."

"Now I thank God," said Elaine, "that that knight sped so well."

"Know ye his name?" said Sir Gawain.

"Nay, truly," said the maiden, "I know not his name, nor whence he cometh."

"Tell me, then, how had ye knowledge of him first?" said Sir Gawain.

Then she told him as ye have heard before, and how her father intrusted her brother to him to do him service and how her father lent him her brother's shield, "And here with me he left his shield," she said.

"For what cause did he so?" said Sir Gawain.

"For this cause," said the damsel, "for his shield was too well known among many noble knights.

"Ah, fair damsel," said Sir Gawain, "please it you let me have a sight of that shield."

So when the shield was come, Sir Gawain knew it was Sir Lancelot's shield.

"Ah," said Sir Gawain, "now is my heart heavier than ever it was before."

"Why?" said Elaine.

"I have great cause," said Sir Gawain; "the knight that owneth this shield is the most honorable knight of the world."

"So I thought ever," said Elaine.

"But I dread me," said Sir Gawain, "that ye shall never see him in this world and that is the greatest pity that ever was of earthly knight."

"Alas," said she, "how may this be? Is he slain?"

"I say not so," said Sir Gawain, "but he is grievously wounded

and more likely to be dead than to be alive and he is the noble knight, Sir Lancelot, for by this shield I know him."

"Alas," said Elaine, "how may this be and what was his hurt?"

"Truly," said Sir Gawain, "the man in the world that loved him best, hurt him so, and I dare say, if that knight that hurt him knew that he had hurt Sir Lancelot, it would be the most sorrow that ever came to his heart."

"Now, fair father," said Elaine, "I require you give me leave to ride and to seek him and my brother, Sir Lavaine."

"Do as it liketh you," said her father, "for me sore repenteth of the hurt of that noble knight."

Then on the morn Sir Gawain came to King Arthur and told him how he had found Sir Lancelot's shield in the keeping of the fair maiden of Astolat.

"All that I knew beforehand," said King Arthur, "for I saw him when he came to his lodging full late in the evening, in Astolat."

So the King and all came to London and there Sir Gawain openly disclosed to all the Court, that it was Sir Lancelot that jousted best.

And when Sir Bors heard that, he was a sorrowful man and so were all his kinsmen. And Sir Bors said, "I will haste me to seek him and find him wheresoever he be and God send me good tidings of him."

SIR LANCELOT AT THE HERMITAGE

And so we will leave Sir Bors and speak of Sir Lancelot that lay in great peril. So as Elaine came to Winchester she sought there all about, and by fortune, Sir Lavaine rode forth to exercise his horse. And anon as Elaine saw him she knew him, and she called to him. When he heard her, he came to her and then she asked her brother how did his lord, Sir Lancelot.

"Who told you, sister, that my lord's name was Sir Lancelot?"

Then she told how Sir Gawain by his shield knew him. So they rode together until they came to the hermitage. So Sir Lavaine brought her in to Sir Lancelot and when she saw him so

sick and pale she said, "My lord Sir Lancelot, alas, why be ye in this plight?"

But Sir Lancelot said, "Fair maiden, if ye be come to comfort me, ye be right welcome; and of this little hurt that I have, I shall be right hastily whole by the grace of God. But, I marvel who told you my name?"

Then the fair maiden told him all, how Sir Gawain was lodged with her father, "And there by your shield he discovered you."

So Elaine watched Sir Lancelot and cared for his wound and did such attendance to him that the story saith that never man had a kindlier nurse. Then Sir Lancelot prayed Sir Lavaine to make inquiries in Winchester for Sir Bors and told him by what tokens he should know him, by a wound in his forehead.

"For well I am sure that Sir Bors will seek me," said Sir Lancelot, "for he is the same good knight that hurt me."

Now turn we to Sir Bors that came unto Winchester to seek after his cousin Sir Lancelot. And so when he came to Winchester, anon there were men that Sir Lavaine had made to watch for such a man and anon Sir Lavaine had warning; and then Sir Lavaine came to Winchester and found Sir Bors and there he told him who he was and with whom he was and what was his name.

"Now, fair knight," said Sir Bors, "I require you that ye will bring me to my lord, Sir Lancelot."

"Sir," said Sir Lavaine, "take your horse and within this hour ye shall see him."

And so they departed and came to the hermitage. And when Sir Bors saw Sir Lancelot lie in his bed, pale and discolored, anon Sir Bors lost his countenance and for kindness and pity he might not speak but wept tenderly for a great while.

And then, when he might speak, he said thus, "O my lord, Sir Lancelot, God you bless, and send you hasty recovery; and full heavy am I of my misfortune and mine unhappiness, for now I may call myself unhappy. And I dread me that God is greatly displeased with me, that He would suffer me to have such a shame for to hurt you, that are our leader and our honor and therefore I call myself unhappy. Alas, that ever such a miserable knight, as I am, should have power by unhappiness to hurt the noblest knight

of the world! Where I so shamefully set upon you and overcharged you, and where ye might have slain me, ye saved me; and so did not I, for I and your kindred did to you our uttermost. I marvel, that my heart or my blood would serve me, wherefore, my lord Sir Lancelot, I ask your mercy."

"Fair cousin," said Sir Lancelot, "ye be right welcome; and much ye say which pleaseth me not, for I have the same I sought; for I would with pride have overcome you all, and there in my pride, I was near slain and that was my own fault, for I might have given you warning of my being there. And then would I have had no hurt; for it is an old saying, there is hard battle when kin and friends do battle, either against other, for there may be no mercy but mortal war. Therefore, fair cousin, all shall be welcome that God sendeth; and let us leave off this matter and let us speak of some rejoicing, for this that is done may not be undone; and let us find a remedy how soon I may be whole."

Then Sir Bors leaned upon his bed and told him how Sir Gawain knew him by the shield he left with the fair maiden of Astolat and so they talked of many more things. And so within three or four days Sir Lancelot was big and strong again.

Then Sir Bors told Sir Lancelot how there was a great tournament and joust agreed upon between King Arthur and the King of Northgalis.

"Is that the truth?" said Sir Lancelot. "Then shall ye abide with me still a little while, until that I be whole, for I feel myself right big and strong."

Then were they together nigh a month and ever this maiden Elaine did her diligent labor for Sir Lancelot, so that there never was a child or wife meeker to her father or husband, than was that fair maiden of Astolat; wherefore Sir Bors was greatly pleased with her.

So upon a day, Sir Lancelot thought to try his armor and his spear. And so when he was upon his horse, he stirred him fiercely, and the horse was passing strong and fresh, because he had not been labored for a month. And then Sir Lancelot couched that spear in the rest. That courser leaped mightily when he felt the spurs and he that was upon him, the which was the noblest horse

in the world, strained him mightily and kept still the spear in the rest and therewith Sir Lancelot strained himself with so great force, to get the horse forward that the wound opened and he felt himself so feeble, that he might not sit upon his horse.

And then Sir Lancelot cried unto Sir Bors, "Ah, Sir Bors and Sir Lavaine, help me, for I am come to my end." And therewith he fell down to the earth as if he were dead.

And then Sir Bors and Sir Lavaine came to him with sorrow. Then came the holy hermit, Sir Baudwin of Brittany, and when he found Sir Lancelot in that plight, he said but little, but know ye well that he was wroth; and then he bade them, "Let us have him in."

And so they all bare him into the hermitage and unarmed him and laid him in his bed and evermore his wound bled piteously, but he stirred no limb. Then the knight hermit put a little water in his mouth and Sir Lancelot waked of his swoon and then the hermit stanched his bleeding.

And when he might speak he asked Sir Lancelot why he put his life in jeopardy.

"Sir," said Sir Lancelot, "because I thought I had been strong and also Sir Bors told me that there should be great jousts betwixt King Arthur and the King of Northgalis and therefore I thought to try it myself, whether I might be there or not."

"Ah, Sir Lancelot," said the hermit, "your heart and your courage will never be done, until your last day, but ye shall do now by my counsel. Let Sir Bors depart from you and let him do at that tournament what he may. And by the grace of God, by that the tournament be done, and ye come hither again, Sir Lancelot shall be as whole as ye, if so be that he will be governed by me."

Then Sir Bors made him ready to depart from Sir Lancelot; and then Sir Lancelot said, "Fair cousin, Sir Bors, recommend me unto all them unto whom I ought to recommend me. And I pray you, exert yourself at the jousts that ye may be best, for my love; and here shall I abide you at the mercy of God till ye come again."

And so Sir Bors departed and came to the court of King Arthur and told them in what place he had left Sir Lancelot.

"That grieveth me," said the King, "but since he shall have his life we all may thank God."

And then every knight of the Round Table that was there at that time present, made him ready to be at the jousts and thither drew many knights of many countries. And as the time drew near, thither came the King of Northgalis, and the King with the Hundred Knights and Sir Galahad, the noble prince, and thither came the King of Ireland and the King of Scots. So these three kings came on King Arthur's party.

And that day Sir Gawain did great deeds of arms and began first. And the heralds numbered that Sir Gawain smote down twenty knights. Then Sir Bors came in the same time, and he was numbered that he smote down twenty knights and therefore the prize was given betwixt them both, for they began first and longest endured.

Also Sir Gareth did that day great deeds of arms, for he smote down and pulled down thirty knights. But when he had done these deeds he tarried not, but so departed, and therefore he lost his prize. And Sir Palomides did great deeds of arms that day for he smote down twenty knights, but he departed suddenly, and men thought Sir Gareth and he rode together to some adventures.

So when this tournament was done, Sir Bors departed, and rode till he came to Sir Lancelot, his cousin; and then he found him on his feet and there either made great joy of other; and so Sir Bors told Sir Lancelot of all the jousts, like as ye have heard.

"I marvel," said Sir Lancelot, "at Sir Gareth when he had done such deeds of arms, that he would not tarry."

"Thereof we marvel all," said Sir Bors, "for except you, or Sir Tristam, or Sir Lamorak, I saw never knight bear down so many in so little a while, as did Sir Gareth, and anon he was gone, we knew not where."

"By my head," said Sir Lancelot, "he is a noble knight and a mighty man and well breathed; and if he were well tried, I would think he were good enough for any knight that beareth the life; and he is a gentle knight, courteous, true, bounteous, meek, and mild, and in him is no manner of evil, but he is plain, faithful, and true."

So then they made them ready to depart from the hermit. And so upon a morn, they took their horses and Elaine with them and when they came to Astolat, they were well lodged and had great cheer of Sir Bernard, the old baron, and of Sir Torre, his son. And upon the morrow, Sir Lancelot took his leave and came unto Winchester.

And when King Arthur knew that Sir Lancelot was come whole and sound the King made great joy of him, and so did Sir Gawain and all the knights except Sir Agravaine and Sir Modred.

THE DEATH OF ELAINE

Now speak we of the fair maiden of Astolat, that made such sorrow day and night that she never slept, ate, or drank because she grieved so for Sir Lancelot. So when she had thus endured ten days, she became so feeble that she knew she must die.

And then she called her father, Sir Bernard, and her brother, Sir Torre, and heartily she prayed her father that her brother might write a letter as she did tell him, and so her father granted her. And when the letter was written, word by word as she said, then she prayed her father, saying, "When I am dead, let this letter be put in my right hand and my hand bound fast with the letter, and let me be put in a fair bed with all the richest clothes that I have about me, and so let my bed be laid with me in a chariot and carried unto the Thames. And there let me be put within a barge and but one man with me, such as ye trust to steer me thither. And let my barge be covered with black samite over and over; thus, father, I beseech you let it be done."

So her father granted it her faithfully, all things should be done as she asked. Then her father and her brother made great sorrow, for they knew she was dying. And so when she was dead her body was placed in a barge and a man steered the barge unto Westminster, and there he rowed a great while to and fro before any saw him.

So by fortune, King Arthur and Queen Guinevere were speaking together at a window and so as they looked out on the Thames, they saw this black barge and marveled what it meant. Then the King called Sir Kay and showed it to him.

"Go thither," said the King to Sir Kay, "and take with you Sir Brandiles and Sir Agravaine and bring word what is there."

Then these knights departed and came to the barge and went in; and there they found the fair maiden lying in a rich bed, and a poor man sitting in the barge's end and no word would he speak. So these knights returned unto the King again and told him what they found.

And then the King took the Queen by the hand and went thither. Then the King made the barge to be held fast and then the King and Queen entered with certain knights with them, and there they saw the fairest maiden in a rich bed, covered with many rich clothes and all was cloth of gold, and she lay as though she smiled.

Then the Queen saw a letter in her right hand and told the King. Then the King took it and said, "Now I am sure this letter will tell what she was and why she is come hither."

So then the King and the Queen went out of the barge, and so when the King was come within his chamber, he called many knights about him, and said he would know openly what was written within that letter. Then the King opened it and made a clerk read it, and this was the letter:

"Most noble knight, Sir Lancelot, I was called the Fair Maiden of Astolat. Pray for my soul and give me burial at least. This is my last request. Pray for my soul, Sir Lancelot, as thou art a peerless knight."

This was all the substance of the letter. And when it was read, the King, the Queen, and all the knights wept for pity. Then was Sir Lancelot sent for; and when he was come King Arthur made the letter to be read to him.

And when Sir Lancelot heard it word by word, he said, "My lord, King Arthur, I am right sorrowful because of the death of this fair damsel. She was both fair and good and much was I indebted to her for her care. I offered her for her kindness that she showed me, a thousand pounds yearly, whensoever she would wed some good knight, and always while I live to be her own knight."

Then said the King unto Sir Lancelot, "It will be to your honor that ye see that she be buried honorably."

"Sir," said Sir Lancelot, "that shall be done as I can best do it."

And so upon the morn she was buried richly, and all the knights of the Round Table were there with Sir Lancelot. And then the poor man went again with the barge.

THE TOURNAMENT AT WESTMINSTER

So time passed on till Christmas and then every day there were jousts made for a diamond, who that jousted best should have a diamond. But Sir Lancelot would not joust, but if it were at a great joust. But Sir Lavaine jousted there passing well and best was praised, for there were but few that did so well. Wherefore, all manner of knights thought that Sir Lavaine should be made Knight of the Round Table at the next feast of Pentecost.

So after Christmas, King Arthur called unto him many knights and there they advised together to make a great tournament. And the King of Northgalis said to Arthur that he would have on his party the King of Ireland and the King with the Hundred Knights and the King of Northumberland and Sir Galahad, the noble prince. And so then four kings and this mighty duke took part against King Arthur and the Knights of the Table Round.

And the proclamation was made that the jousts should be at Westminster, and so the knights made them ready to be at the jousts in the freshest manner. Then Queen Guinevere sent for Sir Lancelot and said thus, "I forbid you that ye ride in jousts or tournaments, unless your kinsmen know you. And at these jousts that be, ye shall have of me a sleeve of gold, and I charge you, that ye warn your kinsmen that ye will bear that day the sleeve of gold upon your helmet."

"Madam," said Sir Lancelot, "it shall be done."

And when Sir Lancelot saw his time, he told Sir Bors that he would depart and have no one with him but Sir Lavaine, unto the good hermit that dwelt in the forest of Windsor, and there he thought to repose him and take all the rest that he might, so that he would be fresh at that day of jousts.

So Sir Launcelot and Sir Lavaine departed, that no creature

knew where he was gone, but the noble men of his blood. And when he was come to the hermitage he had good cheer. And so daily Sir Lancelot would go to a well, fast by the hermitage and there he would lie down and see the well spring and bubble, and sometimes he slept there.

So when the day was come Sir Lancelot planned that he should be arrayed, and Sir Lavaine and their horses, as though they were Saracens, and so they departed and came nigh to the field.

The King of Northgalis brought with him a hundred knights, and the King of Northumberland brought with him a hundred good knights, and the King of Ireland brought with him a hundred good knights ready to joust, and Sir Galahad brought with him a hundred good knights, and the King with the Hundred Knights brought with him as many, and all these were proved good knights.

Then came in King Arthur's party, and there came in the King of Scots with a hundred knights, and King Uriens brought with him a hundred knights, and King Howel of Brittany brought with him a hundred knights, and King Arthur himself came into the field with two hundred knights and the most part were knights of the Table Round, that were proved noble knights, and there were old knights set in a high place, to judge with the Queen who did best.

Then the heralds blew the call to the field, and then the King of Northgalis encountered with the King of Scots and then the King of Scots had a fall: and the King of Ireland smote down King Uriens and the King of Northumberland smote down King Howel of Brittany. And then King Arthur was wroth and ran to the King with the Hundred Knights and there King Arthur smote him down; and after, with that same spear, King Arthur smote down three other knights. And when his spear was broken, King Arthur did exceedingly well; and so therewith came in Sir Gawain and Sir Gaheris, Sir Agravaine and Sir Modred, and there each of them smote down a knight, and Sir Gawain smote down four knights.

Then began a strong battle, for there came in the knights of Sir Lancelot's kindred and Sir Gareth and Sir Palomides with

them, and many knights of the Table Round, and they began to press the four kings and the mighty duke so hard that they were discomfited; but this Duke Galahad was a noble knight and by his mighty prowess he held back the knights of the Table Round.

All this saw Sir Lancelot and then he came into the field with Sir Lavaine as if it had been thunder. And then anon Sir Bors and the knights of his kindred saw Sir Lancelot, and Sir Bors said to them all, "I warn you beware of him with the sleeve of gold upon his head, for he is Sir Lancelot himself."

And for great goodness Sir Bors warned Sir Gareth. "I am well satisfied," said Sir Gareth, "that I may know him." "But who is he," said they all, "that rideth with him in the same array?"

"That is the good and gentle knight, Sir Lavaine," said Sir Bors.

So Sir Lancelot encountered with Sir Gawain and there by force Sir Lancelot smote down Sir Gawain and his horse to the earth, and so he smote down Sir Agravaine and Sir Gaheris and also he smote down Sir Modred, and all this was with one spear. Then Sir Lavaine met with Sir Palomides and either met other so hard and so fiercely, that both their horses fell to the earth. And then they were horsed again, and then met Sir Lancelot with Sir Palomides and there Sir Palomides had a fall; and so Sir Lancelot, without stopping, as fast as he might get spears, smote down thirty knights and the most part of them were knights of the Table Round; and ever the knights of his kindred withdrew and fought in other places where Sir Lancelot came not.

And then King Arthur was wroth when he saw Lancelot do such deeds for he knew not that it was Sir Lancelot; and then the King called unto him nine knights and so the King with these knights made ready to set upon Sir Lancelot and Sir Lavaine.

All this saw Sir Bors and Sir Gareth.

"Now I dread me sore," said Sir Bors, "that my lord Sir Lancelot will be hard matched."

"By my head," said Sir Gareth, "I will ride unto my lord Sir Lancelot, to help him, come what may; for he is the same man that made me knight."

"Ye shall not do so by mine counsel," said Sir Bors, "unless that ye were disguised."

"Ye shall see me disguised," said Sir Gareth.

Therewithal he saw a Welsh knight, who was sore hurt by Sir Gawain, and to him Gareth rode and prayed him of his knighthood to lend him his green shield in exchange for his own.

"I will gladly," said the Welsh knight.

Then Sir Gareth came driving to Sir Lancelot all he might and said, "Knight, defend thyself, for yonder cometh King Arthur with nine knights with him to overcome you, and so I am come to bear you fellowship for old love ye have showed me."

"I thank you greatly," said Sir Lancelot.

"Sir," said Gareth, "encounter ye with Sir Gawain and I will encounter with Sir Palomides and let Sir Lavaine match with the noble King Arthur."

Then came King Arthur with his nine knights with him, and Sir Lancelot encountered with Sir Gawain and gave him such a buffet that Sir Gawain fell to the earth. Then Sir Gareth encountered with the good knight, Sir Palomides, and he gave him such a buffet that both he and his horse fell to the earth. Then encountered King Arthur with Sir Lavaine and there either of them smote the other to the earth, horse and all, so that they lay a great while.

Then Sir Lancelot smote down Sir Agravaine, Sir Gaheris, and Sir Modred, and Sir Gareth smote down Sir Kay, Sir Safere, and Sir Griflet. And then Sir Lavaine was horsed again and he smote down Sir Lucan and Sir Bedivere, and then there began a great press of good knights. Then Sir Lancelot dashed here and there and smote off and pulled off helmets, so that none might strike him a blow with spear or with sword; and Sir Gareth did such deeds of arms that all men marveled what knight he was with the green shield, for he smote down that day and pulled down more than thirty knights.

And Sir Lancelot marveled, when he beheld Sir Gareth do such deeds, what knight he might be! and Sir Lavaine pulled down and smote down twenty knights. Also Sir Lancelot knew not

Sir Gareth, for if Sir Tristam or Sir Lamorak had been alive, Sir Lancelot would have thought he had been one of the two.

So this tournament continued till it was near night, for the Knights of the Round Table rallied ever unto King Arthur, for the King was wroth that he and his knights might not prevail that day. Then Sir Gawain said to the King, "I marvel where all this day Sir Bors and his fellowship of Sir Lancelot's kindred have been. I marvel all this day they be not about you. It is for some cause," said Sir Gawain.

"By my head," said Sir Kay, "Sir Bors is yonder all this day upon the right hand of this field and there he and his kindred have won more honor than we have."

"It may well be," said Sir Gawain, "but I believe this knight with the sleeve of gold is Sir Lancelot himself. I know it by his riding and by his great strokes. And the other knight in the same colors is the good young knight, Sir Lavaine. Also, that knight with the green shield is my brother, Sir Gareth, and he has disguised himself, for no man shall ever make him be against Sir Lancelot, because he made him knight."

"Nephew, I believe you," said King Arthur; "therefore tell me now what is your best counsel."

"Sir," said Gawain, "ye shall have my counsel. Let the heralds blow the close of the tournament, for if he be Sir Lancelot and my brother, Sir Gareth, with him, with the help of that good young knight, Sir Lavaine, trust me, it will be no use to strive with them, unless we should fall ten or twelve upon one knight, and that were no glory, but shame."

"Ye say truth," said the King; "it were shame to us, so many as we be, to set upon them any more; for they be three good knights and, particularly, that knight with the sleeve of gold."

So the trumpets blew and forthwith King Arthur sent to the four kings and to the mighty duke and prayed them that the knight with the sleeve of gold depart not from them, but that the King might speak with him. Then King Arthur unarmed him and rode after Sir Lancelot. And so he found him with the four kings and the duke and there the King prayed them all unto supper and they said they would, with good will.

And when they were unarmed, then King Arthur knew Sir Lancelot, Sir Lavaine and Sir Gareth.

"Ah, Sir Lancelot," said the King, "this day ye have heated me and my knights."

And so they went unto King Arthur's lodging all together, and there was a great feast and the prize was given unto Sir Lancelot; and the heralds announced that he had smitten down fifty knights, and Sir Gareth, five and thirty, and Sir Lavaine, four and twenty knights.

Then King Arthur blamed Sir Gareth, because he left his fellowship and held with Sir Lancelot.

"My lord," said Sir Gareth, "he made me a knight and when I saw him so hard pressed, methought it was my duty to help him, for I saw him do so much and so many noble knights against him; and when I understood that he was Sir Lancelot, I was ashamed to see so many knights against him alone."

"Truly," said King Arthur unto Sir Gareth, "ye say well, and manfully have you done and won for yourself great honor, and all the days of my life I shall love you and trust you more and more. For ever it is an honorable knight's deed to help another honorable knight when he seeth him in great danger; for ever an honorable man will be sorry to see a brave man shamed. But he that hath no honor, and acts with cowardice, never shall he show gentleness nor any manner of goodness, where he seeth a man in any danger; for then ever will a coward show no mercy. And always a good man will do ever to another man as he would be done to himself."

So then there were great feasts and games and play, and all manner of noble deeds were done; and he that was courteous, true, and faithful to his friend, was that time cherished.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. What was the condition of Arthur's kingdom when he began to reign? 2. What was Arthur's purpose in founding the Order of the Round Table? 3. Why was a training in strength and bravery in battle necessary to these knights? 4. What way of supplying this training is described in this story? 5. Tell what you know of this custom. 6. Have we any contests of skill that bear any resemblance to this in method or purpose? 7. Give a brief account of the tournament at Winchester. 8. What plan had Lancelot for disguising himself? 9. What reasons had he for such a plan? 10. How was Lancelot's personality shown in the impression he made on the baron? 11. What custom of the joust is indicated by Elaine's request? 12. Picture the scene as the tournament opened; where was the King? Where were the opposing knights? 13. What knightly qualities did Lancelot show in this contest? 14. How would a "full noble surgeon" of King Arthur's time compare with a present-day surgeon? 15. Why did Lancelot call his injury "a little hurt" when speaking to Elaine? 16. What qualities are we told were most admired in the days of chivalry? 17. Is this true of the present time? 18. What quality of Lancelot do you admire most?

Phrases

with his fellowship, **126**, 9
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prayed him for succor, **132**, 5
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THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

HOW SIR MODRED PLOTTED AGAINST SIR LANCELOT AND OF THE DEATH OF SIR GAWAIN AND TWELVE KNIGHTS

Before Merlin passed from the world of men, he uttered many marvelous prophecies and one that boded ill for King Arthur. He foretold that a son of Arthur's sister should stir up bitter war against the King and that a great battle should be fought in the West when many brave men should find their doom.

Among the nephews of King Arthur was one most dishonorable; his name was Modred. No knightly deed had he ever done and he hated even to hear the good report of others. Of all who sat at the Round Table there was none that Modred hated more than Sir Lancelot du Lac, whom all true knights held in most honor. In his jealous rage he spoke evil of the Queen and Sir Lancelot. Now Modred's brothers, Sir Gawain and Sir Gareth, refused to listen to these slanders, holding that Sir Lancelot, in his knightly service to the Queen, did honor to King Arthur also.

When these evil tales reached King Arthur, he rebuked the tale bearers and declared his faith in Sir Lancelot and his lady, the Queen. But Modred, enraged by the rebuke, determined to find cause against them, and not long after it seemed that the occasion had come. For when King Arthur had ridden forth to hunt far from Carlisle, where he then held court, the Queen sent for Lancelot to speak with her in her bower. Modred and his brother, Sir Agravaine, got together twelve knights, persuading them that they were doing the King a service. They waited until they saw Lancelot enter all unarmed and then called to him to come forth. The whole court echoed with their cries of "Traitor." Lancelot, arming himself in haste, rushed out upon them and soon the entire company lay cold in death upon the earth. Only Modred escaped, for he fled, but even so he was sore wounded.

OF THE TRIAL OF THE QUEEN

When Modred escaped from Sir Lancelot he got to horse, all wounded as he was, and never drew rein until he had found King Arthur, to whom he told all that had happened.

Then great was the King's grief. Despite all that Modred could say, he was slow to doubt Sir Lancelot, whom he loved, but his mind was filled with forebodings; for many a knight had been slain, and well he knew that their kin would seek vengeance on Sir Lancelot, and the noble fellowship of the Round Table be utterly destroyed by their feuds.

All too soon it proved even as the King had feared. Many were found to hold with Sir Modred; some because they were kin to the knights that had been slain, some from envy of the honor and worship of the noble Sir Lancelot; and among them even were those who dared to raise their voice against the Queen herself, calling for judgment upon her as leagued with a traitor against the King, and as having caused the death of so many good knights. Now in those days the law was that if any one were accused of treason by witnesses, or taken in the act, that one should die the death by burning, be it man or woman, knight or churl. So then the murmurs grew to a loud clamor that the law should have its course, and that King Arthur should pass sentence on the Queen. Then was the King's woe doubled.

"For," said he, "I sit as King to be a rightful judge and keep all the law; wherefore I may not do battle for my own Queen, and now there is none other to help her."

So a decree was issued that Queen Guinevere should be burnt at the stake outside the walls of Carlisle.

Forthwith, King Arthur sent for his nephew, Sir Gawain, and said to him:

"Fair nephew, I give it in charge to you to see that all is done as has been decreed."

But Sir Gawain answered boldly: "Sir King, never will I be present to see my lady the Queen die. It is of ill counsel that ye have consented to her death."

Then the King bade Gawain send his two young brothers, Sir

Gareth and Sir Gaheris, to receive his commands, and these he desired to attend the Queen to the place of execution. So Gareth made answer for both:

"My Lord the King, we owe you obedience in all things, but know that it is sore against our wills that we obey you in this; nor will we appear in arms in the place where that noble lady shall die"; then sorrowfully they mounted their horses and rode to Carlisle.

When the day appointed had come, the Queen was led forth to a place without the walls of Carlisle, and there she was bound to the stake to be burnt to death. Loud were her ladies' lamentations, and many a lord was found to weep at that grievous sight of a Queen brought so low; yet was there none who dared come forward as her champion, lest he should be suspected of treason. As for Gareth and Gaheris, they could not bear the sight, and stood with their faces covered in their mantles. Then, just as the torch was to be applied to the fagots, there was a sound as of many horses galloping, and the next instant a band of knights rushed upon the astonished throng, their leader cutting down all who crossed his path until he had reached the Queen, whom he lifted to his saddle and bore from the press. Then all men knew that it was Sir Lancelot, come knightly to rescue the Queen, and in their hearts they rejoiced. So with little hindrance they rode away, Sir Lancelot and all his kin with the Queen in their midst, till they came to the castle of the Joyous Garde, where they held the Queen in safety and all reverence.

But of that day came a kingdom's ruin; for among the slain were Gawain's brothers Sir Gareth and Sir Gaheris. Now Sir Lancelot loved Sir Gareth as if he had been his own younger brother, and himself had knighted him; but, in the press, he struck at him and killed him, not seeing that he was unarmed and weaponless; and in like wise, Sir Gaheris met his death. So when word was brought to King Arthur of what had passed, Sir Gawain asked straightway how his brothers had fared.

"Both are slain," said the messenger.

"Alas! my dear brothers!" cried Sir Gawain; "how came they by their death?"

"They were both slain by Sir Lancelot," said the messenger.

"That will I never believe," cried Sir Gawain; "for my brother, Sir Gareth, had such love for Sir Lancelot that there was naught Sir Lancelot could ask him that he would not do."

But the man said again, "He is slain, and by Sir Lancelot."

Then, from sheer grief, Sir Gawain fell swooning to the ground. When he was recovered, he said:

"My lord and uncle, is it even as this man says, that Sir Lancelot has slain my brother Sir Gareth?"

"Alas!" said the King. "Lancelot rode upon him in the press and slew him, not seeing who he was or that he was unarmed."

"Then," cried Gawain fiercely, "here I make my vow. Never, while my life lasts, will I leave Sir Lancelot in peace until he has rendered me account for the slaying of my brothers."

From that day forth, Sir Gawain would not suffer the King to rest until he had gathered all his host and marched against the Joyous Garde. Thus began the war which broke up the fellowship of the Round Table.

HOW SIR GAWAIN DEFIED SIR LANCELOT

Now it came to the ears of the Pope in Rome that King Arthur was besieging Sir Lancelot in the castle of the Joyous Garde, and it grieved him that there should be strife between two such goodly knights, the like of whom was not to be found in Christendom. So he called to him the Bishop of Rochester and bade him carry word to Britain, both to Arthur and to Sir Lancelot, that they should be reconciled, the one to the other, and that King Arthur should receive again Queen Guinevere.

Forthwith Sir Lancelot desired of King Arthur assurance of liberty and reverence for the Queen, as also safe conduct for himself and his knights, that he might bring Queen Guinevere with due honor to the King at Carlisle; and thereto the King pledged his word.

So Lancelot set forth with the Queen, and behind them rode a hundred knights arrayed in green velvet, the housings of the horses of the same, all studded with precious stones; thus they passed through the city of Carlisle openly, in the sight of all, and

there were many who rejoiced that the Queen was come again and Sir Lancelot with her, though they of Gawain's party scowled upon him.

When they were come into the great hall where Arthur sat with Sir Gawain and other great lords about him, Sir Lancelot led Guinevere to the throne and both knelt before the King; then rising, Sir Lancelot lifted the Queen to her feet and thus he spoke to King Arthur, boldly and well, before the whole court:

"My lord, Sir Arthur, I bring you here your Queen, than whom no truer nor nobler lady ever lived; and here stand I, Sir Lancelot du Lac, ready to do battle with any that dare gainsay it"; and with these words Sir Lancelot turned and looked upon the lords and knights present in their places, but none would challenge him in that cause, not even Sir Gawain, for he had ever affirmed that Queen Guinevere was a true and honorable lady.

Then Sir Lancelot spoke again: "Now, my Lord Arthur, in my own defense it behooves me to say that never in aught have I been false to you. That I slew certain knights is true, but I hold me guiltless, seeing that they brought death upon themselves. For no sooner had I gone to the Queen's bower, as she had commanded me, than they beset the door with shameful outcry, that all the court might hear, calling me traitor and felon knight."

"And rightly they called you," cried Sir Gawain fiercely.

"My Lord, Sir Gawain," answered Sir Lancelot, "in their quarrel they proved not themselves right, else had not I, alone, encountered fourteen knights and come forth unscathed."

Then said King Arthur: "Sir Lancelot, I have ever loved you above all other knights, and trusted you to the uttermost; but ill have ye done by me and mine."

"My lord," said Lancelot, "that I slew Sir Gareth I shall mourn as long as life lasts. As soon would I have slain my own nephew, Sir Bors, as have harmed Sir Gareth wittingly; for I myself made him knight, and loved him as a brother."

"Liar and traitor," cried Sir Gawain, "ye slew him, defenseless and unarmed."

"It is full plain, Sir Gawain," said Lancelot, "that never again

shall I have your love; and yet there has been old kindness between us, and once ye thanked me that I saved your life."

"It shall not avail you now," said Sir Gawain; "traitor ye are, both to the King and to me. Know that while life lasts, never will I rest until I have avenged my brother Sir Gareth's death upon you."

"Fair nephew," said the King, "cease your bawling. Sir Lancelot has come under surety of my word that none shall do him harm. Elsewhere, and at another time, fasten a quarrel upon him, if quarrel ye must."

"I care not," cried Sir Gawain fiercely. "The proud traitor trusts so in his own strength that he thinks none dare meet him. But here I defy him and swear that, be it in open combat or by stealth, I shall have his life. And know, mine uncle and King, if I shall not have your aid, I and mine will leave you for ever and, if need be, fight even against you."

"Peace," said the King, and to Sir Lancelot: "We give you fifteen days in which to leave this kingdom."

Then Sir Lancelot sighed heavily and said, "Full well I see that no sorrow of mine for what is past availeth me."

Then he went to the Queen where she sat, and said: "Madam, the time is come when I must leave this fair realm that I have loved. Think well of me, I pray you, and send for me if ever there be aught in which a true knight may serve a lady." Therewith he turned him about and, without greeting to any, passed through the hall, and with his faithful knights, rode to the Joyous Garde, though ever thereafter, in memory of that sad day, he called it the Dolorous Garde.

There he called about him his friends and kinsmen, saying, "Fair knights, I must now pass into my own lands." Then they all, with one voice, cried that they would go with him. So he thanked them, promising them all fair estates and great honor when they were come to his kingdom; for all France belonged to Sir Lancelot. Yet was he loath to leave the land where he had followed so many glorious adventures, and sore he mourned to part in anger from King Arthur.

"My mind misgives me," said Sir Lancelot, "but that trouble

shall come of Sir Modred, for he is envious and a mischief-maker, and it grieves me that never more I may serve King Arthur and his realm."

So Sir Lancelot sorrowed; but his kinsmen, wroth for the dishonor done him, made haste to depart and, by the fifteenth day, they were all embarked to sail overseas to France.

HOW KING ARTHUR AND SIR GAWAIN WENT TO FRANCE

From the day when Sir Lancelot brought the Queen to Carlisle, never would Gawain suffer the King to be at rest; but always he desired him to call his army together that they might go to attack Sir Lancelot in his own land.

Now King Arthur was loath to war against Sir Lancelot, and seeing this, Sir Gawain upbraided him bitterly.

"I see well it is naught to you that my brother, Sir Gareth, died fulfilling your behest. Little ye care if all your knights be slain, if only the traitor Lancelot escape. Since, then, ye will not do me justice nor avenge your own nephew, I and my fellows will take the traitor when and how we may. He trusts in his own might that none can encounter with him; let see if we may not entrap him."

Thus urged, King Arthur called his army together and ordered that a great fleet be collected; for rather would he fight openly with Sir Lancelot than that Sir Gawain should bring such dishonor upon himself as to slay a noble knight treacherously. So with a great host, the King passed overseas to France, leaving Sir Modred to rule Britain in his stead.

When Lancelot heard that King Arthur and Sir Gawain were coming against him, he withdrew into the strong castle of Benwick; for unwilling, indeed, was he to fight with the King, or to do an injury to Sir Gareth's brother. The army passed through the land, laying it waste, and presently encamped about the castle, besieging it closely; but so thick were the walls and so watchful the garrison that in no way could they prevail against it.

One day, there came to Sir Lancelot seven brethren, brave knights of Wales, who had joined their fortunes to his, and said:

"Sir Lancelot, bid us sally forth against this host which has

invaded and laid waste your lands, and we will scatter it; for we are not wont to cower behind walls."

"Fair lords," answered Lancelot, "it is grief to me to war on good Christian knights and especially upon my lord, King Arthur. Have but patience, and I will send to him and see if, even now, there may not be a treaty of peace between us, for better far is peace than war."

So Sir Lancelot sought out a damsel and, mounting her upon a palfrey, bade her ride to King Arthur's camp and require of the King to cease warring on his lands, proffering fair terms of peace. When the damsel came to the camp, there met her Sir Lucan the Butler.

"Fair damsel," said Sir Lucan, "do ye come from Sir Lancelot?"

"Yea, in good truth," said the damsel; "and, I pray you, lead me to King Arthur."

"Now may ye prosper in your errand," said Sir Lucan. "Our King loves Sir Lancelot dearly and wishes him well; but Sir Gawain will not suffer him to be reconciled to him."

So when the damsel had come before the King, she told him all her tale, and much she said of Sir Lancelot's love and goodwill to his lord the King, so that the tears stood in Arthur's eyes. But Sir Gawain broke in roughly:

"My lord and uncle, shall it be said of us that we came hither with such a host to hie us home again, nothing done, to be the scoff of all men?"

"Nephew," said the King, "methinks Sir Lancelot offers fair and generously. It were well if ye would accept his proffer. Nevertheless, as the quarrel is yours, so shall the answer be."

"Then, damsel," said Sir Gawain, "say unto Sir Lancelot that the time for peace is past. And tell him that I, Sir Gawain, swear by the faith I owe to knighthood that never will I forego my revenge."

So the damsel returned to Sir Lancelot and told him all. Sir Lancelot's heart was filled with grief nigh unto breaking; but his knights were enraged and clamored that he had endured too much of insult and wrong, and that he should lead them forth

to battle. Sir Lancelot armed him sorrowfully and presently the gates were set open and he rode forth, he and all his company. But to all his knights he had given commandment that none should seek King Arthur; "for never," said he, "will I see the noble King who made me knight, either killed or shamed."

Fierce was the battle between those two hosts. On Lancelot's side, Sir Bors and Sir Lavaine and many another did right well; while on the other side, King Arthur bore him as the noble knight he was, and Sir Gawain raged through the battle, seeking to come at Sir Lancelot. Presently, Sir Bors encountered King Arthur and unhorsed him. This Sir Lancelot saw and, coming to the King's side, he alighted and raising him from the ground, mounted him upon his own horse. Then King Arthur, looking upon Lancelot, cried, "Ah! Lancelot, Lancelot! That ever there should be war between us two!" and tears stood in the King's eyes.

"Ah! my Lord Arthur," cried Sir Lancelot, "I pray you stop this war."

As they spoke thus, Sir Gawain came upon them and, calling Sir Lancelot traitor and coward, had almost ridden upon him before Lancelot could find another horse. Then the two hosts drew back, each on its own side, to see the battle between Sir Lancelot and Sir Gawain; for they wheeled their horses and, departing far asunder, rushed again upon each other with the noise of thunder, and each bore the other from his horse. Then they put their shields before them and set on each other with their swords; but while ever Sir Gawain smote fiercely, Sir Lancelot was content only to ward off blows, because he would not, for Sir Gareth's sake, do any harm to Sir Gawain. But the more Sir Lancelot forebore him, the more furiously Sir Gawain struck, so that Sir Lancelot had much ado to defend himself and at the last smote Gawain on the helm so mightily that he bore him to the ground. Then Sir Lancelot stood back from Sir Gawain. But Gawain cried:

"Why do ye draw back, traitor knight? Slay ye while ye may, for never will I cease to be your enemy while my life lasts."

"Sir," said Lancelot, "I shall withstand you as I may; but never will I smite a fallen knight."

Then he spoke to King Arthur: "My Lord, I pray you, if only for this day, draw off your men. And think upon our former love if ye may; but, be ye friend or foe, God keep you."

Thereupon Sir Lancelot drew off his men into his castle and King Arthur and his company to their tents. As for Sir Gawain, his squires bore him to his tent where his wounds were dressed.

OF MODRED THE TRAITOR

So Sir Gawain lay healing of the grim wound which Sir Lancelot had given him, and there was peace between the two armies, when there came messengers from Britain bearing letters for King Arthur; and more evil news than they brought might not well be, for they told how Sir Modred had usurped his uncle's realm. First, he had caused it to be noised abroad that King Arthur was slain in battle with Sir Lancelot and, since there be many ever ready to believe any idle rumor and eager for any change, it had been no hard task for Sir Modred to call the lords to a Parliament and persuade them to make him king. But the Queen could not be brought to believe that her lord was dead, so she took refuge in the Tower of London from Sir Modred's violence, nor was she to be induced to leave her strong refuge for aught that Modred could promise or threaten.

This was the news that came to Arthur as he lay encamped about Sir Lancelot's castle of Benwick. Forthwith, he bade his host make ready to move and, when they had reached the coast they embarked and made sail to reach Britain with all possible speed.

Sir Modred, on his part, had heard of their sailing and hasted to get together a great army. It was grievous to see how many a stout knight held by Modred, ay, even many whom Arthur himself had raised to honor and fortune; for it is the nature of men to be fickle. Thus it was that, when Arthur drew near to Dover, he found Modred with a mighty host waiting to oppose his landing. Then there was a great sea-fight, those of Modred's party going out in boats, great and small, to board King Arthur's ships and slay him and his men or ever they should come to land. Right valiantly did King Arthur bear him, as was his wont, and

boldly his followers fought in his cause, so that at last they drove off their enemies and landed at Dover in spite of Modred and his array. For that time Modred fled, and King Arthur bade those of his party bury the slain and tend the wounded.

So as they passed from ship to ship, salving and binding the hurts of the men, they came at last upon Sir Gawain, where he lay at the bottom of a boat, wounded to the death, for he had received a great blow on the wound that Sir Lancelot had given him. They bore him to his tent and his uncle, the King, came to him, sorrowing beyond measure.

"Methinks," said the King, "my joy on earth is done; for never have I loved any men as I have loved you, my nephew, and Sir Lancelot. Sir Lancelot I have lost, and now I see you on your death-bed."

"My King," said Sir Gawain, "my hour is come and I have got my death at Sir Lancelot's hand; for I am smitten on the wound he gave me. And rightly am I served, for of my wilfulness and stubbornness comes this unhappy war. I pray you, my uncle, raise me in your arms and let me write to Sir Lancelot before I die."

Thus, then, Sir Gawain wrote: "To Sir Lancelot, the noblest of all knights, I, Gawain, send greeting before I die. For I am smitten on the wound ye gave me before your castle of Benwick in France, and I bid all men bear witness that I sought my own death and that ye are innocent of it. I pray you, by our friendship of old, come again into Britain and, when ye look upon my tomb, pray for Gawain of Orkney. Farewell."

So Sir Gawain died and was buried in the Chapel at Dover.

OF THE BATTLE IN THE WEST

The day after the battle at Dover, King Arthur and his host pursued Sir Modred to Barham Down, where again there was a great battle fought, with much slaughter on both sides; but, in the end, Arthur was victorious, and Modred fled to Canterbury.

Now by this time, many that Modred had cheated by his lying reports, had drawn unto King Arthur, to whom at heart they had ever been loyal, knowing him for a true and noble King

and hating themselves for having been deceived by such a false usurper as Sir Modred. Then when he found that he was being deserted, Sir Modred withdrew to the far West, for there men knew less of what had happened, and so he might still find some to believe in him and support him; and being without conscience, he even called to his aid the heathen hosts that his uncle, King Arthur, had driven from the land in the good years when Lancelot was of the Round Table.

King Arthur followed ever after, for in his heart was bitter anger against the false nephew who had brought woe upon him and all his realm. At the last, when Modred could flee no further, the two hosts were drawn up near the shore of the great western sea; and it was the Feast of the Holy Trinity.

That night, as King Arthur slept, he thought that Sir Gawain stood before him, looking just as he did in life, and said to him:

"My uncle and my King, God in his great love has suffered me to come unto you, to warn you that in no wise ye fight on the morrow; for if ye do, ye shall be slain and with you the most part of the people on both sides. Make ye, therefore, treaty for a month and within that time, Sir Lancelot shall come to you with all his knights and ye shall overthrow the traitor and all that hold with him."

Therewith Sir Gawain vanished. Immediately the King awoke and called to him the best and wisest of his knights, the two brethren, Sir Lucan the Butler and Sir Bedivere and others, to whom he told his dream. Then all were agreed that, on any terms whatsoever, a treaty should be made with Sir Modred, even as Sir Gawain had said; and with the dawn, messengers went to the camp of the enemy, to call Sir Modred to a conference. So it was determined that the meeting should take place in the sight of both armies, in an open space between the two camps, and that King Arthur and Modred should each be accompanied by fourteen knights. Little enough faith had either in the other, so when they set forth to the meeting, they bade their hosts join battle if ever they saw a sword drawn. Thus they went to the conference.

Now as they talked, it happened that an adder, coming out of

a bush hard by, stung a knight in the foot; and he, seeing the snake, drew his sword to kill it and thought no harm thereby. But on the instant that the sword flashed, the trumpets blared on both sides and the two hosts rushed to battle. Never was there fought a fight of such bitter enmity, for brother fought with brother, and comrade with comrade, and fiercely they cut and thrust, with many a bitter word between; while King Arthur himself, his heart hot within him, rode through and through the battle, seeking the traitor Modred. So they fought all day till at last the evening fell. Then Arthur, looking around him, saw of his valiant knights but two left, Sir Lucan and Sir Bedivere, and these sore wounded; and there, over against him, by a great heap of the dead, stood Sir Modred, the cause of all this ruin. Thereupon the King, his heart nigh broken with grief for the loss of his true knights, cried with a loud voice, "Traitor! now is thy doom upon thee!" and with his spear gripped in both hands, he rushed upon Sir Modred and smote him that the weapon stood out a fathom behind. And Sir Modred knew that he had his death-wound. With all the might that he had, he thrust him up the spear to the haft and, with his sword, struck King Arthur upon the head that the steel pierced the helmet and bit into the head; then Sir Modred fell back, stark and dead.

Sir Lucan and Sir Bedivere went to the King where he lay, swooning from the blow, and bore him to a little chapel on the seashore. As they laid him on the ground, Sir Lucan fell dead beside the King, and Arthur, coming to himself, found but Sir Bedivere alive beside him.

THE DEATH OF ARTHUR

So King Arthur lay wounded to the death, grieving, not that his end was come, but for the desolation of his kingdom and the loss of his good knights. And looking upon the body of Sir Lucan, he sighed and said:

"Alas! true knight, dead for my sake! If I lived, I should ever grieve for thy death, but now mine own end draws nigh."

Then turning to Sir Bedivere, who stood sorrowing beside him, he said: "Leave weeping now, for the time is short and much

to do. Hereafter shalt thou weep if thou wilt. But take now my sword Excalibur, hasten to the water side and fling it into the deep. Then watch what happens and bring me word thereof."

"My Lord," said Sir Bedivere, "your command shall be obeyed"; and taking the sword, he departed. But as he went on his way he looked on the sword, how wondrously it was formed, and the hilt all studded with precious stones; and, as he looked, he called to mind the marvel by which it had come into the King's keeping. For on a certain day, as Arthur walked on the shore of a great lake, there had appeared above the surface of the water a hand brandishing a sword. On the instant, the King had leaped into a boat, and, rowing into the lake, had got the sword and brought it back to land. Then he had seen how, on one side the blade, was written, "Keep me," but on the other, "Throw me away," and sore perplexed, he had shown it to Merlin, the great wizard, who said: "Keep it now. The time for casting away has not yet come."

Thinking on this, it seemed to Bedivere that no good, but harm, must come of obeying the King's word; so hiding the sword under a tree, he hastened back to the little chapel.

Then said the King: "What saw'st thou?"

"Sir," answered Bedivere, "I saw naught but the waves, heard naught but the wind."

"That is untrue," said King Arthur; "I charge thee, as thou art true knight, go again and spare not to throw away the sword."

Sir Bedivere departed a second time and his mind was to obey his lord; but when he took the sword in his hand, he thought:

"Sin it is and shameful, to throw away so glorious a sword."

Then hiding it again, he hastened back to the King.

"What saw'st thou?" said King Arthur.

"Sir, I saw the water lap on the crags."

Then spoke the King in great wrath: "Traitor and unkind! Twice hast thou betrayed me! Art dazzled by the splendor of the jewels, thou that, till now, hast ever been dear and true to me? Go yet again, but if thou fail me this time, I will arise and, with mine own hands, slay thee."

Then Sir Bedivere left the King and, that time, he took the

sword quickly from the place where he had hidden it and, forbearing even to look upon it, he twisted the belt about it and flung it with all his force into the water. A wondrous sight he saw, for, as the sword touched the water, a hand rose from out the deep, caught it, brandished it thrice and threw it beneath the surface.

So Bedivere hastened back to the King and told him what he had seen.

"It is well," said Arthur; "now, bear me to the water's edge and hasten, I pray thee, for I have tarried over long and my wound has taken cold."

So Sir Bedivere raised the King on his back and bore him tenderly to the lonely shore, where the lapping waves floated many an empty helmet and the fitful moonlight fell on the upturned faces of the dead. Scarce had they reached the shore when there hove in sight a barge, and on its deck stood three tall women, robed all in black and wearing crowns on their heads.

"Place me in the barge," said Arthur, and softly Sir Bedivere lifted the King into it. And these three queens wept sore over Arthur, and one took his head in her lap and chafed his hands, crying:

"Alas! my brother, thou hast been overlong in coming, and I fear me thy wound has taken cold."

Then the barge began to move slowly forth from the land. When Sir Bedivere saw this, he lifted up his voice and cried with a bitter cry:

"Ah! my Lord Arthur, thou art taken from me! And I, whither shall I go?"

"Comfort thyself," said the King, "for in me is no comfort more. I pass to the Valley of Avilion, to heal me of my grievous wound. If thou seest me never again, pray for me."

So the barge floated away out of sight and Sir Bedivere stood straining his eyes after it till it had vanished utterly. Then he turned him about and journeyed through the forest until, at daybreak, he reached a hermitage. Entering it, he prayed the holy hermit that he might abide with him and there he spent the rest of his life in prayer and holy exercise.

But of King Arthur is no more known. Some men, indeed, say that he is not dead, but abides in the happy Valley of Avilion until such time as his country's need is sorest, when he shall come again and deliver it. Others say that, of a truth, he is dead and that, in the far West, his tomb may be seen and written on it these words:

"HERE LIES ARTHUR, ONCE KING
AND KING TO BE."

HOW QUEEN GUINEVERE BECAME A NUN AT ALMESBURY AND OF THE DEATH OF SIR LANCELOT

When news reached Sir Lancelot in his own land of the treason of Modred, he gathered his lords and knights together, and rested not till he had come to Britain to aid King Arthur. He landed at Dover and there the evil tidings were told him, how the King had met his death at the hands of his traitor nephew. Then was Sir Lancelot's heart nigh broken for grief.

"Alas!" he cried, "that I should live to know my King overthrown by such a felon! What have I done that I should have caused the deaths of the good knights Sir Gareth, Sir Gaheris, and Sir Gawain, and yet that such a villain should escape my sword!"

Then he desired to be led to Sir Gawain's tomb, where he remained long in prayer and in great lamentation; after which, he called to him his kinsmen and friends and said to them:

"My fair lords, I thank you all most heartily that, of your courtesy, ye came with me to this land. That we be come too late is a misfortune that might not be avoided, though I shall mourn it my life long. And now I will ride forth alone to find my lady the Queen in the West, whither men say she has fled. Wait for me, I pray you, for fifteen days and then, if ye hear naught of me, return to your own lands."

So Sir Lancelot rode forth alone, nor would he suffer any to follow him despite their prayers and entreaties.

Thus he rode some seven or eight days until, at the last, he came to a nunnery where he saw in the cloister many nuns wait-

ing on a fair lady, none other, indeed, than Queen Guinevere herself. And she, looking up, saw Sir Lancelot and, at the sight, grew so pale that her ladies feared for her; but she recovered and bade them go and bring Sir Lancelot to her presence. When he was come, she said to him:

"Sir Lancelot, glad am I to see thee once again that I may bid thee farewell; for in this world shall we never meet again."

"Sweet Madam," answered Sir Lancelot, "I was minded, with your leave, to bear you to my own country, where I doubt not but I should guard you well and safely from your enemies."

"Nay, Lancelot," said the Queen, "that may not be; I am resolved never to look upon the world again, but here to pass my life in prayer and in such good works as I may. But thou, do thou get back to thine own land and take a fair wife, and ye both shall ever have my prayers."

"Madam," replied Sir Lancelot, "ye know well that shall never be. And since ye are resolved to lead a life of prayer, I, too, will forsake the world if I can find hermit to share his cell with me; for ever your will has been mine."

Long and earnestly he looked upon her as though he might never gaze enough; then, getting to horse, he rode slowly away.

Nor did they ever meet again in life. For Queen Guinevere abode in the great nunnery of Almesbury where Sir Lancelot had found her and presently, for the holiness of her life, was made Abbess. But Sir Lancelot, after he had left her, rode on his way till he came to the cell where Sir Bedivere dwelt with the holy hermit; and when Sir Bedivere had told him all that had befallen, of the great battle in the West, and of the passing away of Arthur, Sir Lancelot flung down his arms and implored the holy hermit to let him remain there as the servant of God. So Sir Lancelot donned the serge gown and abode in the hermitage as the priest of God.

Presently, there came riding that way the good Sir Bors, Lancelot's nephew; for, when Sir Lancelot returned not to Dover, Sir Bors and many another knight went forth in search of him. There, then, Sir Bors remained and, within a half year, there joined themselves to these three many who in former days had

been fellows of the Round Table; and the fame of their piety spread far and wide.

So six years passed and then, one night, Lancelot had a vision. It seemed to him that one said to him:

"Lancelot, arise and go in haste to Almesbury. There shalt thou find Queen Guinevere dead and it shall be for thee to bury her."

Sir Lancelot arose at once and, calling his fellows to him, told them his dream. Immediately, with all haste, they set forth toward Almesbury and, arriving there the second day, found the Queen dead, as had been foretold in the vision. So with the state and ceremony befitting a great Queen, they buried her in the Abbey of Glastonbury, in that same church where, some say, King Arthur's tomb is to be found. Lancelot it was who performed the funeral rites and chanted the requiem; but when all was done, he pined away, growing weaker daily. So at the end of six weeks, he called to him his fellows and, bidding them all farewell, desired that his dead body should be conveyed to the Joyous Garde, there to be buried, for that in the church at Glastonbury he was not worthy to lie. And that same night he died, and was buried, as he had desired, in his own castle. So passed from the world the bold Sir Lancelot du Lac, bravest, most courteous, and most gentle of knights, whose peer the world has never seen nor ever shall see.

After Sir Lancelot's death, Sir Bors and the pious knights, his companions, took their way to the Holy Land and there they died in battle against the Turk.

So ends this story of King Arthur and his noble fellowship of the Round Table.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS.

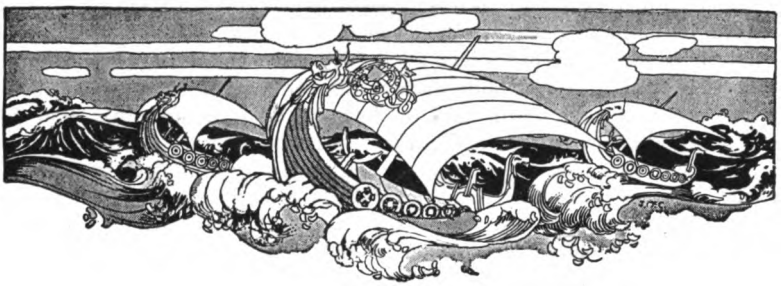
Discussion. 1. Were Arthur and his knights successful in restoring order in the kingdom? 2. Why were they so successful? 3. What value have union and loyalty in any cause? 4. When did this union of King Arthur and his knights begin to weaken? 5. Whose unfaithfulness and treachery began its destruction? 6. What was the great fault in Modred that prevented him from being loyal? 7. How did "true knights" regard Sir Lancelot? 8. Did Arthur think it right to take the law into his own

hands? 9. Read lines which show that he did not think himself greater than the law. 10. Can good government exist without respect for law? 11. Trace the progress of disunion from its beginning in Modred's jealousy as follows: jealousy; plot; combat; deaths; vengeance; false accusation; decree of death by burning; rescue; deaths; vow of vengeance; war. 12. What proof did Sir Lancelot give of his love for the King, even while at war with him? 13. Was King Arthur at fault when he allowed himself to be persuaded by Sir Gawain to make war on Sir Lancelot? 14. Read the lines that show the King loved Lancelot, in spite of all that had come between them. 15. Read lines that show how Sir Gawain's love and generosity triumphed over his desire for vengeance. 16. Over what did King Arthur grieve when he lay wounded after the "battle in the West"? 17. Do you think it is the fine ideals of these old legends—union for defense of the weak, mercy to all, and wrongful gain to none—that make them live?

Phrases

boded ill, **149**, 2
jealous rage, **149**, 11
ill counsel, **150**, 33
from the press, **151**, 21
rendered me account, **152**, 14
safe conduct, **152**, 28
housings of the horses, **152**, 33
it behooves me, **153**, 17
felon knight, **153**, 22
under surety of my word, **154**, 8
fasten a quarrel upon him, **154**, 9
by stealth, **154**, 13
fulfilling your behest, **155**, 14
to hie us home, **156**, 25
the scoff of all men, **156**, 25
faith I owe to knighthood, **156**, 32
noised abroad, **158**, 12
idle rumor, **158**, 14
as was his wont, **158**, 35
Modred and his array, **159**, 2
sorrowing beyond measure, **159**, 10
heathen hosts, **160**, 6
I charge thee, **162**, 24
chafed his hands, **163**, 20
donned the serge gown, **165**, 31
funeral rites, **166**, 15

NARRATIVES IN VERSE



SIR PATRICK SPENS

FOLK BALLAD

The king sits in Dumferling toune,
  Drinking the blude-reid wine:
"O whar will I get guid sailor,
  To sail this schip of mine?"

Up and spak an eldern knicht,[1]
  Sat at the king's richt kne:
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
  That sails upon the se."

The king has written a braid[2] letter,
  And signed it wi his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
  Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
  A loud lauch lauched he;
The next line that Sir Patrick red
  The teir blinded his ee.

[1] *knicht*, knight [2] *braid*, long

"O wha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me,
To send me out this time o' the yeir,
To sail upon the se!

"Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morne."
"O say na sae[1], my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

"Late, late yestreen[2] I saw the new moone,
Wi the auld moone in hir arme,
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
That we will cum to harme."

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith[3]
To weet[4] their cork-heild schoone[5];
Bot lang owre[6] a' the play wer playd,
Thair hats they swam aboone.[7]

O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
Wi thair fans into their hand,
Or eir[8] they se Sir Patrick Spens
Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
Wi thair gold kems[9] in their hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
For they'll se thame na mair.

Haf owre[10], haf owre to Aberdour,
It's fiftie fadom[11] deip,
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi the Scots lords at his feit.[12]

[1] *na sae*, not so
[2] *yestreen*, yesterday evening
[3] *laith*, loath
[4] *weet*, wet
[5] *schoone*, shoes
[6] *owre*, before
[7] *aboone*, above
[8] *or eir*, before
[9] *kems*, combs
[10] *owre*, over
[11] *fadom*, fathoms
[12] *feit*, feet

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Historical Note. The old folk ballads, of which this one is an excellent example. have all come down to us from the far-off past. Such ballads are not the work of any one author, but like the stories of King Arthur, were preserved mainly in the memories of men. Some of them were sung or recited to the music of the harp or lute by minstrels who wandered from village to village, and from castle to castle, entertaining their hearers in return for food and lodging; or by the bards and minstrels who were maintained by kings and nobles to entertain them and to celebrate their deeds and honors. Often they were made by the people, not by professional singers, and were expressions of the folk love of adventure. Indeed, the best definition of a popular, or folk, ballad is that it is "a tale telling itself in song." This means that a ballad always tells a story; that it has no known author, being composed by several people or by a community and then handed down orally, not in writing, from generation to generation; and finally, that it is sung, not recited. In this way such folk ballads as "Sir Patrick Spens" were transmitted for generations, in different versions, before they were written down and became a part of what we call *literature*, that is, something written. When the invention of the printing press made it possible to put these old ballads in a permanent form, they were collected from the recitations of old men and women who knew them, and printed. Thus they have become a precious literary possession, telling us something of the life, the history, and the standards, superstitions, and beliefs of distant times, and thrilling us with their stirring stories. The beauty of these old ballads lies in the story they tell, and in their directness and simplicity. They are almost wholly without literary ornament; their language is the language of the people, not of the court.

Many modern poets have written stories in verse which are also called ballads. Some are in imitation of the old ballads, using the old ballad meter and riming system, and employing old-fashioned words and expressions, to add to the effect. Other modern ballads are simple narratives in verse—short stories dealing with stirring subjects, with battle, adventure, etc. But while the true old ballad holds the attention upon the story only, the modern ballads often introduce descriptions of the characters.

Discussion. 1. Why did the king choose Sir Patrick Spens? 2. What did Sir Patrick say when he had read the king's letter? 3. What signs of a storm had been noticed? 4. Point out all the ways in which the ballad tells that the ship was wrecked. 5. How have the old ballads come down to us? 6. What other old ballad have you read? 7. Tell how the old ballads came into being, and name a characteristic of them. 8. What do the old ballads tell us of the life of the early people? 9. How does a modern ballad differ from a folk, or popular, ballad?

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

"Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
  Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
  Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
  Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
  From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told
  No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
  For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
  Tamed the gerfalcon;

And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grizzly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led,
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;

And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!

Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!—
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand.
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,

So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful.
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
Oh, death was grateful!

Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!

There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"
—Thus the tale ended.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography, see page 81.

Discussion. 1. With which stanza does the narrative begin? 2. What may the first three stanzas be called? 3. Which of these three stanzas is descriptive? 4. In which does the Viking make himself known? 5. In what stanzas is the story told? 6. With what line does the story end? 7. What relation to the poem has the last line? 8. Describe the scene suggested by the first stanza; who is speaking? 9. Describe the guest to whom the poet speaks. 10. In using the word "fearful" to describe this guest, was the poet emphasizing only the outward appearance of his guest? 11. Can you use other words equally exact and poetical for "daunt" and "haunt"? 12. Give a name to the "flashes" that are seen when the Northern skies gleam in December. 13. To what is the voice of the skeleton compared? 14. Is it an apt comparison? 15. Does the second stanza prepare us for a story of happy things? 16. What stanzas help you to see the kind of people the Vikings were, and to imagine the life they led? 17. The Viking showed his wonderful courage in going out into the "open main" in a wild hurricane; give all the other evidences of his courage found in the poem. 18. The Introduction (pages 89 and 90) gives various motives for seeking adventures; do you think the Knights and the Vikings had the same motive? 19. How does this ballad differ from a folk ballad, such as "Sir Patrick Spens"? 20. Pronounce the following: daunt; palms; alms; haunt; launched.

Phrases

rude armor, **171**, 3
fleshless palms, **171**, 6
cavernous eyes, **171**, 9
pale flashes, **171**, 10
heart's chamber, **171**, 16
poor whimpering hound, **172**, 3
frozen lair, **172**, 5
souls that sped, **172**, 18
measured in cups of ale, **172**, 26
soft splendor, **173**, 4
vows were plighted, **173**, 8
lips unshorn, **173**, 26
death without quarter, **174**, 24
wings aslant, **174**, 29
open main, **175**, 1
stretching to leeward, **175**, 8
time dried the maiden's tears, **175**, 14
stagnant fen, **175**, 22
warlike gear, **175**, 26
flowing bowl, **176**, 1

THE THREE FISHERS

CHARLES KINGSLEY

Three fishers went sailing away to the West,
Away to the West as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work and women must weep,
And there's little to earn and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall and they looked at the shower,
And the nightrack came rolling up ragged and brown;
But men must work and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town;
For men must work and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Charles Kingsley (1819-1875), clergyman, lecturer, poet, and novelist, was born in Dartmoor, England. During his earlier years he lived in the beautiful Fen Country, the scenery of which made a deep impression on him. He was a friend of Tennyson and a poet of real excellence. His ballads, "The Three Fishers" and "The Sands of Dee," are widely read and admired, and his novel *Westward Ho!* is a brilliant narrative of adventure. In "The Three Fishers" he shows that he has studied the fisher folk of his native country and sees with genuine sympathy their hard life and the courage that enables them to brave the perils of the sea.

Discussion. 1. What does the poem tell you about the three fishers? 2. What does it suggest? 3. Where could a stanza be inserted to tell a part of the story that is only suggested? 4. Do you think this would improve the poem? 5. What signs were there of an approaching storm? 6. Why does the occupation of deep-sea fishers train them to understand signs indicating changes in the weather? 7. Why did these fishers go out to sea notwithstanding signs of a storm? 8. What other thought do you think was in their minds as "Each thought on the woman who loved him best"? 9. What idea of the deep-sea fishers does this poem give you? 10. What idea of the sea? 11. What other poems do you know that tell of life on the sea? 12. What idea of the sea does each give?

Phrases

harbor bar be moaning, **177**, 7
nightrack came rolling, **177**, 11
morning gleam, **177**, 16
the sooner to sleep, **177**. 20

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

THOMAS CAMPBELL

A chieftain to the Highlands bound
Cries "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry!"

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride—
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief, I'm ready;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of Heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode arméd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
When, oh! too strong for human hand
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing;
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—Oh, my daughter!"

'T was vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS.

Biography. Thomas Campbell (1777-1844) was a popular Scottish poet. He was born in Glasgow, his father being a prominent merchant of that city. At an early age Campbell began to write poetry, and at twenty-one had published "The Pleasures of Hope," a poem that was received with much favor. He excelled in war poetry, his "Hohenlinden", "The Battle of the Baltic", and "Ye Mariners of England" being the most widely read. His ballads "Lochiel" and "Lord Ullin's Daughter" are the best known. Campbell is remembered not alone for these stirring narrative poems, but also for the excellence of favorite lines that he wrote, such as "To live in the hearts we leave behind is not to die," and " 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

Discussion. 1. Tell briefly the story of the poem. 2. What picture do the first two stanzas give you? 3. What reason did the boatman give for saying he would row them over the ferry? 4. What change of time do you notice in the tenth stanza? 5. What does the eleventh stanza tell you? 6. Which stanza tells you of the tragedy? 7. What other poems of the sea have you read in this book? 8. What characteristics of the ballad has this poem?

Phrases

to the Highlands bound, **178**, 1
stain the heather, **178**, 12
hardy Highland wight, **179**, 1
raging white, **179**, 7
grew loud apace, **179**, 9
in the scowl of Heaven, **179**, 11
waters fast prevailing, **179**, 26
fatal shore, **179**, 27

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW

JOHN G. WHITTIER

Pipes of the misty moorlands,
  Voice of the glens and hills,
The droning of the torrents,
  The treble of the rills!
Not the braes of broom and heather,
  Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
  Have heard your sweetest strain!

Dear to the Lowland reaper,
  And plaided mountaineer,
To the cottage and the castle
  The Scottish pipes are dear;
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
  O'er mountain, loch, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
  The Pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger
  Louder yelled, and nearer crept;
Round and round the jungle-serpent
  Near and nearer circles swept.
"Pray for rescue, wives and mothers—
  Pray today!" the soldier said;
"Tomorrow, death's between us
  And the wrong and shame we dread."

O they listened, looked, and waited,
  Till their hope became despair;
And the sobs of low bewailing
  Filled the pauses of their prayer.

Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground:
"Dinna ye hear it?—dinna ye hear it?
The pipes o' Havelock sound!"

Hushed the wounded man his groaning;
Hushed the wife her little ones;
Alone they heard the drum-roll
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true;
As her mother's cradle-crooning
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbell's call;
"Hark! hear ye no' MacGregor's,
The grandest o' them all!"

O they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the piper's blast!
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's;
"God be praised!—the March of Havelock!
The piping of the clans!"

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,
Stinging all the air to life.

But when the far-off dust-cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely
The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
The air of Auld Lang Syne.
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
Rose that sweet and homelike strain;
And the tartan clove the turban,
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper
And plaided mountaineer,
To the cottage and the castle
The piper's song is dear.
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain, glen, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The Pipes at Lucknow played!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography, see page 60.

Historical Note. The Indian Mutiny was the great revolt of the Bengal native army (the Sepoys) against the British rule in 1857. At Lucknow, in northern India, the English were almost overcome. The town, defended by a garrison of only 1720 men, who were protecting many women and children, was besieged by a greatly superior number. The defense, nevertheless, was maintained from the 30th of June to the 26th of September, when the relief column under the Scottish general, Sir Henry Havelock, preceded by the music of the bagpipes, reached the city.

Discussion. 1. What stanzas picture Scotland and the feeling her people have for the music of the bagpipe? 2. What contrasts show how universal this feeling is? 3. In the first stanza, what is this music said to be like? 4. What do you know about the bagpipe that makes this comparison especially apt? 5. The poem tells a story; with what stanzas does

the story begin and end? 6. What relation to this story have the first two stanzas? 7. What do you know of the Indian Mutiny that helps you to understand this story? 8. Who first heard the sound of the pipes? 9. How is this accounted for? 10. What did this sound mean to her? 11. Read the stirring lines that give the spirit of the martial music of the pipes. 12. Why did the piper change to the air "Auld Lang Syne"? What stanzas picture the feeling of those who heard this music? 13. What people wear the "tartan"? The "turban"? 14. What is the most interesting point in the story? 15. Does the story make clear the poet's reason for saying that the "sweetest strain" the pipes ever played was at Lucknow?

Phrases

droning of the torrents, **181**, 3
treble of the rills, **181**, 4
braes of broom, **181**, 5
plaided mountaineer, **181**, 10
ancient pibroch, **181**, 13
the Indian tiger, **181**, 17
jungle-serpent, **181**, 19
low bewailing, **181**, 27
cradle-crooning, **182**, 11
vision of the seer, **182**, 14
fierce as vengeance, **182**, 29
Moslem mosque, **183**, 6
pagan shrine, **183**, 6
Goomtee cleaves the plain, **183**, 12

SPANISH WATERS

JOHN MASEFIELD

Spanish waters, Spanish waters, you are ringing in my ears,
Like a slow sweet piece of music from the gray forgotten years;
Telling tales, and beating tunes, and bringing weary thought to me
Of the sandy beach at Muertos, where I would that I could be.

There's a surf breaks on Los Muertos, and it never stops to roar,
And it's there we came to anchor, and it's there we went ashore,
Where the blue lagoon is silent amid snags of rotting trees,
Dropping like the clothes of corpses cast up by the seas.

We anchored at Los Muertos when the dipping sun was red,
We left her half-a-mile to sea, to west of Nigger Head;
And before the mist was on the Cay, before the day was done,
We were all ashore on Muertos with the gold that we had won.

We bore it through the marshes in a half-score battered chests,
Sinking, in the sucking quagmires, to the sunburn on our breasts,
Heaving over tree-trunks, gasping, damning at the flies and heat,
Longing for a long drink, out of silver, in the ship's cool lazareet.

The moon came white and ghostly as we laid the treasure down,
There was gear there'd make a beggarman as rich as Lima Town,
Copper charms and silver trinkets from the chests of Spanish crews,
Gold doubloons and double moydores, louis d'ors and ortagues.

Clumsy yellow-metal earrings from the Indians of Brazil,
Uncut emeralds out of Rio, bezoar stone from Guayaquil,
Silver, in the crude and fashioned, pots of old Arica bronze,
Jewels from the bones of Incas desecrated by the Dons.

We smoothed the place with mattocks, and we took and blazed the tree,
Which marks yon where the gear is hid that none will ever see,
And we laid aboard the ship again, and south away we steers,
Through the loud surf of Los Muertos which is beating in my ears.

I'm the last alive that knows it. All the rest have gone their ways,
Killed, or died, or come to anchor in the old Mulatas Cays,
And I go singing, fiddling, old and starved and in despair,
And I know where all that gold is hid, if I were only there.

It's not the way to end it all. I'm old and nearly blind,
And an old man's past's a strange thing, for it never leaves his mind.
And I see in dreams, awhiles, the beach, the sun's disc dipping red,
And the tall ship, under topsails, swaying in past Nigger Head.

I'd be glad to step ashore there. Glad to take a pick and go
To the lone blazed coco-palm tree in the place no others know,
And lift the gold and silver that has moldered there for years
By the loud surf of Los Muertos which is beating in my ears.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. John Masefield (1875– —) is an English poet and playwright. When a small boy he had a mania for running away from home; to satisfy this longing his father sent him to sea when he was fourteen years old, in charge of the captain of a sailing vessel. During his travels he collected much material which he afterward used in his poems. On one of his trips he landed in New York City, where he acquired considerable knowledge of American customs. Next to Kipling he is England's greatest singer of her "Seven Seas and Five Oceans."

Early in 1916 Masefield came to the United States on a lecture tour which aroused much interest in him and his writings. During the recent World War he served in France in connection with the Red Cross. He also served in the campaign on the Gallipoli Peninsula and wrote a splendid account of that unfortunate undertaking.

Discussion. 1. Who is addressed in the first stanza? 2. What comparison do you find in this stanza? 3. Tell the story in your own words. 4. Where was the treasure secured? 5. What marks of the ballad do you find in this poem? 6. What do you particularly like in this poem? 7. Pronounce the following: quagmires; palm.

Phrases

gray forgotten years, **184,** 2
bringing weary thought, **184,** 3
sunburn on our breasts, **185,** 2
rich as Lima Town, **185,** 6
in the crude and fashioned, **185,** 11
laid aboard the ship, **185,** 15

KILMENY

(A Song of the Trawlers)

ALFRED NOYES

Dark, dark lay the drifters, against the red west,
As they shot their long meshes of steel overside;
And the oily green waters were rocking to rest
When *Kilmeny* went out, at the turn of the tide.
And nobody knew where that lassie would roam,
For the magic that called her was tapping unseen.
It was well nigh a week ere *Kilmeny* came home,
And nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

She'd a gun at her bow that was Newcastle's best,
And a gun at her stern that was fresh from the Clyde,
And a secret her skipper had never confessed,
Not even at dawn, to his newly wed bride;
And a wireless that whispered above like a gnome,
The laughter of London, the boasts of Berlin.
O it may have been mermaids that lured her from home,
But nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

It was dark when *Kilmeny* came home from her quest,
With her bridge dabbled red where her skipper had died;
But she moved like a bride with a rose at her breast;
And "Well done, *Kilmeny!*" the admiral cried.
Now at sixty-four fathom a conger may come,
And nose at the bones of a drowned submarine;
But late in the evening *Kilmeny* came home,
And nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

There's a wandering shadow that stares at the foam,
Though they sing all the night to old England, their queen,
Late, late in the evening *Kilmeny* came home,
And nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Alfred Noyes (1880——), an English poet, lives in London. He was educated at Oxford, where for three years he rowed on the college crew. As soon as his college days were over he devoted himself to literature, contributing to many English magazines. During the World War he wrote many stirring poems, of which "Kilmeny" is among the best. In 1918-1919 Mr. Noyes was professor of literature in Princeton University.

Discussion. 1. What picture does the first stanza give you? 2. What suggests to you the work in which the trawler was engaged? 3. Which stanza suggests the result of *Kilmeny's* trip? 4. What was the magic that called *Kilmeny* to the quest? 5. What other poems of the sea have you read in this book? 6. Tell what you know about the author.

Phrases

against the red west, **186**, 1
long meshes of steel, **186**, 2
turn of the tide, **186**, 4
Newcastle's best, **187**, 1
like a gnome, **187**, 5
wandering shadow, **187**, 17

THE GUARDS CAME THROUGH

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Men of the Twenty-first
  Up by the Chalk Pit Wood,
Weak with our wounds and our thirst,
  Wanting our sleep and our food,
After a day and a night—
  God, shall we ever forget!
Beaten and broke in the fight,
  But sticking it—sticking it yet.
Trying to hold the line,
  Fainting and spent and done,
Always the thud and the whine,
  Always the yell of the Hun!
Northumberland, Lancaster, York,
  Durham, and Somerset,
Fighting alone, worn to the bone,
  But sticking it—sticking it yet.

Never a message of hope!
  Never a word of cheer!
Fronting Hill 70's shell-swept slope,
  With the dull dead plain in our rear.
Always the whine of the shell,
  Always the roar of its burst,
Always the tortures of hell,
  As waiting and wincing we cursed
Our luck and the guns and the *Boche,*
  When our Corporal shouted, "Stand to!"
And I heard someone cry, "Clear the front for the Guards!"
And the Guards came through.

Our throats they were parched and hot,
  But Lord, if you'd heard the cheers!
Irish and Welsh and Scot,
  Coldstream and Grenadiers.
Two brigades, if you please,
  Dressing as straight as a hem,
We—we were down on our knees,
  Praying for us and for them!
Lord, I could speak for a week,
  But how could you understand!
How should *your* cheeks be wet,
  Such feelin's don't come to *you.*
But when can we or my mates forget,
  When the Guards came through?

"Five yards left extend!"
  It passed from rank to rank.
Line after line with never a bend,
  And a touch of the London swank.
A trifle of swank and dash,
  Cool as a home parade,
Twinkle and glitter and flash,
  Flinching never a shade,
With the shrapnel right in their face
  Doing their Hyde Park stunt,
Keeping their swing at an easy pace,
  Arms at the trail, eyes front!
Man, it was great to see!
  Man, it was fine to do!
It's a cot and a hospital ward for me,
But I'll tell 'em in Blighty, wherever I be,
  How the Guards came through.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (1859-—) is an English author. He was educated in Stonyhurst College and at the University of Edinburgh. In 1885 he was graduated as a doctor of medicine and soon afterwards began practice. It was about this time that his first book, *A Study in Scarlet,* was published. His greatest success came with the publication of *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes,* a collection of detective stories that introduced a character who has become as famous as if he had actually lived. Other books that have added to his fame are *The Lost World, The New Revelation,* and *The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes.* He has written many interesting articles on the World War, particularly descriptions of the western campaigns. In 1902 he was knighted.

Discussion. 1. Who is supposed to be telling the story? 2. Why were the soldiers of the Twenty-first so disheartened? 3. What effect upon them had the arrival of the Guards? 4. Do you think that you would have felt like cheering if you had been a soldier of the Twenty-first? 5. What effect upon you has the line "Dressing as straight as a hem"? 6. What picture does the last stanza give you? 7. Does the poet make you see the Guards as they came through? 8. What do the last three lines suggest? 9. What does "Blighty" mean to you? 10. Why does the one who is telling the story say that *we* could not understand?

Phrases

shell-swept slope, **188,** 19
waiting and wincing, **188,** 24
swank and dash, **189,** 19
arms at the trail, **189,** 26

A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTROM

EDGAR ALLAN POE

MY FIRST VIEW OF THE MAELSTROM

We had now reached the summit of the loftiest crag. For some minutes the old man seemed too much exhausted to speak.

"Not long ago," said he at length, "and I could have guided you on this route as well as the youngest of my sons; but, about three years past, there happened to me an event such as never happened before to mortal man—or at least such as no man ever survived to tell of—and the six hours of deadly terror which I then endured have broken me up, body and soul. You suppose me a *very* old man—but I am not. It took less than a single day to change these hairs from a jetty black to white, to weaken my limbs, and to unstring my nerves, so that I tremble at the least exertion, and am frightened at a shadow. Do you know I can scarcely look over this little cliff without getting giddy?"

The "little cliff," upon whose edge he had so carelessly thrown himself down to rest that the weightier portion of his body hung over it, while he was only kept from falling by the tenure of his

elbow on its extreme and slippery edge—this "little cliff" arose, a sheer unobstructed precipice of black shining rock, some fifteen or sixteen hundred feet from the world of crags beneath us. Nothing would have tempted me to within half a dozen yards of its brink. In truth, so deeply was I excited by the perilous position of my companion, that I fell at full length upon the ground, clung to the shrubs around me, and dared not even glance upward at the sky—while I struggled in vain to divest myself of the idea that the very foundations of the mountain were in danger from the fury of the winds. It was long before I could reason myself into sufficient courage to sit up and look out into the distance.

"You must get over these fancies," said the guide, "for I have brought you here that you might have the best possible view of the scene of that event I mentioned—and to tell you the whole story with the spot just under your eye.

"We are now," he continued, in that particularizing manner which distinguished him—"we are now close upon the Norwegian coast—in the sixty-eighth degree of latitude—in the great province of Nordland—and in the dreary district of Lofoden. The mountain upon whose top we sit is Helseggen, the Cloudy. Now raise yourself up a little higher—hold on to the grass if you feel giddy—so—and look out, beyond the belt of vapor beneath us, into the sea."

I looked dizzily, and beheld a wide expanse of ocean, whose waters wore so inky a hue as to bring at once to my mind the Nubian geographer's account of the *Mare Tenebrarum*. A panorama more deplorably desolate no human imagination can conceive. To the right and left, as far as the eye could reach, there lay outstretched, like ramparts of the world, lines of horridly black and beetling cliff, whose character of gloom was but the more forcibly illustrated by the surf which reared high up against it, its white and ghastly crest, howling and shrieking forever. Just opposite the promontory upon whose apex we were placed, and at a distance of some five or six miles out at sea, there was visible a small, bleak-looking island; or, more properly, its position was discernible through the wilderness of surge in which it was envel-

oped. About two miles nearer the land arose another of smaller size, hideously craggy and barren, and encompassed at various intervals by a cluster of dark rocks.

The appearance of the ocean, in the space between the more distant island and the shore, had something very unusual about it. Although, at the time, so strong a gale was blowing landward that a brig in the remote offing lay to under a double-reefed try-sail, and constantly plunged her whole hull out of sight, still there was here nothing like a regular swell, but only a short, quick, angry cross-dashing of water in every direction—as well in the teeth of the wind as otherwise. Of foam there was little except in the immediate vicinity of the rocks.

"The island in the distance," resumed the old man, "is called by the Norwegians Vurrgh. The one midway is Moskoe. That a mile to the northward is Ambaaren. Yonder are Iflesen, Hoey-holm, Kieldholm, Suarven, and Buckholm. Farther off—between Moskoe and Vurrgh—are Otterholm, Flimen, Sandflesen, and Skarholm. These are the true names of the places—but why it had been thought necessary to name them at all is more than either you or I can understand. Do you hear anything? Do you see any change in the water?"

We had now been about ten minutes upon the top of Helseggen, to which we had ascended from the interior of Lofoden, so that we had caught no glimpse of the sea until it had burst upon us from the summit. As the old man spoke, I became aware of a loud and gradually increasing sound, like the moaning of a vast herd of buffaloes upon an American prairie; and at the same moment I perceived that what seamen term the *chopping* character of the ocean beneath us, was rapidly changing into a current which set to the eastward. Even while I gazed, this current acquired a monstrous velocity. Each moment added to its speed—to its headlong impetuosity. In five minutes the whole sea, as far as Vurrgh, was lashed into ungovernable fury; but it was between Moskoe and the coast that the main uproar held its sway. Here the vast bed of the waters, seamed and scarred into a thousand conflicting channels, burst suddenly into frenzied convulsion—

heaving, boiling, hissing—gyrating in gigantic and innumerable vortices, and all whirling and plunging on to the eastward with a rapidity which water never elsewhere assumes, except in precipitous descents.

In a few minutes more, there came over the scene another radical alteration. The general surface grew somewhat more smooth, and the whirlpools, one by one, disappeared, while prodigious streaks of foam became apparent where none had been seen before. These streaks, at length, spreading out to a great distance, and entering into combination, took unto themselves the gyratory motion of the subsided vortices, and seemed to form the germ of another more vast. Suddenly—very suddenly—this assumed a distinct and definite existence, in a circle of more than a mile in diameter. The edge of the whirl was represented by a broad belt of gleaming spray; but no particle of this slipped into the mouth of the terrific funnel, whose interior, as far as the eye could fathom it, was a smooth, shining, and jet-black wall of water, inclined to the horizon at an angle of some forty-five degrees, speeding dizzily round and round with a swaying and sweltering motion, and sending forth to the winds an appalling voice, half shriek, half roar, such as not even the mighty cataract of Niagara ever lifts up in its agony to Heaven.

The mountain trembled to its very base, and the rock rocked. I threw myself upon my face, and clung to the scant herbage in an excess of nervous agitation.

"This," said I at length, to the old man—"this *can* be nothing else than the great whirlpool of the Maelstrom."

"So it is sometimes termed," said he. "We Norwegians call it the Moskoe-strom, from the island of Moskoe in the midway."

The ordinary accounts of this vortex had by no means prepared me for what I saw. That of Jonas Ramus, which is perhaps the most circumstantial of any, cannot impart the faintest conception either of the magnificence or of the horror of the scene—or of the wild bewildering sense of *the novel* which confounds the beholder. I am not sure from what point of view the writer in question surveyed it, nor at what time; but it could neither have been from the summit of Helseggen, nor during a storm. There

are some passages of his description, nevertheless, which may be quoted for their details, although their effect is exceedingly feeble in conveying an impression of the spectacle.

"Between Lofoden and Moskoe," he says, "the depth of the water is between thirty-six and forty fathoms; but on the other side, toward Ver (Vurrgh), this depth decreases so as not to afford a convenient passage for a vessel, without the risk of splitting on the rocks, which happens even in the calmest weather. When it is flood, the stream runs up the country between Lofoden and Moskoe with a boisterous rapidity; but the roar of its impetuous ebb to the sea is scarce equaled by the loudest and most dreadful cataracts, the noise being heard several leagues off; and the vortices or pits are of such an extent and depth, that if a ship comes within its attraction, it is inevitably absorbed and carried down to the bottom, and there beat to pieces against the rocks; and when the water relaxes, the fragments thereof are thrown up again. But these intervals of tranquillity are only at the turn of the ebb and flood, and in calm weather, and last but a quarter of an hour, its violence gradually returning. When the stream is most boisterous, and its fury heightened by a storm, it is dangerous to come within a Norwegian mile of it. Boats, yachts, and ships have been carried away by not guarding against it before they were within its reach. It likewise happens frequently that whales come too near the stream, and are overpowered by its violence; and then it is impossible to describe their howlings and bellowings in their fruitless struggles to disengage themselves. A bear once, attempting to swim from Lofoden to Moskoe, was caught by the stream and borne down, while he roared terribly, so as to be heard on shore. Large stocks of firs and pine trees, after being absorbed by the current, rise again broken and torn to such a degree as if bristles grew upon them. This plainly shows the bottom to consist of craggy rocks, among which they are whirled to and fro. This stream is regulated by the flux and reflux of the sea—it being constantly high and low water every six hours. In the year 1645, early in the morning of Sexagesima Sunday, it raged with such noise and impetuosity that the very stones of the houses on the coast fell to the ground."

In regard to the depth of the water, I could not see how this could have been ascertained at all in the immediate vicinity of the vortex. The "forty fathoms" must have reference only to portions of the channel close upon the shore either of Moskoe or Lofoden. The depth in the center of the Moskoe-strom must be immeasurably greater; and no better proof of this fact is necessary than can be obtained from even the sidelong glance into the abyss of the whirl which may be had from the highest crag of Helseggen. Looking down from this pinnacle upon the howling Phlegethon below, I could not help smiling at the simplicity with which the honest Jonas Ramus records, as a matter difficult of belief, the anecdotes of the whales and the bears; for it appeared to me, in fact, a self-evident thing that the largest ships of the line in existence, coming within the influence of that deadly attraction, could resist it as little as a feather the hurricane, and must disappear bodily and at once.

The attempts to account for the phenomenon—some of which, I remember, seemed to me sufficiently plausible in perusal—now wore a very different and unsatisfactory aspect. The idea generally received is that this, as well as three smaller vortices among the Faroe Islands, "have no other cause than the collision of waves rising and falling, at flux and reflux, against a ridge of rocks and shelves, which confines the water so that it precipitates itself like a cataract; and thus the higher the flood rises, the deeper must the fall be, and the natural result of all is a whirlpool or vortex, the prodigious suction of which is sufficiently known by lesser experiments."—These are the words of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. Kircher and others imagine that in the center of the channel of the Maelstrom is an abyss penetrating the globe, and issuing in some very remote part—the Gulf of Bothnia being somewhat decidedly named in one instance. This opinion, idle in itself, was the one to which, as I gazed, my imagination most readily assented; and, mentioning it to the guide, I was rather surprised to hear him say that, although it was the view almost universally entertained of the subject by the Norwegians, it nevertheless was not his own. As to the former notion he confessed his inability to comprehend it; and here I agreed with

him—for, however conclusive on paper, it becomes altogether unintelligible, and even absurd, amid the thunder of the abyss.

THE GUIDE'S MARVELOUS TALE

"You have had a good look at the whirl now," said the old man, "and if you will creep round this crag, so as to get in its lee, and deaden the roar of the water, I will tell you a story that will convince you I ought to know something of the Moskoe-strom."

I placed myself as desired, and he proceeded.

"Myself and my two brothers once owned a schooner-rigged smack of about seventy tons burden, with which we were in the habit of fishing among the islands beyond Moskoe, nearly to Vurrgh. In all violent eddies at sea there is good fishing, at proper opportunities, if one has only the courage to attempt it; but among the whole of the Lofoden coastmen we three were the only ones who made a regular business of going out to the islands, as I tell you. The usual grounds are a great way lower down to the southward. There fish can be got at all hours, without much risk, and therefore these places are preferred. The choice spots over here among the rocks, however, not only yield the finest variety, but in far greater abundance; so that we often got in a single day what the more timid of the craft could not scrape together in a week. In fact, we made it a matter of desperate speculation—the risk of life standing instead of labor, and courage answering for capital.

"We kept the smack in a cove about five miles higher up the coast than this; and it was our practice, in fine weather, to take advantage of the fifteen minutes' slack to push across the main channel of the Moskoe-strom, far above the pool, and then drop down upon anchorage somewhere near Otterholm, or Sandflesen, where the eddies are not so violent as elsewhere. Here we used to remain until nearly time for slack water again, when we weighed and made for home. We never set out upon this expedition without a steady side wind for going and coming—one that we felt sure would not fail us before our return—and we seldom made a miscalculation upon this point. Twice, during six years, we were forced to stay all night at anchor on account of a dead calm, which

is a rare thing indeed just about here; and once we had to remain on the ground nearly a week, starving to death, owing to a gale which blew up shortly after our arrival, and made the channel too boisterous to be thought of. Upon this occasion we should have been driven out to sea in spite of everything (for the whirlpools threw us round and round so violently that, at length, we fouled our anchor and dragged it) if it had not been that we drifted into one of the innumerable cross currents—here today and gone tomorrow—which drove us under the lee of Flimen, where, by good luck, we brought up.

"I could not tell you the twentieth part of the difficulties we encountered 'on the ground'—it is a bad spot to be in, even in good weather—but we made shift always to run the gauntlet of the Moskoe-strom itself without accident; although at times my heart has been in my mouth when we happened to be a minute or so behind or before the slack. The wind sometimes was not as strong as we thought it at starting, and then we made rather less way than we could wish, while the current rendered the smack unmanageable. My eldest brother had a son eighteen years old, and I had two stout boys of my own. These would have been of great assistance at such times, in using the sweeps, as well as afterward in fishing—but, somehow, although we ran the risk ourselves, we had not the heart to let the young ones get into the danger—for, after all said and done, it *was* a horrible danger, and that is the truth.

"It is now within a few days of three years since what I am going to tell you occurred. It was on the tenth of July, 18—, a day which the people of this part of the world will never forget—for it was one in which blew the most terrible hurricane that ever came out of the heavens. And yet all the morning, and indeed until late in the afternoon, there was a gentle and steady breeze from the southwest, while the sun shone brightly, so that the oldest seaman among us could not have foreseen what was to follow.

"The three of us—my two brothers and myself—had crossed over to the islands about two o'clock P.M., and soon nearly loaded the smack with fine fish, which, we all remarked, were more plenty

that day than we had ever known them. It was just seven, *by my watch*, when we weighed and started for home, so as to make the worst of the Strom at slack water, which we knew would be at eight.

"We set out with a fresh wind on our starboard quarter, and for some time spanked along at a great rate, never dreaming of danger, for indeed we saw not the slightest reason to apprehend it. All at once we were taken aback by a breeze from over Helseggen. This was most unusual—something that had never happened to us before—and I began to feel a little uneasy, without exactly knowing why. We put the boat on the wind, but could make no headway at all for the eddies, and I was upon the point of proposing to return to the anchorage, when, looking astern, we saw the whole horizon covered with a singular copper-covered cloud that rose with the most amazing velocity.

"In the meantime the breeze that had headed us off fell away, and we were dead becalmed, drifting about in every direction. This state of things, however, did not last long enough to give us time to think about it. In less than a minute the storm was upon us—in less than two the sky was entirely overcast—and what with this and the driving spray, it became suddenly so dark that we could not see each other in the smack.

"Such a hurricane as then blew it is folly to attempt describing. The oldest seaman in Norway never experienced anything like it. We had let our sails go by the run before it cleverly took us; but, at the first puff, both our masts went by the board as if they had been sawed off—the mainmast taking with it my youngest brother, who had lashed himself to it for safety.

"Our boat was the lightest feather of a thing that ever sat upon water. It had a complete flush deck, with only a small hatch near the bow, and this hatch it had always been our custom to batten down when about to cross the Strom, by way of precaution against the chopping seas. But for this circumtance we should have foundered at once—for we lay entirely buried for some moments. How my elder brother escaped destruction I cannot say, for I never had an opportunity of ascertaining. For my part, as soon as I had let the foresail run, I threw myself

flat on deck, with my feet against the narrow gunwale of the bow, and with my hands grasping a ringbolt near the foot of the foremast. It was mere instinct that prompted me to do this—which was undoubtedly the very best thing I could have done—for I was too much flurried to think.

SWEPT INTO THE MAELSTROM

"For some moments we were completely deluged, as I say, and all this time I held my breath, and clung to the bolt. When I could stand it no longer I raised myself upon my knees, still keeping hold with my hands, and thus got my head clear. Presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself, in some measure, of the seas. I was now trying to get the better of the stupor that had come over me, and to collect my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother, and my heart leaped for joy, for I had made sure that he was overboard—but the next moment all this joy was turned into horror—for he put his mouth close to my ear, and screamed out the word *'Moskoe-strom!'*

"No one will ever know what my feelings were at that moment. I shook from head to foot as if I had had the most violent fit of the ague. I knew what he meant by that one word well enough—I knew what he wished to make me understand. With the wind that now drove us on, we were bound for the whirl of the Strom, and nothing could save us!

"You perceive that in crossing the Strom *channel,* we always went a long way up above the whirl, even in the calmest weather, and then had to wait and watch carefully for the slack—but now we were driving right upon the pool itself, and in such a hurricane as this! 'To be sure,' I thought, 'we shall get there just about the slack—there is some little hope in that'—but in the next moment I cursed myself for being so great a fool as to dream of hope at all. I knew very well that we were doomed, had we been ten times a ninety-gun ship.

"By this time the first fury of the tempest had spent itself, or perhaps we did not feel it so much as we scudded before it;

but at all events the seas, which at first had been kept down by the wind, and lay flat and frothing, now got up into absolute mountains. A singular change, too, had come over the heavens. Around in every direction it was still black as pitch, but nearly overhead there burst out, all at once, a circular rift of clear sky—as clear as I ever saw—and of a deep bright blue—and through it there blazed forth the full moon with a luster that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up everything about us with the greatest distinctness—but, oh, God, what a scene it was to light up!

"I now made one or two attempts to speak to my brother—but, in some manner which I could not understand, the din had so increased that I could not make him hear a single word, although I screamed at the top of my voice in his ear. Presently he shook his head, looking as pale as death, and held up one of his fingers, as if to say *listen!*

"At first I could not make out what he meant—but soon a hideous thought flashed upon me. I dragged my watch from its fob. It was not going. I glanced at its face by the moonlight, and then burst into tears as I flung it far away into the ocean. *It had run down at seven o'clock! We were behind the time of the slack, and the whirl of the Strom was in full fury!*

"When a boat is well built, properly trimmed, and not deep laden, the waves in a strong gale, when she is going large, seem always to slip from beneath her—which appears very strange to a landsman—and this is what is called *riding,* in sea phrase.

"Well, so far we had ridden the swells very cleverly; but presently a gigantic sea happened to take us right under the counter, and bore us with it as it rose—up—up—as if into the sky. I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high. And then down we came with a sweep, a slide, and a plunge, that made me feel sick and dizzy, as if I was falling from some lofty mountain-top in a dream. But while we were up I had thrown a quick glance around—and that one glance was all-sufficient. I saw our exact position in an instant. The Moskoe-strom whirlpool was about a quarter of a mile dead ahead—but no more like the everyday Moskoe-strom than the whirl as you now see

it is like a mill-race. If I had not known where we were, and what we had to expect, I should not have recognized the place at all. As it was, I involuntarily closed my eyes in horror. The lids clenched themselves together as if in a spasm.

"It could not have been more than two minutes afterwards until we suddenly felt the waves subside, and were enveloped in foam. The boat made a sharp half turn to larboard, and then shot off in its new direction like a thunderbolt. At the same moment the roaring noise of the water was completely drowned in a kind of shrill shriek—such a sound as you might imagine given out by the water-pipes of many thousand steam vessels, letting off their steam all together. We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the whirl; and I thought, of course, that another moment would plunge us into the abyss—down which we could only see indistinctly on account of the amazing velocity with which we were borne along. The boat did not seem to sink into the water at all, but to skim like an air-bubble upon the surface of the surge. Her starboard side was next the whirl, and on the larboard arose the world of ocean we had left. It stood like a huge, writhing wall between us and the horizon.

"It may appear strange, but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed than when we were only approaching it. Having made up my mind to hope no more, I got rid of a great deal of that terror which unmanned me at first. I suppose it was despair that strung my nerves.

"It may look like boasting—but what I tell you is truth—I began to reflect how magnificent a thing it was to die in such a manner, and how foolish it was in me to think of so paltry a consideration as my own individual life, in view of so wonderful a manifestation of God's power. I do believe that I blushed with shame when this idea crossed my mind. After a little while I became possessed with the keenest curiosity about the whirl itself. I positively felt a *wish* to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make; and my principal grief was that I should never be able to tell my old companions on shore about the mysteries I should see. These, no doubt, were singular fancies to occupy a man's mind in such extremity—and I have often

thought since, that the revolutions of the boat around the pool might have rendered me a little light-headed.

"There was another circumstance which tended to restore my self-possession; and this was the cessation of the wind, which could not reach us in our present situation—for, as you saw yourself, the belt of surf is considerably lower than the general bed of the ocean, and this latter now towered above us, a high, black, mountainous ridge. If you have never been at sea in a heavy gale, you can form no idea of the confusion of mind occasioned by the wind and spray together. They blind, deafen, and strangle you, and take away all power of action or reflection. But we were now, in a great measure, rid of these annoyances—just as death-condemned felons in prisons are allowed petty indulgences forbidden them while their doom is yet uncertain.

"How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible to say. We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, getting gradually more and more into the middle of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. All this time I had never let go of the ringbolt. My brother was at the stern, holding on to a small empty water-cask which had been securely lashed under the coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had not been swept overboard when the gale first took us. As we approached the brink of the pit he let go his hold upon this, and made for the ring, from which, in the agony of his terror, he endeavored to force my hands, as it was not large enough to afford us both a secure grasp. I never felt deeper grief than when I saw him attempt this act—although I knew he was a madman when he did it—a raving maniac through sheer fright. I did not care, however, to contest the point with him. I knew it could make no difference whether either of us held on at all; so I let him have the bolt, and went astern to the cask. This there was no great difficulty in doing; for the smack flew round steadily enough, and upon an even keel—only swaying to and fro, with the immense sweeps and swelters of the whirl. Scarcely had I secured myself in my new position, when we gave a wild lurch

to starboard, and rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and thought all was over.

"As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent, I had instinctively tightened my hold upon the barrel, and closed my eyes. For some seconds I dared not open them—while I expected instant destruction, and wondered that I was not already in my death-struggles with the water. But moment after moment elapsed. I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased; and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before, while in the belt of foam, with the exception that she now lay more along. I took courage and looked once again upon the scene.

"Never shall I forget the sensations of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the interior surface of a funnel vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony, but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth, as the rays of the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls, and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

"At first I was too much confused to observe anything accurately. The general burst of terrific grandeur was all that I beheld. When I recovered myself a little, however, my gaze fell instinctively downward. In this direction I was able to obtain an unobstructed view, from the manner in which the smack hung on the inclined surface of the pool. She was quite upon an even keel—that is to say, her deck lay in a plane parallel with that of the water—but this latter sloped at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, so that we seemed to be lying upon our beam-ends. I could not help observing, nevertheless, that I had scarcely more difficulty in maintaining my hold and footing in this situation, than if we had been upon a dead level; and this, I suppose, was owing to the speed at which we revolved.

"The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom of the profound gulf; but still I could make out nothing distinctly,

on account of a thick mist in which everything there was enveloped, and over which there hung a magnificent rainbow, like that narrow and tottering bridge which Mussulmans say is the only pathway between Time and Eternity. This mist, or spray, was no doubt occasioned by the clashing of the great walls of the funnel, as they all met together at the bottom—but the yell that went up to the heavens from out of that mist, I dare not attempt to describe.

"Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the belt of foam above, had carried us to a great distance down the slope; but our farther descent was by no means proportionate. Round and round we swept—not with any uniform movement, but in dizzying swings and jerks, that sent us sometimes only a few hundred yards—sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress downward, at each revolution, was slow, but very perceptible.

THE MARVELOUS ESCAPE

"Looking about me upon the wide waste of liquid ebony on which we were thus borne, I perceived that our boat was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building timber and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pieces of house furniture, broken boxes, barrels, and staves. I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terrors. It appeared to grow upon me as I drew nearer and nearer to my dreadful doom. I now began to watch, with a strange interest, the numerous things that floated in our company. I *must* have been delirious—for I even sought *amusement* in speculating upon the relative velocities of their several descents toward the foam below. 'This fir tree,' I found myself at one time saying, 'will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappears,'—and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant ship overtook it and went down before. At length, after making several guesses of this nature, and being deceived in all—this fact—the fact of my invariable miscalculation, set me upon a train of

reflection that made my limbs again tremble, and my heart beat heavily once more.

"It was not a new terror that thus affected me, but the dawn of a more exciting *hope*. This hope arose partly from memory, and partly from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoestrom. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way—so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters—but then I distinctly recollected that there were *some* of them which were not disfigured at all. Now I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been *completely absorbed*—that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or, from some reason, had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came, or of the ebb, as the case might be. I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might thus be whirled up again to the level of the ocean, without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early or absorbed more rapidly. I made, also, three important observations. The first was, that as a general rule, the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent; the second, that, between two masses of equal extent, the one spherical, and the other *of any other shape*, the superiority in speed of descent was with the sphere; the third, that, between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical, and the other of any other shape, the cylinder was absorbed the more slowly. Since my escape, I have had several conversations on this subject with an old schoolmaster of the district; and it was from him that I learned the use of the words 'cylinder' and 'sphere.' He explained to me—although I have forgotten the explanation—how what I observed was, in fact, the natural consequence of the forms of the floating fragments, and showed me how it happened that a cylinder, swimming in a vortex, offered more resistance to its suction, and was drawn in with greater difficulty, than an equally bulky body, of any form whatever.

"There was one startling circumstance which went a great way in enforcing these observations, and rendering me anxious to turn them to account, and this was that, at every revolution, we passed something like a barrel, or else the yard or mast of a vessel, while many of these things, which had been on our level when I first opened my eyes upon the wonders of the whirlpool, were now high up above us, and seemed to have moved but little from their original station.

"I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention to signs, pointed to the floating barrels that came near us, and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do. I thought at length that he comprehended my design—but, whether this was the case or not, he shook his head despairingly, and refused to move from his station by the ringbolt. It was impossible to reach him; the emergency admitted of no delay; and so, with a bitter struggle, I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask by means of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated myself with it into the sea, without another moment's hesitation.

"The result was precisely what I had hoped it might be. As it is myself who now tells you this tale—as you see that I *did* escape—and as you are already in possession of the mode in which this escape was effected, and must therefore anticipate all that I have further to say—I will bring my story quickly to conclusion. It might have been an hour, or thereabout, after my quitting the smack, when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and, bearing my loved brother with it, plunged headlong, at once and forever, into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached sunk very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard, before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became momently less and less steep. The gyrations

of the whirl grew, gradually, less and less violent. By degrees, the froth and the rainbow disappeared, and the bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to uprise. The sky was clear, the winds had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where the pool of the Moskoe-strom *had been.* It was the hour of the slack, but the sea still heaved in mountainous waves from the effects of the hurricane. I was borne violently into the channel of the strom, and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast into the 'grounds' of the fishermen. A boat picked me up—exhausted from fatigue—and (now that the danger was removed) speechless from the memory of its horror. Those who drew me on board were my old mates and daily companions, but they knew me no more than they would have known a traveler from the spirit-land. My hair, which had been raven-black the day before, was as white as you see it now. They say, too, that the whole expression of my countenance had changed. I told them my story—they did not believe it. I now tell it to you—and I can scarcely expect you to put more faith in it than did the merry fishermen of Lofoden."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849) was the greatest poet and short story writer the South has produced. His parents belonged by profession to the stage; his mother was English and his father American by birth. Born in Boston, he was left an orphan at an early age, and was adopted by a Mr. Allan, a wealthy citizen of Richmond, Virginia. Poe was sent to school in London, and later he attended the University of Virginia, and the military academy at West Point. Mr. Allan lavished money and other inducements upon him in vain efforts to get him to settle down to a permanent profession, but finally abandoned him to his own resources. From that time on, Poe eked out a living by publishing poems and tales, by contributions to newspapers and magazines, and by editorial work. But he was too erratic in his habits to retain long either positions or friends. His writings, like his character, were weird, mysterious, haunted by brooding melancholy. But his poetry is perhaps the most purely musical of any in our language—for Poe believed that poetry should be the language of the

feelings rather than of thought, and that it should therefore seek to produce its effects through "harmony of sweet sounds" rather than through the meaning of its lines. His prose tales of mystery and adventure are remarkable for their imaginative and poetic style; they have served as models for many well known writers. Poe was the originator of the modern short story.

Poe's erratic, troubled life ended at Baltimore, in 1849, in the fortieth year of his age. The pathos of it is well summed up in the inscription on a memorial tablet erected to him in the New York Museum of Art: "He was great in his genius, unhappy in his life, wretched in his death, but in his fame, immortal."

Discussion. 1. Locate the scene of this story on a map. 2. Read from the dictionary and encyclopedia to learn about whirlpools. 3. What do you learn from Jonas Ramus's description of the whirlpool? 4. How does the *Encyclopedia Britannica* account for the vortex? 5. What was the theory of Kircher? 6. How does the hero account for his apparent age? 7. Relate briefly in your own words the hero's story of his experience in the maelstrom. 8. What tempted him to brave the dangers of the whirlpool? 9. Account for his miscalculation of the time of the slack. 10. What three observations did the hero make while descending into the maelstrom? 11. How did he make his escape? 12. How does Poe try to give an idea of the noise of the whirlpool? 13. How does it differ from Hawthorne's description of the roar of Niagara? (See page 466.) 14. How had the "ordinary accounts of the vortex" prepared Poe to see it? 15. In what were these accounts of the vortex inadequate? 16. Compare this with Hawthorne's statement concerning what he had read of Niagara. 17. From this story what do you think of Poe's powers of imagination and description? 18. What other authors have you read that have similar powers? 19. Point out descriptions in this selection that you particularly like. 20. Pronounce the following: ungovernable; maelstrom; vortices; herbage; gauntlet; ague; buoyant.

Phrases

sheer unobstructed precipice, **192**, 4
particularizing manner, **192**, 18
deplorably desolate, **192**, 29
precipitous descents, **194**, 3
gleaming spray, **194**, 15
terrific funnel, **194**, 16
boisterous rapidity, **195**, 10
fruitless struggles, **195**, 26
flux and reflux, **195**, 33
immediate vicinity, **196**, 2
abyss of the whirl, **196**, 8
plausible in perusal, **196**, 18
collision of waves, **196**, 21
desperate speculation, **197**, 22
flood of golden glory, **204**, 20
terrific grandeur, **204**, 24
wide waste of liquid ebony, **205**, 17
the gyrations of the whirl, **207**, 37

THE WRECK OF THE GOLDEN MARY

CHARLES DICKENS

CHAPTER I—THE WRECK

RAVENDER TAKES COMMAND OF THE GOLDEN MARY

I was apprenticed to the Sea when I was twelve years old, and I have encountered a great deal of rough weather, both literal and metaphorical. It has always been my opinion since I first possessed such a thing as an opinion, that the man who knows only one subject is next tiresome to the man who knows no subject. Therefore, in the course of my life I have taught myself whatever I could, and although I am not an educated man, I am able, I am thankful to say, to have an intelligent interest in most things.

A person might suppose, from reading the above, that I am in the habit of holding forth about number one. That is not the case. Just as if I were to come into a room among strangers, and must either be introduced or introduce myself, so I have taken the liberty of passing these few remarks, simply and plainly that it may be known who and what I am. I will add no more of the sort than that my name is William George Ravender, that I was born at Penrith half a year after my own father was drowned, and that I am on the second day of this present blessed Christmas week of one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six, fifty-six years of age.

When the rumor first went flying up and down that there was gold in California—which, as most people know, was before it was discovered in the British colony of Australia—I was in the West Indies, trading among the Islands. Being in command and likewise part-owner of a smart schooner, I had my work cut out for me, and I was doing it. Consequently, gold in California was no business of mine.

But, by the time when I came home to England again, the

thing was as clear as your hand held up before you at noon-day. There was Californian gold in the museums and in the goldsmiths' shops, and the very first time I went upon 'Change, I met a friend of mine (a seafaring man like myself), with a Californian nugget hanging to his watch-chain. I handled it. It was as like a peeled walnut with bits unevenly broken off here and there, and then electrotyped all over, as ever I saw anything in my life.

I am a single man (she was too good for this world and for me, and she died six weeks before our marriage-day), so when I am ashore, I live in my house at Poplar. My house at Poplar is taken care of and kept ship-shape by an old lady who was my mother's maid before I was born. She is as handsome and as upright as any old lady in the world. She is as fond of me as if she had ever had an only son, and I were he. Well do I know wherever I sail that she never lays down her head at night without having said, "Merciful Lord! bless and preserve William George Ravender, and send him safe home, through Christ our Savior!" I have thought of it in many a dangerous moment, when it has done me no harm, I am sure.

In my house at Poplar, along with this old lady, I lived quiet for the best part of a year, having had a long spell of it among the Islands, and having (which was very uncommon in me) taken the fever rather badly. At last, being strong and hearty, and having read every book I could lay hold of right out, I was walking down Leadenhall Street in the City of London, thinking of turning-to again, when I met what I call Smithick and Watersby of Liverpool. I chanced to lift up my eyes from looking in at a ship's chronometer in a window, and I saw him bearing down upon me, head on.

It is, personally, neither Smithick, nor Watersby, that I here mention, nor was I ever acquainted with any man of either of those names, nor do I think that there has been any one of either of those names in that Liverpool House for years back. But, it is in reality the House itself that I refer to; and a wiser merchant or a truer gentleman never stepped.

"My dear Captain Ravender," says he. "Of all the men on earth, I wanted to see you most. I was on my way to you."

"Well!" says I. "That looks as if you *were* to see me, don't it?" With that I put my arm in his, and we walked on toward the Royal Exchange, and when we got there, walked up and down at the back of it where the Clock-Tower is. We walked an hour and more, for he had much to say to me. He had a scheme for chartering a new ship of their own to take out cargo to the diggers and emigrants in California, and to buy and bring back gold. Into the particulars of that scheme I will not enter, and I have no right to enter. All I say of it is, that it was a very original one, a very fine one, a very sound one, and a very lucrative one beyond doubt.

He imparted it to me as freely as if I had been a part of himself. After doing so, he made me the handsomest sharing offer that ever was made to me, boy or man—or I believe to any other captain in the Merchant Navy—and he took this round turn to finish with:

"Ravender, you are well aware that the lawlessness of that coast and country at present is as special as the circumstances in which it is placed. Crews of vessels outward bound desert as soon as they make the land; crews of vessels homeward bound, ship at enormous wages, with the express intention of murdering the captain and seizing the gold freight; no man can trust another, and the devil seems let loose. Now," says he, "you know my opinion of you, and you know I am only expressing it, and with no singularity, when I tell you that you are almost the only man on whose integrity, discretion, and energy—" etc., etc. For, I don't want to repeat what he said, though I was and am sensible of it.

Notwithstanding my being, as I have mentioned, quite ready for a voyage, still I had some doubts of this voyage. Of course I knew, without being told, that there were peculiar difficulties and dangers in it, a long way over and above those which attend all voyages. It must not be supposed that I was afraid to face them; but, in my opinion a man has no manly motive or sustainment in his own breast for facing dangers, unless he has well considered what they are, and is quietly able to say to himself, "None of these perils can now take me by surprise; I shall know what to

do for the best in any of them; all the rest lies in the higher and greater hands to which I humbly commit myself." On this principle I have so attentively considered (regarding it as my duty) all the hazards I have ever been able to think of, in the ordinary way of storm, shipwreck, and fire at sea, that I hope I should be prepared to do in any of those cases whatever could be done, to save the lives entrusted to my charge.

As I was thoughtful, my good friend proposed that he should leave me to walk there as long as I liked, and that I should dine with him by-and-by at his club in Pall Mall. I accepted the invitation and I walked up and down there, quarter-deck fashion, a matter of a couple of hours; now and then looking up at the weathercock as I might have looked up aloft; and now and then taking a look into Cornhill, as I might have taken a look over the side.

All dinner-time, and all after dinner-time, we talked it over again. I gave him my views of his plan, and he very much approved of the same. I told him I had nearly decided, but not quite. "Well, well," says he, "come down to Liverpool tomorrow with me, and see the Golden Mary." I liked the name (her name was Mary, and she was golden, if golden stands for good), so I began to feel that it was almost done when I said I would go to Liverpool. On the next morning but one we were on board the Golden Mary. I might have known, from his asking me to come down and see her, what she was. I declare her to have been the completest and most exquisite Beauty that ever I set my eyes upon.

We had inspected every timber in her, and had come back to the gangway to go ashore from the dock-basin, when I put out my hand to my friend. "Touch upon it," says I, "and touch heartily. I take command of this ship and I am hers and yours, if I can get John Steadiman for my chief mate."

John Steadiman had sailed with me four voyages. The first voyage John was third mate out to China, and came home second. The other three voyages he was my first officer. At this time of chartering the Golden Mary, he was aged thirty-two. A brisk, bright, blue-eyed fellow, a very neat figure and rather under the

middle size, never out of the way and never in it, a face that pleased everybody and that all children took to, a habit of going about singing as cheerily as a blackbird, and a perfect sailor.

We were in one of those Liverpool hackney-coaches in less than a minute, and we cruised about in her upwards of three hours, looking for John. John had come home from Van Diemen's Land barely a month before, and I had heard of him as taking a frisk in Liverpool. We asked after him, among many other places, at the two boarding-houses he was fondest of, and we found he had had a week's spell at each of them; but, he had gone here and gone there, and had set off "to lay out on the main-to'-gallant-yard of the highest Welsh mountain" (so he had told the people of the house), and where he might be then, or when he might come back nobody could tell us. But it was surprising, to be sure, to see how every face brightened the moment there was mention made of the name of Mr. Steadiman.

We were taken aback at meeting with no better luck, and we had wore ship and put her head for my friend's, when as we were jogging through the streets, I clap my eyes on John himself coming out of a toy-shop! He was carrying a little boy, and conducting two uncommon pretty women to their coach, and he told me afterwards that he had never in his life seen one of the three before, but that he was so taken with them on looking in at the toy-shop while they were buying the child a cranky Noah's Ark, very much down by the head, that he had gone in and asked the ladies' permission to treat him to a tolerably correct Cutter there was in the window, in order that such a handsome boy might not grow up with a lubberly idea of naval architecture.

We stood off and on until the ladies' coachman began to give way, and then we hailed John. On his coming aboard of us, I told him, very gravely, what I had said to my friend. It struck him, as he said himself, amidships. He was quite shaken by it. "Captain Ravender," were John Steadiman's words, "such an opinion from you is true commendation, and I'll sail around the world with you for twenty years if you hoist the signal, and stand by you for ever!" And now indeed I felt that it was done, and that the Golden Mary was afloat.

Grass never grew yet under the feet of Smithick and Watersby. The riggers were out of that ship in a fortnight's time, and we had begun taking in cargo. John was always aboard, seeing everything stowed with his own eyes; and whenever I went aboard myself early or late, whether he was below in the hold, or on deck at the hatchway, or overhauling his cabin, nailing up pictures in it of the Blush Roses of England, the Blue Belles of Scotland, and the female Shamrock of Ireland, of a certainty I heard John singing like a blackbird.

THE START FOR CALIFORNIA

We had room for twenty passengers. Our sailing advertisement was no sooner out, than we might have taken these twenty times over. In entering our men, I and John (both together) picked them, and we entered none but good hands—as good as were to be found in that port. And so, in a good ship of the best build, well owned, well arranged, well officered, well manned, well found in all respects, we parted with our pilot at a quarter past four o'clock in the afternoon of the seventh of March, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one, and stood with a fair wind out to sea.

It may be easily believed that up to that time I had had no leisure to be intimate with my passengers. The most of them were then in their berths seasick; however, in going among them, telling them what was good for them, persuading them not to be there, but to come up on deck and feel the breeze, and in rousing them with a joke, or a comfortable word, I made acquaintance with them, perhaps, in a more friendly and confidential way from the first, than I might have done at the cabin table.

Of my passengers, I need only particularize, just at present, a bright-eyed blooming young wife who was going out to join her husband in California, taking with her their only child, a little girl three years old, whom he had never seen; a sedate young woman in black, some five years older (about thirty as I should say), who was going out to join a brother; and an old gentleman, a good deal like a hawk if his eyes had been better and not so red, who was always talking, morning, noon, and night, about the gold

discovery. But, whether he was making the voyage, thinking his old arms could dig for gold, or whether his speculation was to buy it, or to barter for it, or to cheat for it, or to snatch it anyhow from other people, was his secret. He kept his secret.

These three and the child were the soonest well. The child was a most engaging child, to be sure, and very fond of me; though I am bound to admit that John Steadiman and I were borne on her pretty little books in reverse order, and that he was captain there, and I was mate. It was beautiful to watch her with John, and it was beautiful to watch John with her. Few would have thought it possible, to see John playing at Bo-peep round the mast, that he was the man who had caught up an iron bar and struck a Malay and a Maltese dead, as they were gliding with their knives down the cabin stair aboard the bark Old England, when the captain lay ill in his cot, off Sauger Point. But he was; and give him his back against a bulwark, he would have done the same by half a dozen of them. The name of the young mother was Mrs. Atherfield; the name of the young lady in black was Miss Coleshaw, and the name of the old gentleman was Mr. Rarx.

As the child had a quantity of shining fair hair, clustering in curls all around her face, and as her name was Lucy, Steadiman gave her the name of Golden Lucy. So, we had the Golden Lucy and the Golden Mary; and John kept up the idea to that extent as he and the child went playing about the decks, that I believe she used to think the ship was alive somehow—a sister or companion, going to the same place as herself. She liked to be by the wheel, and in fine weather, I have often stood by the man whose trick it was at the wheel, only to hear her, sitting near my feet, talking to the ship. Never had a child such a doll before, I suppose; but she made a doll of the Golden Mary, and used to dress her up by tying ribbons and little bits of finery to the belaying pins; and nobody ever moved them, unless it was to save them from being blown away.

Of course I took charge of the two young women, and I called them "my dear," and they never minded, knowing that whatever I said was said in a fatherly and protecting spirit. I gave them their places on each side of me at dinner, Mrs. Atherfield on my

right and Miss Coleshaw on my left; and I directed the unmarried lady to serve out the breakfast, and the married lady to serve out the tea. Likewise I said to my black steward in their presence, "Tom Snow, these two ladies are equally the mistresses of this house, and do you obey their orders equally"; at which Tom laughed, and they all laughed.

Old Mr. Rarx was not a pleasant man to look at, nor yet to talk to, or to be with, for no one could help seeing that he was a sordid and selfish character, and that he had warped further and further out of the straight with time. Not but what he was on his best behavior with us, as everybody was; for we had no bickering among us, for'ard or aft. I only mean to say, he was not the man one would have chosen for a messmate. If choice there had been, one might even have gone a few points out of one's course to say, "No! Not him!" But, there was one curious inconsistency in Mr. Rarx. That was, that he took an astonishing interest in the child. He looked, and I may add, he was, one of the last men to care at all for a child, or care much for any human creature. Still, he went so far as to be habitually uneasy, if the child was long on deck, out of his sight. He was always afraid of her falling overboard, or falling down a hatchway, or of a block or what not coming down upon her from the rigging in the working of the ship, or of her getting some hurt or other. He used to look at her and touch her, as if she was something precious to him. He was always solicitous about her not injuring her health, and constantly entreated her mother to be careful of it. This was so much the more curious, because the child did not like him, but used to shrink away from him, and would not even put out her hand to him without coaxing from others. I believe that every soul on board frequently noticed this, and not one of us understood it. However, it was such a plain fact, that John Steadiman said more than once when old Mr. Rarx was not within earshot, that if the Golden Mary felt a tenderness for the dear old gentleman she carried in her lap, she must be bitterly jealous of the Golden Lucy.

Before I go any further with this narrative, I will state that our ship was a bark of three hundred tons, carrying a crew of

eighteen men, a second mate in addition to John, a carpenter, an armorer or smith, and two apprentices (one a Scotch boy, poor little fellow). We had three boats; the Long-boat, capable of carrying twenty-five men; the Cutter, capable of carrying fifteen; and the Surf-boat, capable of carrying ten. I put down the capacity of these boats according to the numbers they were really meant to hold.

We had tastes of bad weather and head-winds, of course; but, on the whole, we had as fine a run as any reasonable man could expect, for sixty days. I then began to enter two remarks in the ship's Log and in my Journal; first, that there was an unusual and amazing quantity of ice; second, that the nights were most wonderfully dark in spite of the ice.

For five days and a half, it seemed quite useless and hopeless to alter the ship's course so as to stand out of the way of this ice. I made what southing I could; but, all that time, we were beset by it. Mrs. Atherfield, after standing by me on deck once, looking for some time in an awed manner at the great bergs that surrounded us, said in a whisper, "Oh! Captain Ravender, it looks as if the whole solid earth had changed into ice, and broken up!" I said to her, laughing, "I don't wonder that it does, to your inexperienced eyes, my dear." But I had never seen a twentieth part of the quantity, and, in reality, I was pretty much of her opinion.

However, at two P. M. on the afternoon of the sixth day, that is to say, when we were sixty-six days out, John Steadiman, who had gone aloft, sang out from the top, that the sea was clear ahead. Before four P. M. a strong breeze springing up right astern, we were in open water at sunset. The breeze then freshening into half a gale of wind, and the Golden Mary being a very fast sailer, we went before the wind merrily, all night.

I had thought it impossible that it could be darker than it had been, until the sun, moon, and stars should fall out of the Heavens, and Time should be destroyed; but, it had been next to light, in comparison with what it was now. The darkness was so profound, that looking into it was painful and oppressive—like looking, without a ray of light, into a dense black bandage put as close

before the eyes as it could be, without touching them. I doubled the lookout, and John and I stood in the bow side-by-side, never leaving it all night. Yet I should no more have known that he was near me when he was silent, without putting out my arm and touching him, than I should if he had turned in and been fast asleep below. We were not so much looking out, all of us, as listening to the utmost, both with our eyes and ears.

Next day, I found that the mercury in the barometer, which had risen steadily since we cleared the ice, remained steady. I had had very good observations, with now and then the interruption of a day or so, since our departure. I got the sun at noon. and found that we were in Lat. 58° S., Long. 60° W., off New South Shetland; in the neighborhood of Cape Horn. We were sixty-seven days out, that day. The ship's reckoning was accurately worked and made up. The ship did her duty admirably, all on board were well, and all hands were as smart, efficient, and contented as it was possible to be.

When the night came on again as dark as before, it was the eighth night I had been on deck. Nor had I taken more than a very little sleep in the daytime, my station being always near the helm, and often at it, while we were among the ice. Few but those who have tried it can imagine the difficulty and pain of only keeping the eyes open—physically open—under such circumstances, in such darkness. They get struck by the darkness, and blinded by the darkness. They make patterns in it, and they flash in it, as if they had gone out of your head to look at you. On the turn of midnight, John Steadiman, who was alert and fresh (for I had always made him turn in by day), said to me, "Captain Ravender I entreat of you to go below. I am sure you can hardly stand, and your voice is getting weak, sir. Go below, and take a little rest. I'll call you if a block chafes." I said to John in answer, "Well, well, John! Let us wait till the turn of one o'clock, before we talk about that." I had just had one of the ship's lanterns held up, that I might see how the night went by my watch, and it was then twenty minutes after twelve.

At five minutes before one, John sang out to the boy to bring the lantern again, and when I told him once more what the time

was, entreated and prayed of me to go below. "Captain Ravender," says he, "all's well; we can't afford to have you laid up for a single hour; and I respectfully and earnestly beg of you to go below." The end of it was, that I agreed to do so, on the understanding that if I failed to come up of my own accord within three hours, I was to be punctually called. Having settled that, I left John in charge. But I called him to me once afterwards, to ask him a question. I had been to look at the barometer, and had seen the mercury still perfectly steady, and had come up the companion again to take a last look about me—if I can use such a word in reference to such darkness—when I thought that the waves, as the Golden Mary parted them and shook them off, had a hollow sound in them; something that I fancied was a rather unusual reverberation. I was standing by the quarterdeck rail on the starboard side, when I called John aft to me, and bade him listen. He did so with the greatest attention. Turning to me he then said, "Rely upon it, Captain Ravender, you have been without rest too long, and the novelty is only in the state of your sense of hearing." I thought so too by that time, and I think so now, though I can never know for absolute certain in this world, whether it was or not.

When I left John Steadiman in charge, the ship was still going at a great rate through the water. The wind still blew right astern. Though she was making great way, she was under shortened sail, and had no more than she could easily carry. All was snug, and nothing complained. There was a pretty sea running, but not a high sea neither, nor at all a confused one.

I turned in, as we seamen say, all standing. The meaning of that is, I did not pull my clothes off—no, not even so much as my coat; though I did my shoes, for my feet were badly swelled with the deck. There was a little swing-lamp alight in my cabin. I thought, as I looked at it before shutting my eyes, that I was so tired of darkness and troubled by darkness, that I could have gone to sleep best in the midst of a million of flaming gas-lights. That was the last thought I had before I went off, except the prevailing thought that I should not be able to get to sleep at all.

THE WRECK

I dreamed that I was back at Penrith again, and was trying to get round the church, which had altered its shape very much since I last saw it, and was cloven all down the middle of the steeple in a most singular manner. Why I wanted to get round the church I don't know; but I was as anxious to do it as if my life depended on it. Indeed, I believe it did in the dream. For all that, I could not get round the church. I was still trying, when I came against it with a violent shock, and was flung out of my cot against the ship's side. Shrieks and a terrific outcry struck me far harder than the bruising timbers, and amidst sounds of grinding and crashing, and a heavy rushing and breaking of water—sounds I understood too well—I made my way on deck. It was not an easy thing to do, for the ship heeled over frightfully, and was beating in a furious manner.

I could not see the men as I went forward, but I could hear that they were hauling in sail, in disorder. I had my trumpet in my hand, and, after directing and encouraging them in this till it was done, I hailed first John Steadiman, and then my second mate, Mr. William Rames. Both answered clearly and steadily. Now, I had practiced them and all my crew, as I have ever made it a custom to practice all who sail with me, to take certain stations and wait my orders, in case of any unexpected crisis. When my voice was heard hailing, and their voices were heard answering, I was aware, through all the noises of the ship and sea, and all the crying of the passengers below, that there was a pause. "Are you ready, Rames?"—"Ay, ay, sir!"—"Then light up, for God's sake!" In a moment he and another were burning blue-lights, and the ship and all on board seemed to be enclosed in a mist of light, under a great black dome.

The light shone up so high that I could see the huge Iceberg upon which we had struck, cloven at the top and down the middle, exactly like Penrith Church in my dream. At the same moment I could see the watch last relieved crowding up and down on deck; I could see Mrs. Atherfield and Miss Coleshaw thrown about on the top of the companion as they struggled to bring the child up

from below; I could see that the masts were going with the shock and the beating of the ship; I could see the frightful breach stove in on the starboard side, half the length of the vessel, and the sheathing and timbers spirting up; I could see that the Cutter was disabled, in a wreck of broken fragments; and I could see every eye turned upon me. It is my belief that if there had been ten thousand eyes there, I should have seen them all, with their different looks. And all this in a moment. But you must consider what a moment.

I saw the men, as they looked at me, fall toward their appointed stations, like good men and true. If she had not righted, they could have done very little there or anywhere but die—not that it is little for a man to die at his post—I mean they could have done nothing to save the passengers and themselves. Happily, however, the violence of the shock with which we had so determinedly borne down direct on that fatal Iceberg, as if it had been our destination instead of our destruction, had so smashed and pounded the ship that she got off in this same instant and righted. I did not want the carpenter to tell me she was filling and going down; I could see and hear that. I gave Rames the word to lower the Long-boat and the Surf-boat, and I myself told off the men for each duty. Not one hung back, or came before the other. I now whispered to John Steadiman, "John, I stand at the gangway here, to see every soul on board safe over the side. You shall have the next post of honor, and shall be the last but one to leave the ship. Bring up the passengers, and range them behind me; and put what provision and water you can get at in the boats. Cast your eye for'ard, John, and you'll see you have not a moment to lose."

My noble fellows got the boats over the side as orderly as I ever saw boats lowered with any sea running, and when they were launched, two or three of the nearest men in them as they held on, rising and falling with the swell, called out, looking up at me, "Captain Ravender, if anything goes wrong with us, and you are saved, remember, we stood by you!"—"We'll all stand by one another ashore, yet, please God, my lads!" says I. "Hold on bravely, and be tender with the women."

The women were an example to us. They trembled very much, but they were quiet and perfectly collected. "Kiss me, Captain Ravender," says Mrs. Atherfield, "and God in heaven bless you, you good man!" "My dear," says I, "those words are better for me than a life-boat." I held her child in my arms till she was in the boat, and then kissed the child and handed her safe down. I now said to the people in her, "You have got your freight, my lads, all but me, and I am not coming yet awhile. Pull away from the ship, and keep off!"

That was the Long-boat. Old Mr. Rarx was one of her complement, and he was the only passenger who had greatly misbehaved since the ship struck. Others had been a little wild, which was not to be wondered at, and not very blamable; but, he had made a lamentation and uproar which it was dangerous for the people to hear, as there is always contagion in weakness and selfishness. His incessant cry had been that he must not be separated from the child, that he couldn't see the child, and that he and the child must go together. He had even tried to wrest the child out of my arms, that he might keep her in his. "Mr. Rarx," said I to him when it came to that, "I have a loaded pistol in my pocket; and if you don't stand out of the gangway, and keep perfectly quiet, I shall shoot you through the heart, if you have got one." Says he, "You won't do murder, Captain Ravender!" "No, sir," says I, "I won't murder forty-four people to humor you, but I'll shoot you to save them." After that he was quiet, and stood shivering a little way off, until I named him to go over the side.

The Long-boat being cast off, the Surf-boat was soon filled. There only remained aboard the Golden Mary, John Mullion, the man who had kept on burning the blue-lights (and who had lighted every new one at every old one before it went out, as quietly as if he had been at an illumination); John Steadiman; and myself. I hurried those two into the Surf-boat, called to them to keep off, and waited with a grateful and relieved heart for the Long-boat to come and take me in, if she could. I looked at my watch, and it showed me, by the blue-light, ten minutes past two. They lost no time. As soon as she was near enough, I swung myself into her, and called to the men, "With a will,

lads! She's reeling!" We were not an inch too far out of the inner vortex of her going down, when, by the blue-light which John Mullion still burnt in the bow of the Surf-boat, we saw her lurch, and plunge to the bottom head-foremost. The child cried, weeping wildly, "O the dear Golden Mary! O look at her! Save her! Save the poor Golden Mary!" And then the light burned out, and the black dome seemed to come down upon us.

ADRIFT IN LIFE BOATS

I suppose if we had all stood atop of a mountain, and seen the whole remainder of the world sink away from under us, we could hardly have felt more shocked and solitary than we did when we knew we were alone on the wide ocean, and that the beautiful ship in which most of us had been securely asleep within half an hour was gone for ever. There was an awful silence in our boat, and such a kind of palsy on the rowers and the man at the rudder, that I felt they were scarcely keeping her before the sea. I spoke out then, and said, "Let every one here thank the Lord for our preservation!" All the voices answered (even the child's), "We thank the Lord!" I then said the Lord's Prayer, and all hands said it after me with a solemn murmuring. Then I gave the word "Cheerily, O men, cheerily!" and I felt that they were handling the boat again as a boat ought to be handled.

The Surf-boat now burned another blue-light to show us where they were, and we made for her, and laid ourselves as nearly alongside of her as we dared. I had always kept my boats with a coil or two of good stout stuff in each of them, so both boats had a rope at hand. We made a shift, with much labor and trouble, to get near enough to one another to divide the blue-lights (they were no use after that night, for the sea-water soon got at them), and to get a tow-rope out between us. All night long we kept together, sometimes obliged to cast off the rope, and sometimes getting it out again, and all of us wearying for the morning—which appeared so long in coming that old Mr. Rarx screamed out, in spite of his fears of me, "The world is drawing to an end, and the sun will never rise any more!"

When the day broke, I found that we were all huddled together

in a miserable manner. We were deep in the water; being, as I found on mustering, thirty-one in number, or at least six too many. In the Surf-boat they were fourteen in number, being at least four too many. The first thing I did, was to get myself passed to the rudder—which I took from that time—and to get Mrs. Atherfield, her child, and Miss Coleshaw, passed on to sit next me. As to old Mr. Rarx, I put him in the bow, as far from us as I could. And I put some of the best men near us in order that if I should drop there might be a skillful hand ready to take the helm.

The sea moderating as the sun came up, though the sky was cloudy and wild, we spoke the other boat, to know what stores they had, and to overhaul what we had. I had a compass in my pocket, a small telescope, a double-barreled pistol, a knife, and a fire-box and matches. Most of my men had knives, and some had a little tobacco; some, a pipe as well. We had a mug among us, and an iron spoon. As to provisions, there were in my boat two bags of biscuit, one piece of raw beef, one piece of raw pork, a bag of coffee, roasted but not ground (thrown in, I imagine, by mistake, for something else), two small casks of water, and about half a gallon of rum in a keg. The Surf-boat, having rather more rum than we, and fewer to drink it, gave us, as I estimated, another quart into our keg. In return, we gave them three double handfuls of coffee, tied up in a piece of a handkerchief; they reported that they had aboard besides, a bag of biscuit, a piece of beef, a small cask of water, a small box of lemons, and a Dutch cheese. It took a long time to make these exchanges, and they were not made without risk to both parties; the sea running quite high enough to make our approaching near to one another very hazardous. In the bundle with the coffee, I conveyed to John Steadiman (who had a ship's compass with him), a paper written in pencil, and torn from my pocket-book, containing the course I meant to steer, in the hope of making land, or being picked up by some vessel—I say in the hope, though I had little hope of either deliverance. I then sang out to him, so as all might hear, that if we two boats could live or die together, we would; but, that if we should be parted by the weather, and join company no more, they

should have our prayers and blessings, and we asked for theirs. We then gave them three cheers, which they returned, and I saw the men's heads droop in both boats as they fell to their oars again.

These arrangements had occupied the general attention advantageously for all, though (as I expressed in the last sentence) they ended in a sorrowful feeling. I now said a few words to my fellow-voyagers on the subject of the small stock of food on which our lives depended if they were preserved from the great deep, and on the rigid necessity of our eking it out in the most frugal manner. One and all replied that whatever allowance I thought best to lay down should be strictly kept to. We made a pair of scales out of a thin scrap of iron-plating and some twine, and I got together for weights such of the heaviest buttons among us as I calculated made up some fraction over two ounces. This was the allowance of solid food served out once a day to each, from that time to the end; with the addition of a coffee-berry, or sometimes half a one, when the weather was very fair, for breakfast. We had nothing else whatever, but half a pint of water each per day, and sometimes, when we were coldest and weakest, a teaspoonful of rum each, served out as a dram. I know how learnedly it can be shown that rum is poison, but I also know that in this case, as in all similar cases I have ever read of—which are numerous—no words can express the comfort and support derived from it. Nor have I the least doubt that it saved the lives of far more than half our number. Having mentioned half a pint of water as our daily allowance, I ought to observe that sometimes we had less, and sometimes we had more; for much rain fell, and we caught it in a canvas stretched for the purpose.

Thus, at that tempestuous time of the year, and in that tempestuous part of the world, we shipwrecked people rose and fell with the waves. It is not my intention to relate (if I can avoid it) such circumstances appertaining to our doleful condition as have been better told in many other narratives of the kind than I can be expected to tell them. I will only note, in so many passing words, that day after day and night after night, we received the sea upon our backs to prevent it from swamping the boat; that

one party was always kept bailing, and that every hat and cap among us soon got worn out, though patched up fifty times, as the only vessels we had for that service; that another party lay down in the bottom of the boat, while a third rowed; and that we were soon all in boils and blisters and rags.

The other boat was a source of such anxious interest to all of us that I used to wonder whether, if we were saved, the time could ever come when the survivors in this boat of ours could be at all indifferent to the fortunes of the survivors in that. We got out a tow-rope whenever the weather permitted, but that did not often happen, and how we two parties kept within the same horizon, as we did, He, who mercifully permitted it to be so for our consolation, only knows. I never shall forget the looks with which, when the morning light came, we used to gaze about us over the stormy waters, for the other boat. We once parted company for seventy-two hours, and we believed them to have gone down, as they did us. The joy on both sides when we came within view of one another again, had something in a manner Divine in it; each was so forgetful of individual suffering, in tears of delight and sympathy for the people in the other boat.

I have been wanting to get round to the individual or personal part of my subject, as I call it, and the foregoing incident puts me in the right way. The patience and good disposition aboard of us, was wonderful. I was not surprised by it in the women; for all men born of women know what great qualities they will show when men fail; but, I own I was a little surprised by it in some of the men. Among one-and-thirty people assembled at the best of times, there will usually, I should say, be two or three uncertain tempers. I knew that I had more than one rough temper with me among my own people, for I had chosen those for the Long-boat that I might have them under my eye. But, they softened under their misery, and were as considerate of the ladies, and as compassionate of the child, as the best among us, or among men —they could not have been more so. I heard scarcely any complaining. The party lying down would moan a good deal in their sleep, and I would often notice a man—not always the same man, it is to be understood, but clearly all of them at one time or other

—sitting moaning at his oar, or in his place, as he looked mistily over the sea. When it happened to be long before I could catch his eye, he would go on moaning all the time in the dismalest manner; but when our looks met, he would brighten and leave off. I almost always got the impression that he did not know what sound he had been making, but that he thought he had been humming a tune.

Our sufferings from cold and wet were far greater than our sufferings from hunger. We managed to keep the child warm; but, I doubt if any one else among us ever was warm for five minutes together; and the shivering, and the chattering of teeth, were sad to hear. The child cried a little at first for her lost playfellow, the Golden Mary; but hardly ever whimpered afterwards; and when the state of the weather made it possible, she used now and then to be held up in the arms of some of us, to look over the sea for John Steadiman's boat. I see the golden hair and the innocent face now, between me and the driving clouds, like an angel going to fly away.

It happened on the second day, toward night, that Mrs. Atherfield, in getting little Lucy to sleep, sang her a song. She had a soft, melodious voice, and when she had finished it, our people up and begged for another. She sang them another, and after it had fallen dark ended with the Evening Hymn. From that time, whenever anything could be heard above the sea and wind, and while she had any voice left, nothing would serve the people but that she should sing at sunset. She always did, and always ended with the Evening Hymn. We mostly took up the last line, and shed tears when it was done, but not miserably. We had a prayer night and morning, also, when the weather allowed of it.

Twelve nights and eleven days we had been driving in the boat, when old Mr. Rarx began to be delirious, and to cry out to me to throw the gold overboard or it would sink us, and we should all be lost. For days past the child had been declining, and that was the great cause of his wildness. He had been over and over again shrieking out to me to give her all the remaining meat, to give her all the remaining rum, to save her at any cost, or we should all be ruined. At this time, she lay in her mother's arms

at my feet. One of her little hands was almost always creeping about her mother's neck or chin. I had watched the wasting of the little hand, and I knew it was nearly over.

The old man's cries were so discordant with the mother's love, and submission, that I called out to him in an angry voice, unless he held his peace on the instant, I would order him to be knocked on the head and thrown overboard. He was mute then, until the child died, very peacefully, an hour afterwards; which was known to all in the boat by the mother's breaking out into lamentations for the first time since the wreck—for she had great fortitude and constancy, though she was a little gentle woman. Old Mr. Rarx then became quite ungovernable, tearing what rags he had on him, raging in imprecations, and calling to me that if I had thrown the gold overboard (always the gold with him!) I might have saved the child. "And now," says he, in a terrible voice, "we shall founder, and all go to the Devil, for our sins will sink us, when we have no innocent child to bear us up!" We soon discovered with amazement, that this old wretch had only cared for the life of the pretty little creature dear to all of us, because of the influence he superstitiously hoped she might have in preserving him! Altogether it was too much for the smith, or armorer, who was sitting next the old man, to bear. He took him by the throat and rolled him under the thwarts, where he lay still enough for hours afterwards.

All that thirteenth night, Miss Coleshaw, lying across my knees as I kept the helm, comforted and supported the poor mother. Her child, covered with a pea-jacket of mine, lay in her lap. It troubled me all night to think that there was no Prayer-Book among us, and that I could remember but very few of the exact words of the burial service. When I stood up at broad day, all knew what was going to be done, and I noticed that my poor fellows made the motion of uncovering their heads, though their heads had been stark bare to the sky and sea for many a weary hour. There was a long heavy swell on, but otherwise it was a fair morning, and there were broad fields of sunlight on the waves in the east. I said no more than this: "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord. He raised the daughter of Jairus

the ruler, and said she was not dead but slept. He raised the widow's son. He arose Himself, and was seen of many. He loved little children, saying, 'Suffer them to come unto Me and rebuke them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' In His name, my friends, and committed to His merciful goodness!" With those words I laid my rough face softly on the placid little forehead, and buried the Golden Lucy in the grave of the Golden Mary.

Having had it on my mind to relate the end of this dear little child, I have omitted something from its exact place, which I will supply here. It will come quite as well here as anywhere else.

Foreseeing that if the boat lived through the stormy weather, the time must come, and soon come, when we should have absolutely no morsel to eat, I had one momentous point often in my thoughts. Although I had, years before that, fully satisfied myself that the instances in which human beings in the last distress have fed upon each other, are exceedingly few, and have very seldom indeed (if ever) occurred when the people in distress, however dreadful their extremity, have been accustomed to moderate forbearance and restraint; I say, though I had long before quite satisfied my mind on this topic, I felt doubtful whether there might not have been in former cases some harm and danger from keeping it out of sight and pretending not to think of it. I felt doubtful whether some minds, growing weak with fasting and exposure and having such a terrific idea to dwell upon in secret, might not magnify it until it got to have an awful attraction about it. This was not a new thought of mine, for it had grown out of my reading. However, it came over me stronger than it had ever done before—as it had reason for doing—in the boat, and on the fourth day I decided that I would bring out into the light that unformed fear which must have been more or less darkly in every brain among us. Therefore, as a means of beguiling the time and inspiring hope, I gave them the best summary in my power of Bligh's voyage of more than three thousand miles, in an open boat, after the Mutiny of the Bounty, and of the wonderful preservation of that boat's crew. They listened throughout with great interest, and I concluded by telling them

that, in my opinion, the happiest circumstance in the whole narrative was that Bligh, who was no delicate man, either, had solemnly placed it on record therein that he was sure and certain that under no conceivable circumstances whatever would that emaciated party, who had gone through all the pains of famine, have preyed on one another. I cannot describe the visible relief which this spread through the boat, and how the tears stood in every eye. From that time I was as well convinced as Bligh himself that there was no danger, and that this phantom, at any rate, did not haunt us.

Now, it was a part of Bligh's experience that when the people in his boat were most cast down, nothing did them so much good as hearing a story told by one of their number. When I mentioned that, I saw that it struck the general attention as much as it did my own, for I had not thought of it until I came to it in my summary. This was on the day after Mrs. Atherfield first sang to us. I proposed that, whenever the weather would permit, we should have a story two hours after dinner (I always issued the allowance I have mentioned at one o'clock, and called it by that name), as well as our song at sunset. The proposal was received with a cheerful satisfaction that warmed my heart within me; and I do not say too much when I say that those two periods in the four-and-twenty hours were expected with positive pleasure, and were really enjoyed by all hands. Specters as we soon were, in our bodily wasting, our imaginations did not perish like the gross flesh upon our bones. Music and Adventure, two of the great gifts of Providence to mankind, could charm us long after that was lost.

The wind was almost always against us after the second day; and for many days together we could not nearly hold our own. We had all varieties of bad weather. We had rain, hail, snow, wind, mist, thunder, and lightning. Still the boats lived through the heavy seas, and still we perishing people rose and fell with the great waves.

Sixteen nights and fifteen days, twenty nights and nineteen days, twenty-four nights and twenty-three days. So the time went on. Disheartening as I knew that our progress, or want

of progress, must be, I never deceived them as to my calculations of it. In the first place, I felt that we were all too near eternity for deceit; in the second place, I knew that if I failed, or died, the man who followed me must have a knowledge of the true state of things to begin upon. When I told them at noon, what I reckoned we had made or lost, they generally received what I said in a tranquil and resigned manner, and always gratefully toward me. It was not unusual at any time of the day for some one to burst out weeping loudly without any new cause; and, when the burst was over, to calm down a little better than before. I had seen exactly the same thing in a house of mourning.

During the whole of this time, old Mr. Rarx had had his fits of calling out to me to throw the gold (always the gold!) overboard, and of heaping violent reproaches upon me for not having saved the child; but now, the food being all gone, and I having nothing left to serve out but a bit of coffee-berry now and then, he began to be too weak to do this, and consequently fell silent. Mrs. Atherfield and Miss Coleshaw generally lay, each with an arm across one of my knees and her head upon it. They never complained at all. Up to the time of her child's death, Mrs. Atherfield had bound up her own beautiful hair every day; and I took particular notice that this was always before she sang her song at night, when every one looked at her. But she never did it after the loss of her darling; and it would have been now all tangled with dirt and wet, but that Miss Coleshaw was careful of it long after she was, herself, and would sometimes smooth it down with her weak thin hands.

We were past mustering a story now; but one day, at about this period, I reverted to the superstition of old Mr. Rarx, concerning the Golden Lucy, and told them that nothing vanished from the eye of God, though much might pass away from the eyes of men. "We were all of us," says I, "children once; and our baby feet have strolled in green woods ashore; and our baby hands have gathered flowers in gardens, where the birds were singing. The children that we were, are not lost to the great knowledge of our Creator. Those innocent creatures will appear with us before Him, and plead for us. What we were in the best

time of our generous youth will arise and go with us too. The purest part of our lives will not desert us at the pass to which all of us here present are gliding. What we were then, will be as much in existence before Him, as what we are now." They were no less comforted by this consideration, than I was myself; and Miss Coleshaw, drawing my ear nearer to her lips, said, "Captain Ravender, I was on my way to marry a disgraced and broken man, whom I dearly loved when he was honorable and good. Your words seem to have come out of my own poor heart." She pressed my hand upon it, smiling.

Twenty-seven nights and twenty-six days. We were in no want of rain-water, but we had nothing else. And yet, even now, I never turned my eyes on a waking face but it tried to brighten before mine. O what a thing it is, in a time of danger and in the presence of death, the shining of a face upon a face! I have heard it broached that orders should be given in great new ships by electric telegraph. I admire machinery as much as any man, and am as thankful to it as any man can be for what it does for us. But it will never be a substitute for the face of a man, with his soul in it, encouraging another man to be brave and true. Never try it for that. It will break down like a straw.

I now began to remark certain changes in myself which I did not like. They caused me much disquiet. I often saw the Golden Lucy in the air above the boat. I often saw her I have spoken of before, sitting beside me. I saw the Golden Mary go down, as she really had gone down, twenty times in a day. And yet the sea was mostly, to my thinking, not sea neither, but moving country and extraordinary mountainous regions, the like of which have never been beheld. I felt it time to leave my last words regarding John Steadiman, in case any lips should last out to repeat them to any living ears. I said that John had told me (as he had on deck) that he had sung out "Breakers ahead!" the instant they were audible, and had tried to wear ship, but she struck before it could be done. (His cry, I dare say, had made my dream.) I said that the circumstances were altogether without warning, and out of any course that could have been guarded against; that the same loss would have happened if I had been

in charge; and that John was not to blame, but from first to last had done his duty nobly, like the man he was. I tried to write it down in my pocket-book, but could make no words, though I knew what the words were that I wanted to make. When it had come to that, her hands—though she was dead so long—laid me down gently in the bottom of the boat, and she and the Golden Lucy swung me to sleep.

THE TALE OF THE CHIEF MATE

All that follows was written by John Steadiman, Chief Mate:

On the twenty-sixth day after the foundering of the Golden Mary at sea, I, John Steadiman, was sitting in my place in the stern-sheets of the Surf-boat, with just sense enough left in me to steer—that is to say, with my eyes strained, wide-awake, over the bows of the boat, and my brains fast asleep and dreaming—when I was roused upon a sudden by our second mate, Mr. William Rames.

"Let me take a spell in your place," says he. "And look you out for the Long-boat astern. The last time she rose on the crest of a wave, I thought I made out a signal flying aboard her."

We shifted our places, clumsily and slowly enough, for we were both of us weak and dazed with wet, cold, and hunger. I waited some time, watching the heavy rollers astern, before the Long-boat rose atop of one of them at the same time with us. At last, she was heaved up for a moment well in view, and there, sure enough, was the signal flying aboard of her—a strip of rag of some sort, rigged to an oar, and hoisted in her bows.

"What does it mean?" says Rames to me in a quavering, trembling sort of voice. "Do they signal a sail in sight?"

"Hush, for God's sake!" says I, clapping my hand over his mouth. "Don't let the people hear you. They'll all go mad together if we mislead them about that signal. Wait a bit, till I have another look at it."

I held on by him, for he had set me all of a tremble with his notion of a sail in sight, and watched for the Long-boat again. Up she rose on the top of another roller. I made out the signal clearly, that second time, and saw that it was rigged half-mast.

"Rames," says I, "it's a signal of distress. Pass the word forward to keep her before the sea, and no more. We must get the Long-boat within hailing distance of us, as soon as possible."

I dropped down into my old place at the tiller without another word—for the thought went through me like a knife that something had happened to Captain Ravender. I should consider myself unworthy to write another line of this statement, if I had not made up my mind to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—and I must, therefore, confess plainly that now, for the first time, my heart sank within me. This weakness on my part was produced in some degree, as I take it, by the exhausting effects of previous anxiety and grief.

Our provisions—if I may give that name to what we had left—were reduced to the rind of one lemon and about a couple of handfuls of coffee-berries. Besides these great distresses, caused by the death, the danger, and the suffering among my crew and passengers, I had had a little distress of my own to shake me still more, in the death of the child whom I had got to be very fond of on the voyage out—so fond that I was secretly a little jealous of her being taken in the Long-boat instead of mine when the ship foundered. It used to be a great comfort to me, and I think to those with me also, after we had seen the last of the Golden Mary, to see the Golden Lucy, held up by the men in the Long-boat, when the weather allowed it, as the best and brightest sight they had to show. She looked, at the distance we saw her from, almost like a little white bird in the air. To miss her for the first time, when the weather lulled a little again, and we all looked out for our white bird and looked in vain, was a sore disappointment. To see the men's heads bowed down and the captain's hand pointing into the sea when we hailed the Long-boat, a few days after, gave me as heavy a shock and as sharp a pang of heartache to bear as ever I remember suffering in all my life. I only mention these things to show that if I did give way a little at first, under the dread that our captain was lost to us, it was not without having been a good deal shaken beforehand by more trials of one sort or another than often fall to one man's share.

I had got over the choking in my throat with the help of a

drop of water, and had steadied my mind again so as to be prepared against the worst, when I heard the hail (Lord help the poor fellows, how weak it sounded!)—

"Surf-boat, ahoy!"

I looked up, and there were our companions in misfortune tossing abreast of us; not so near that we could make out the features of any of them, but near enough, with some exertion for people in our condition, to make their voices heard in the intervals when the wind was weakest.

I answered the hail, and waited a bit, and heard nothing, and then sang out the captain's name. The voice that replied did not sound like his; the words that reached us were:

"Chief mate wanted on board!"

Every man of my crew knew what that meant as well as I did. As second officer in command, there could be but one reason for wanting me on board the Long-boat. A groan went all round us, and my men looked darkly in each other's faces, and whispered under their breaths:

"The captain is dead!"

I commanded them to be silent, and not to make too sure of bad news, at such a pass as things had now come to with us. Then, hailing the Long-boat, I signified that I was ready to go on board when the weather would let me—stopped a bit to draw a good long breath—and then called out as loud as I could the dreadful question:

"Is the captain dead?"

The black figures of three or four men in the after-part of the Long-boat all stooped down together as my voice reached them. They were lost to view for about a minute; then appeared again —one man among them was held up on his feet by the rest, and he hailed back the blessed words (a very faint hope went a very long way with people in our desperate situation): "Not yet!"

The relief felt by me, and by all with me, when we knew that our captain, though unfitted for duty, was not lost to us, it is not in words—at least, not in such words as a man like me can command—to express. I did my best to cheer the men by telling them what a good sign it was that we were not as badly off yet as

we had feared, and then communicated what instructions I had to give, to William Rames, who was to be left in command in my place when I took charge of the Long-boat. After that, there was nothing to be done, but to wait for the chance of the wind dropping at sunset, and the sea going down afterwards, so as to enable our weak crews to lay the two boats alongside of each other, without undue risk—or, to put it plainer, without saddling ourselves with the necessity for any extraordinary exertion of strength or skill. Both the one and the other had now been starved out of us for days and days together.

At sunset the wind suddenly dropped, but the sea, which had been running high for so long a time past, took hours after that before it showed any signs of getting to rest. The moon was shining, the sky was wonderfully clear, and it could not have been, according to my calculations, far off midnight, when the long, slow, regular swell of the calming ocean fairly set in, and I took the responsibility of lessening the distance between the Long-boat and ourselves.

It was, I dare say, a delusion of mine; but I thought I had never seen the moon shine so white and ghastly anywhere, either at sea or on land, as she shone that night while we were approaching our companions in misery. When there was not much more than a boat's length between us, and the white light streamed cold and clear over all our faces, both crews rested on their oars with one great shudder, and stared over the gunwale of either boat, panic-stricken at the first sight of each other.

"Any lives lost among you?" I asked, in the midst of that frightful silence.

The men in the Long-boat huddled together like sheep at the sound of my voice.

"None yet, but the child, thanks be to God!" answered one among them.

And at the sound of his voice, all my men shrank together like the men in the Long-boat. I was afraid to let the horror produced by our first meeting at close quarters after the dreadful changes that wet, cold, and famine had produced, last one moment longer than could be helped; so, without giving time for any more

questions and answers, I commanded the men to lay the two boats close alongside of each other. When I rose up and committed the tiller to the hands of Rames, all my poor fellows raised their white faces imploringly to mine. "Don't leave us, sir," they said, "don't leave us." "I leave you," says I, "under the command and the guidance of Mr. William Rames, as good a sailor as I am, and as trusty and kind a man as ever stepped. Do your duty by him, as you have done it by me; and remember to the last, that while there is life there is hope. God bless and help you all!" With those words I collected what strength I had left, and caught at two arms that were held out to me, and so got from the stern-sheets of one boat into the stern-sheets of the other.

"Mind where you step, sir," whispered one of the men who had helped me into the Long-boat. I looked down as he spoke. Three figures were huddled up below me, with the moonshine falling on them in ragged streaks through the gaps between the men standing or sitting above them. The first face I made out was the face of Miss Coleshaw; her eyes were wide open and fixed on me. She seemed still to keep her senses, and, by the alternate parting and closing of her lips, to be trying to speak, but I could not hear that she uttered a single word. On her shoulder rested the head of Mrs. Atherfield. The mother of our poor little Golden Lucy must, I think, have been dreaming of the child she had lost; for there was a faint smile just ruffling the white stillness of her face, when I first saw it turned upward, with peaceful closed eyes toward the heavens. From her, I looked down a little, and there, with his head on her lap, and with one of her hands resting tenderly on his cheek—there lay the captain, to whose help and guidance, up to this miserable time, we had never looked in vain. —there, worn out at last in our service, and for our sakes, lay the best and bravest man of all our company. I stole my hand in gently through his clothes and laid it on his heart, and felt a little feeble warmth over it, though my cold dulled touch could not detect even the faintest beating. The two men in the stern-sheets with me, noticing what I was doing—knowing I loved him like a brother—and seeing, I suppose, more distress in my face than I myself was conscious of its showing, lost command over themselves

altogether, and burst into a piteous moaning, sobbing lamentation over him. One of the two drew aside a jacket from his feet, and showed me that they were bare, except where a wet, ragged strip of stocking still clung to one of them. When the ship struck the Iceberg, he had run on deck leaving his shoes in his cabin. All through the voyage in the boat his feet had been unprotected; and not a soul had discovered it until he dropped! As long as he could keep his eyes open, the very look of them had cheered the men, and comforted and upheld the women. Not one living creature in the boat, with any sense about him, but had felt the good influence of that brave man in one way or another. Not one but had heard him, over and over again, give the credit to others which was due only to himself; praising this man for patience, and thanking that man for help, when the patience and the help had really and truly, as to the best part or both, come only from him. All this, and much more, I heard pouring confusedly from the men's lips while they crouched down, sobbing and crying over their commander, and wrapping the jacket as warmly and tenderly as they could over his cold feet. It went to my heart to check them; but I knew that if this lamenting spirit spread any further, all chance of keeping alight any last sparks of hope and resolution among the boat's company would be lost for ever. Accordingly I sent them to their places, spoke a few encouraging words to the men forward, promising to serve out, when the morning came, as much as I dared, of any eatable thing left in the lockers; called to Rames, in my old boat, to keep as near us as he safely could; drew the garments and coverings of the two poor suffering women more closely about them; and, with a secret prayer to be directed for the best in bearing the awful responsibility now laid on my shoulders, took my captain's vacant place at the helm of the Long-boat.

This, as well as I can tell it, is the full and true account of how I came to be placed in charge of the lost passengers and crew of the Golden Mary, on the morning of the twenty-seventh day after the ship struck the Iceberg, and foundered at sea.

Chapter II—The Rescue

THE END OF THE FOOD SUPPLY

When the sun rose on the twenty-seventh day of our calamity, the first question that I secretly asked myself was, "How many more mornings will the stoutest of us live to see"? I had kept count, ever since we took to the boats, of the days of the week; and I knew that we had now arrived at another Thursday. Judging by my own sensations (and I believe I had as much strength left as the best man among us), I came to the conclusion that, unless the mercy of Providence interposed to effect our deliverance, not one of our company could hope to see another morning after the morning of Sunday.

Two discoveries that I made—after redeeming my promise overnight, to serve out with the morning whatever eatable thing I could find—helped to confirm me in my gloomy view of our future prospects. In the first place, when the few coffee-berries left, together with a small allowance of water, had been shared all round, I found on examining the lockers that not one grain of provision remained, fore or aft, in any part of the boat, and that our stock of fresh water was reduced to not much more than would fill a wine-bottle. In the second place, after the berries had been shared, and the water equally divided, I noticed that the sustenance thus administered produced no effect whatever, even of the most momentary kind, in raising the spirits of the passengers (excepting in one case) or in rallying the strength of the crew. The exception was Mr. Rarx. This tough and greedy old sinner seemed to wake up from the trance he had lain in so long, when the smell of the berries and water was under his nose. He swallowed his share with a gulp that many a younger and better man in the boat might have envied; and went maundering on to himself afterwards, as if he had got a new lease of life. He fancied now that he was digging a gold-mine, all by himself, and going down bodily straight through the earth at the rate of thirty

or forty miles an hour. "Leave me alone," says he, "leave me alone. The lower I go, the richer I get. Down I go!—down, down, down, down, till I burst out at the other end of the world in a shower of gold!" So he went on, kicking feebly with his heels from time to time against the bottom of the boat.

But, as for all the rest, it was a pitiful and dreadful sight to see of how little use their last shadow of a meal was to them. I myself attended, before anybody else was served, to the two poor women. Miss Coleshaw shook her head faintly, and pointed to her throat, when I offered her the few berries that fell to her share. I made a shift to crush them up fine and mix them with a little water, and got her to swallow that miserable drop of drink with the greatest difficulty. When it was down there came no change for the better over her face. Nor did she recover, for so much as a moment, the capacity to speak, even in a whisper. I next tried Mrs. Atherfield. It was hard to wake her out of the half-swooning, half-sleeping condition in which she lay—and harder still to get her to open her lips when I put the tin-cup to them. When I had at last prevailed on her to swallow her allowance, she shut her eyes again, and fell back into her old position. I saw her lips moving; and, putting my ear close to them, caught some of the words she was murmuring to herself. She was still dreaming of the Golden Lucy. She and the child were walking somewhere by the banks of a lake, at the time the buttercups are out. The Golden Lucy was gathering the buttercups, and making herself a watch-chain out of them, in imitation of the chain that her mother wore. They were carrying a little basket with them, and were going to dine together in a great hollow tree growing on the banks of the lake. To get this pretty picture painted on one's mind as I got it, while listening to the poor mother's broken words, and then to look up at the haggard faces of the men in the boat, and at the wild ocean rolling all round us, was such a change from fancy to reality as it has fallen, I hope, to few men's lots to experience.

My next thought, when I had done my best for the women, was for the captain. I was free to risk losing my own share of water, if I pleased, so I tried, before tasting it myself, to get a

little between his lips; but his teeth were fast clenched, and I had neither strength nor skill to open them. The faint warmth still remained, thank God, over his heart—but, in all other respects he lay beneath us like a dead man. In covering him up again as comfortably as I could, I found a bit of paper crunched in one of his hands, and took it out. There was some writing on it, but not a word was readable. I suppose, poor fellow, that he had been trying to write some last instructions for me, just before he dropped at his post. If they had been ever so easy to read, they would have been of no use now. To follow instructions we must have had some power to shape the boat's course in a given direction—and this, which we had been gradually losing for some days past, we had now lost altogether.

I had hoped that the serving out of the refreshment would have put a little modicum of strength into the arms of the men at the oars; but, as I have hinted, this hope turned out to be perfectly fruitless. Our last mockery of a meal, which had done nothing for the passengers, did nothing either for the crew—except to aggravate the pangs of hunger in the men who were still strong enough to feel them. While the weather held moderate, it was not of much consequence if one or two of the rowers kept dropping, in turn, into a kind of faint sleep over their oars. But if it came on to blow again (and we could expect nothing else in those seas and at that time of the year), how was I to steer, when the blades of the oars were out of the water ten times as often as they were in? The lives which we had undergone such suffering to preserve would have been lost in an instant by the swamping of the boat, if the wind had risen on the morning of Thursday, and had caught us trying to row any longer.

Feeling this, I resolved, while the weather held moderately fine, to hoist the best substitute for a sail that we could produce, and to drive before the wind, on the chance (the last we had hope for) of a ship picking us up. We had only continued to use the oars up to this time in order to keep the course which the captain had pointed out as likeliest to bring us near the land. Sailing had been out of the question from the first, the masts and suits of sails belonging to each boat having been out of them at the

time of the wreck, and having gone down with the ship. This was an accident which there was no need to deplore, for we were too crowded from the first to admit of handling the boats properly, under their regular press of sail, in anything like rough weather.

Having made up my mind on what it was necessary to do I addressed the men, and told them that any notion of holding longer on our course with the oars was manifestly out of the question, and dangerous to all on board, as their own common sense might tell them, in the state to which the stoutest arms among us were now reduced. They looked round on each other as I said that, each man seeming to think his neighbor weaker than himself. I went on, and told them that we must take advantage of our present glimpse of moderate weather, and hoist the best sail we could set up, and drive before the wind, in the hope that it might please God to direct us in the way of some ship before it was too late. "Our only chance, my men," I said, in conclusion, "is the chance of being picked up; and in these desolate seas one point of the compass is just as likely a point for our necessities as another. Half of you keep the boat before the sea, the other half bring out your knives, and do as I tell you." The prospect of being relieved from the oars struck the wandering attention of the men directly; and they said, "Ay, ay, sir!" with something like a faint reflection of their former readiness, when the good ship was under their feet, and the mess-cans were filled with plenty of wholesome food.

Thanks to Captain Ravender's forethought in providing both boats with a coil of rope, we had our lashings, and the means of making what rigging was wanted, ready to hand. One of the oars was made fast to the thwart, and well stayed fore and aft, for a mast. A large pilot-coat that I wore was spread; enough of sail for us. The only difficulty that puzzled me was occasioned by the necessity of making a yard. The men tried to tear up one of the thwarts, but were not strong enough. My own knife had been broken in the attempt to split a bit of plank for them; and I was almost at my wit's end, when I luckily thought of searching the captain's pockets for his knife. I found it—a fine large

knife of Sheffield manufacture, with plenty of blades, and a small saw among them. With this we made a shift to saw off about a third of another oar; and then the difficulty was conquered; and we got my pilot-coat hoisted on our jury-mast, and rigged it as nigh as we could to the fashion of a lug-sail.

I had looked anxiously toward the Surf-boat, while we were rigging our mast, and observed, with a feeling of great relief, that the men in her—as soon as they discovered what we were about—were wise enough to follow our example. They got on faster than we did; being less put to it for room to turn round in. We set our sails as nearly as possible about the same time; and it was well for both boats that we finished our work when we did. At noon the wind began to rise again to a stiff breeze, which soon knocked up a heavy, tumbling sea. We drove before it in a direction North by East, keeping wonderfully dry, considering all things. The mast stood well; and the sail, small as it was, did good service in steadying the boat and lifting her easily over the seas. I felt the cold after the loss of my coat, but not so badly as I had feared; for the two men who were with me in the stern-sheets, sat as close as they could on either side of me, and helped with the warmth of their own bodies to keep the warmth in mine. Forward, I told off half a dozen of the most trustworthy of the men who could still muster strength enough to keep their eyes open, to set a watch, turn and turn about, on our frail rigging. The wind was steadily increasing; and if any accident happened to our mast the chances were that the boat would broach-to, and that every one of us would go to the bottom.

So we drove on—all through that day—sometimes catching sight of the Surf-boat a little ahead of us—sometimes losing her altogether in the scud. How little and frail, how very different to the kind of boat that I had expected to see, she looked to my eyes now that I was out of her, and saw what she showed like on the waters for the first time! But to return to the Long-boat. The watch on the rigging was relieved every two hours, and at the same regular periods all the brightest eyes left amongst us looked out for the smallest vestige of a sail in view, and looked in vain. Among the passengers, nothing happened in the way

of a change—except that Miss Coleshaw seemed to grow fainter, and that Mrs. Atherfield got restless, as if she were waking out of her long dream about the Golden Lucy.

It got on toward sunset. The wind was rising to half a gale. The clouds, which had been heavy all over the firmament since noon, were lifting to the westward, and leaving there, over the horizon line of the ocean, a long strip of clear, pale, greenish sky, overhung by a cloud-bank, whose ragged edges were tipped with burning crimson by the sun. I did not like the look of the night, and, keeping where I was, in the forward part of the boat, I helped the men to ease the strain off our mast, by lowering the yard a little and taking a pull on the sheet, so as to present to the wind a smaller surface even of our small sail. Noting the wild look of the weather, and the precautions we were taking against the chance of a gale rising in the night—and being, furthermore, as I believe, staggered in their minds by the death that had taken place among them—three of the passengers struggled up in the bottom of the boat, clasped their arms around me as if they were drowning men already, and hoarsely clamored for a last drink of water, before the storm rose and sent us all to the bottom.

"Water you shall have," I said, "when I think the time has come to serve it out. The time has not come yet."

"Water, pray!" they all three groaned together. Two more passengers who were asleep, woke up, and joined the cry.

"Silence!" I said. "There are not two spoonfuls of fresh water left for each man in the boat. I shall wait three hours more for the chance of rain before I serve that out. Silence, and drop back to your places!"

A SAIL IN SIGHT

They let go of me, but clamored weakly for water still; and, this time, the voices of some of the crew joined them. At this moment, to my great alarm (for I thought they were going mad and turning violent against me), I was seized round the neck by one of the men, who had been standing up, holding on by the mast, and looking out steadily to the westward.

I raised my right hand to free myself; but before I touched him, the sight of the man's face close to mine made me drop my arm again. There was a speechless, breathless, frantic joy in it, that made all the blood in my veins stand still in a moment.

"Out with it!" I said. "Man alive, out with it, for God's sake!"

His breath beat on my cheek in hot, quick, heavy gasps; but he could not utter a word. For a moment he let go of the mast (tightening his hold on me with the other arm) and pointed out westward—then slid heavily down on to the thwart behind us.

I looked westward, and saw that one of the two trustworthy men whom I had left at the helm was on his feet looking out westward, too. As the boat rose, I fixed my eyes on the strip of clear greenish sky in the west, and on the bright line of the sea just under it. The boat dipped again before I could see anything. I squeezed my eyelids together to get the water out of them, and when we rose again looked straight into the middle of the bright sea-line. My heart bounded as if it would choke me—my tongue felt like a cinder in my mouth—my knees gave way under me—I dropped down on to the thwart, and sobbed out, with a great effort, as if I had been dumb for weeks before, and had only that instant found my speech:

"A sail! a sail!"

The words were instantly echoed by the man in the stern-sheets.

"Sail, ho!" he screeches out, turning round on us, and swinging his arms about his head like a madman.

This made three of our company who had seen the ship already, and that one fact was sufficient to remove all dread lest our eyes might have been deceiving us. The great fear now was, not that we were deluded, but that we might come to some serious harm through the excess of joy among the people; that is to say, among such of the people as still had the sense to feel and the strength to express what they felt. I must record in my own justification, after confessing that I lost command over myself altogether on the discovery of the sail, that I was the first who

set the example of self-control. I was in a manner forced to this by the crew frantically entreating me to lay-to until we could make out what course the ship was steering—a proceeding which, with the sea then running, with the heavy lading of the boat, and with such feeble substitutes for mast and sail as we possessed, must have been attended with total destruction to us all. I tried to remind the men of this, but they were in such a transport—hugging each other round the neck, and crying and laughing all in a breath—that they were not fit to listen to reason. Accordingly, I myself went to the helm again, and chose the steadiest of my two men in the after-part of the boat, as a guard over the sheet, with instructions to use force, if necessary, toward any one who stretched out so much as a finger to it. The wind was rising every minute, and we had nothing for it but to scud, and be thankful to God's mercy that we had sea-room to do it in.

"It will be dark in an hour's time, sir," says the man left along with me when I took the helm again. "We have no light to show. The ship will pass us in the night. Lay-to, sir! For the love of Heaven, give us all a chance, and lay-to!" says he, and goes down on his knees before me, wringing his hands.

"Lay-to!" says I. "Lay-to, under a coat! Lay-to, in a boat like this, with the wind getting up a gale! A seaman like you talk in that way! Who have I got along here with me? Sailors who know their craft, or a pack of 'longshore lubbers, who ought to be turned adrift in a ferry-boat on a pond?" My heart was heavy enough, God knows, but I spoke out as loud as I could, in that light way, to try and shame the men back to their proper senses. I succeeded at least in restoring silence; and that was something in such a condition as ours.

My next anxiety was to know if the men in the Surf-boat had sighted the sail to the westward. She was still driving ahead of us, and the first time I saw her rise on the waves, I made out a signal on board—a strip of cloth fastened to a boat-hook. I ordered the man by my side to return it with his jacket tied on to the end of the oar; being anxious to see whether his agitation had calmed down and left him fit for his duty again. He followed my direction steadily and when he got his jacket on again,

asked me to pardon him for losing his self-command, in a quiet, altered voice.

I shook hands with him, and gave him the helm, in proof that my confidence was restored; then stood up and turned my face to the westward once again. I looked long into the belt of clear sky, which was narrowing already as the cloud-bank above sank over it. I looked with all my heart and soul and strength. It was only when my eyes could stand the strain on them no longer, that I gave in, and sat down again by the tiller. If I had not been supported by a firm trust in the mercy of Providence, which had preserved us thus far, I am afraid I should have abandoned myself at that trying time to downright hopeless, speechless despair.

It would not express much to any but seafaring readers if I mentioned the number of leagues off that I considered the ship to be. I shall give a better idea of the terrible distance there was between us, when I say that no landsman's eye could have made her out at all, and that none of us sailors could have seen her but for the bright opening in the sky, which made even a speck on the waters visible to a mariner's experienced sight all that weary way off. When I have said this, I have said enough to render it plain to every man's understanding that it was a sheer impossibility to make out what course the ship was steering, seeing that we had no chance of keeping her in view at that closing time of day for more than another half-hour, at most. There she was, astern to leeward of us; and here were we, driving for our lives before the wind, with any means of kindling a light that we might have possessed on leaving our ship, wetted through long ago—with no guns to fire as signals of distress in the darkness—and with no choice, if the wind shifted, but still to scud in any direction in which it might please to drive us. Supposing, even at the best, that the ship was steering on our course, and would overhaul us in the night, what chance had we of making our position known to her in the darkness? Truly, look at it anyhow we might from our poor mortal point of view, our prospect of deliverance seemed to be of the most utterly hopeless kind that it is possible to conceive.

The men felt this bitterly, as the cloud-bank dropped to the verge of the waters, and the sun set redly behind it. The moaning and lamenting among them was miserable to hear, when the last speck and phantom of the ship had vanished from view. Some few still swore they saw her when there was hardly a flicker of light left in the west, and only gave up looking out, and dropped down in the boat, at my express orders. I charged them all solemnly to set an example of courage to the passengers, and to trust the rest to the infinite wisdom and mercy of the Creator of us all. Some murmured, some fell to repeating scraps out of the Bible and Prayer-Book, some wandered again in their minds. This went on till the darkness gathered—then a great hush of silence fell drearily over passengers and crew; and the waves and the wind hissed and howled about us, as if we were tossing in the midst of them, a boat-load of corpses already!

Twice in the fore-part of the night the clouds overhead parted for a little, and let the blessed moonlight down upon us. On the first of those occasions, I myself served out the last drops of fresh water we had left. The two women—poor suffering creatures!—were past drinking. Miss Coleshaw shivered a little when I moistened her lips with the water; and Mrs. Atherfield, when I did the same for her, drew her breath with a faint, fluttering sigh, which was just enough to show that she was not dead yet. The captain still lay as he had lain ever since I got on board the boat. The others, both passengers and crew, managed for the most part to swallow their share of the water—the men being just sufficiently roused by it to get up on their knees, while the moonlight lasted, and look about wildly over the ocean for a chance of seeing the ship again. When the clouds gathered once more, they crouched back in their places with a long groan of despair. Hearing that, and dreading the effect of the pitchy darkness (to say nothing of the fierce wind and sea) on their sinking spirits, I resolved to combat their despondency, if it were still possible to contend against it, by giving them something to do. First telling them that no man could say at what time of the night the ship (in case she was steering our course) might forge ahead of us, or how near she might be when she passed, I recommended that all

who had the strength should join their voices at regular intervals, and shout their loudest when the boat rose highest on the waves, on the chance of that cry of distress being borne by the wind within hearing of the watch on board the ship. It is unnecessary to say that I knew well how near it was to an absolute impossibility that this last feeble exertion on our parts could lead to any result. I only proposed it because I was driven to the end of my resources to keep up the faintest flicker of spirit among the men. They received my proposal with more warmth and readiness than I had ventured, in their hopeless state, to expect from them. Up to the turn of midnight they resolutely raised their voices with me, at intervals of from five to ten minutes, whenever the boat was tossed highest on the waves. The wind seemed to whirl our weak cries savagely out of our mouths almost before we could utter them. I, sitting astern in the boat, only heard them, as it seemed, for something like an instant of time. But even that was enough to make me creep all over—the cry was so forlorn and fearful. Of all the dreadful sounds I had heard since the first striking of the ship, that shrill wail of despair—rising on the wavetops, one moment; whirled away the next, into the black night—was the most frightful that entered my ears. There are times, even now, when it seems to be ringing in them still.

Whether our first gleam of moonshine fell upon old Mr. Rarx, while he was sleeping, and helped to upset his weak brains altogether, is more than I can say. But, for some reason or other, before the clouds parted and let the light down on us for the second time, and while we were driving along awfully through the blackest of the night, he stirred in his place, and began rambling and raving again more vehemently than ever. To hear him now —that is to say, as well as I could hear him for the wind—he was still down in his gold-mine; but was laden so heavy with his precious metal that he could not get out, and was in mortal peril of being drowned by the water rising in the bottom of the shaft. So far, his maundering attracted my attention disagreeably, and did no more. But when he began—if I may say so—to take the name of the dear little dead child in vain, and to mix her up with himself and his miserly greed of gain, I got angry and called to

the men forward to give him a shake and make him hold his tongue. Whether any of them obeyed or not, I don't know—Mr. Rarx went on raving louder than ever. The shrill wind was now hardly more shrill than he. He swore he saw the white frock of our poor little lost pet fluttering in the daylight, at the top of the mine, and he screamed out to her in a great fright that the gold was heavy, and the water rising fast, and that she must come down as quick as lightning if she meant to be in time to help them. I called again angrily to the men to silence him; and just as I did so, the clouds began to part for the second time, and the white tip of the moon grew visible.

"There she is!" screeches Mr. Rarx; and I saw him by the faint light, scramble on his knees in the bottom of the boat, and wave a ragged old handkerchief up at the moon.

"Pull him down!" I called out. "Down with him; and tie his arms and legs!"

Of the men who could still move about, not one paid any attention to me. They were all upon their knees again, looking out in the strengthening moonlight for a sight of the ship.

"Quick, Golden Lucy!" screams Mr. Rarx, and creeps under the thwarts right forward into the bows of the boat. "Quick! my darling, my beauty, quick! The gold is heavy, and the water rises fast! Come down and save me, Golden Lucy! Let all the rest of the world drown, and save me! Me! me! me! me!"

He shouted these last words out at the top of his cracked, croaking voice, and got on his feet, as I conjectured (for the coat we had spread for a sail now hid him from me) in the bows of the boat. Not one of the crew so much as looked round at him, so eagerly were their eyes seeking for the ship. The man sitting by me was sunk in a deep sleep. If I had left the helm for a moment in that wind and sea, it would have been the death of every soul of us. I shouted desperately to the raving wretch to sit down. A screech that seemed to cut the very wind in two answered me. A huge wave tossed the boat's head up wildly at the same moment. I looked aside to leeward as the wash of the great roller swept by us, gleaming of a lurid, bluish white in the moonbeams; I looked and saw, in one second of time, the face

of Mr. Rarx rush past on the wave, with the foam seething in his hair and the moon shining in his eyes. Before I could draw my breath he was a hundred yards astern of us, and the night and the sea had swallowed him up and had hid his secret, which he had kept all the voyage, from our mortal curiosity, for ever.

"He's gone! he's drowned!" I shouted to the men forward.

None of them took any notice; none of them left off looking out over the ocean for a sight of the ship. Nothing that I could say on the subject of our situation at that fearful time can, in my opinion, give such an idea of the extremity and the frightfulness of it, as the relation of this one fact. I leave it to speak by itself the sad and shocking truth, and pass on gladly to the telling of what happened next, at a later hour of the night.

After the clouds had shut out the moon again, the wind dropped a little and shifted a point or two, so as to shape our course nearer to the eastward. How the hours passed after that, till the dawn came, is more than I can tell. The nearer the time of daylight approached the more completely everything seemed to drop out of my mind, except the one thought of where the ship we had seen in the evening might be, when we looked for her with the morning light.

It came at last—that gray, quiet light which was to end all our uncertainty; which was to show us if we were saved, or to warn us if we were to prepare for death. With the first streak in the east, every one of the boat's company, excepting the sleeping and the senseless, roused up and looked out in breathless silence upon the sea. Slowly and slowly the daylight strengthened, and the darkness rolled off farther and farther before it over the face of the waters. The first pale flush of the sun flew trembling along the paths of light broken through the gray wastes of the eastern clouds. We could look clearly—we could see far; and there, ahead of us—O! merciful, bountiful providence of God!—there was the ship!

I have honestly owned the truth, and confessed to the human infirmity under suffering of myself, my passengers, and my crew. I have earned, therefore, as I would fain hope, the right to record it to the credit of all, that the men, the moment they set eyes on

the ship, poured out their whole heart in humble thanksgiving to the Divine Mercy which had saved them from the very jaws of death. They did not wait for me to bid them do this; they did it of their own accord, in their own language, fervently, earnestly, with one will and one heart.

SAFETY AT LAST

We had hardly made the ship out—a fine brigantine, hoisting English colors—before we observed that her crew suddenly hove her up in the wind. At first we were at a loss to understand this; but as we drew nearer, we discovered that she was getting the Surf-boat (which had kept ahead of us all through the night) alongside of her, under the lee bow. My men tried to cheer when they saw their companions in safety, but their weak cries died away in tears and sobbing.

In another half-hour we, too, were alongside of the brigantine. From this point I recollect nothing very distinctly. I remember faintly many loud voices and eager faces—I remember fresh, strong, willing fellows, with a color in their cheeks, and a smartness in their movements that seemed quite preternatural to me at that time, hanging over us in the rigging of the brigantine, and dropping down from her sides into our boat—I remember trying with my feeble hands to help them in the difficult and perilous task of getting the two poor women and the captain on board —I remember one dark hairy giant of a man swearing that it was enough to break his heart, and catching me in his arms like a child—and from that moment I remember nothing more with the slightest certainty for over a week of time.

When I came to my own senses again, in my cot on board the brigantine, my first inquiries were naturally for my fellow-sufferers. Two—a passenger in the Long-boat, and one of the crew of the Surf-boat—had sunk in spite of all the care that could be taken of them. The rest were likely, with time and attention, to recover. Of those who have been particularly mentioned in this narrative, Mrs. Atherfield had shown signs of rallying the soonest; Miss Coleshaw, who had held out longer against exhaustion, was now the slower to recover. Captain Ravender, though slowly

mending, was still not able to speak or to move in his cot without help. The sacrifices for us all which this good man had so nobly undergone, not only in the boat, but before that, when he had deprived himself of his natural rest on the dark nights that preceded the wreck of the Golden Mary, had sadly undermined his natural strength of constitution. He, the heartiest of all, when we sailed from England, was now, through his unwearying devotion to his duty and to us, the last to recover, the longest to linger between life and death.

My next questions (when they helped me on deck to get my first blessed breath of fresh air) related to the vessel that had saved us. She was bound to the Columbia River—a long way to the northward of the port for which we had sailed in the Golden Mary. Most providentially for us, shortly after we had lost sight of the brigantine in the shades of the evening, she had been caught in a squall, and had sprung her foretopmast badly. This accident had obliged them to lay-to for some hours, while they did their best to secure the spar, and had warned them, when they continued on their course, to keep the ship under easy sail through the night. But for this circumstance we must, in all human probability, have been too far astern when the morning dawned, to have had the slightest chance of being discovered.

Excepting always some of the stoutest of our men, the next of the Long-boat's company who was helped on deck was Mrs. Atherfield. Poor soul! when she and I first looked at each other, I could see that her heart went back to the early days of our voyage, when the Golden Lucy and I used to have our game of hide-and-seek round the mast. She squeezed my hand as hard as she could with her wasted trembling fingers, and looked up piteously in my face, as if she would like to speak to little Lucy's playfellow, but dared not trust herself—then turned away quickly and laid her head against the bulwarks, and looked out upon the desolate sea that was nothing to her now but her darling's grave. I was better pleased when I saw her later in the day, sitting by Captain Ravender's cot; for she seemed to take comfort in nursing him. Miss Coleshaw soon afterwards got strong enough to relieve her at this duty; and, between them, they did the captain such a

world of good, both in body and spirit, that he also got strong enough before long to come on deck, and to thank me, in his old, generous, self-forgetful way, for having done my duty—the duty which I had learned how to do by his example.

Hearing what our destination had been when we sailed from England, the captain of the brigantine (who had treated us with the most unremitting attention and kindness, and had been warmly seconded in his efforts for our good by all the people under his command) volunteered to go sufficiently out of his course to enable us to speak the first Californian coasting-vessel sailing in the direction of San Francisco. We were lucky in meeting with one of these sooner than we expected. Three days after parting from the kind captain of the brigantine, we, the surviving passengers and crew of the Golden Mary, touched the firm ground once more, on the shores of California.

We were hardly collected here before we were obliged to separate again. Captain Ravender, though he was hardly yet in good traveling trim, accompanied Mrs. Atherfield inland, to see her safe under her husband's protection. Miss Coleshaw went with them, to stay with Mrs. Atherfield for a little while before she attempted to proceed with any matters of her own which had brought her to this part of the world. The rest of us, who were left behind with nothing particular to do until the captain's return, followed the passengers to the gold-diggings. Some few of us had enough of the life there in a very short time. The rest seemed bitten by old Mr. Rarx's mania for gold, and insisted on stopping behind when Rames and I proposed going back to the port. We two, and five of our steadiest seamen, were all the officers and crew left to meet the captain on his return from the inland country.

He reported that he had left Mrs. Atherfield and Miss Coleshaw safe and comfortable under Mr. Atherfield's care. They sent affectionate messages to all of us, and especially (I am proud to say) to me. After hearing this good news, there seemed nothing better to do than to ship on board the first vessel bound for England. There were plenty in port, ready to sail and only waiting for the men belonging to them who had deserted to the

gold-diggings. We were all snapped up eagerly, and offered any rate we chose to set on our services, the moment we made known our readiness to ship for England—all, I ought to have said, except Captain Ravender, who went along with us in the capacity of passenger only.

Nothing of any moment occurred on the voyage back. The captain and I got ashore at Gravesend safe and hearty, and went up to London as fast as the train could carry us, to report the calamity that had occurred to the owners of the Golden Mary. When that duty had been performed, Captain Ravender went back to his own house at Poplar, and I traveled to the West of England to report myself to my old father and mother.

Here I might well end all these pages of writing; but I cannot refrain from adding a few more sentences, to tell the reader what I am sure he will be glad to hear. In the summer-time of this present year eighteen hundred and fifty-six, I happened to be at New York, and having spare time on my hands, and spare cash in my pocket, I walked into one of the biggest and grandest of their ordinaries there, to have my dinner. I had hardly sat down at table, before whom should I see opposite but Mrs. Atherfield, as bright-eyed and pretty as ever, with a gentleman on her right hand, and on her left—another Golden Lucy! Her hair was a shade or two darker than the hair of my poor little pet of past sad times; but in all other respects the living child reminded me so strongly of the dead, that I quite started at the first sight of her. I could not tell if I was to try, how happy we were after dinner, or how much we had to say to each other. I was introduced to Mrs. Atherfield's husband, and heard from him, among other things, that Miss Coleshaw was married to her old sweetheart, who had fallen into misfortunes and errors, and whom she was determined to set right by giving him the great chance in life of getting a good wife. They were settled in America, like Mr. and Mrs. Atherfield—these last and the child being on their way, when I met them, to visit a friend living in the northernmost part of the States.

With the relation of this circumstance, and with my personal testimony to the good health and spirits of Captain Ravender the

last time I saw him, ends all that I have to say in connection with the subject of the Wreck of the Golden Mary, and the Great Deliverance of her People at Sea.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Charles Dickens (1812-1870) was a great English novelist. When a mere boy he moved to London, where he afterward lived and wrote. As a child he was neglected and his education was limited. He first showed his ability to write when he became a reporter for a London newspaper. Here his unusual powers of narration and description brought him marked success in writing character sketches, which he signed "Boz." Before Dickens was thirty he was the most popular writer in England. He attacked the cruelty and stupidity with which the children of the poor were treated in English schools; he opened the eyes of the people to the injustice that was suffered by laborers and all poor people; he saw also, like Robert Burns, the sincerity and simple happiness that often make the poor more to be envied than the rich. No other novelist has invented so many characters that seem flesh and blood; they appeal to us because they are "folks," not imaginary dwellers in an unreal world. You will note this ability and the author's rare power of telling a story, as you read "The Wreck of the Golden Mary." Dickens made two visits to America, where he was received with great enthusiasm. His second visit was made in 1867, when he gave public readings from his own works. His vivid imagination and keen human sympathy give to his writings a peculiar interest and charm.

Discussion. 1. Has Dickens any purpose in writing this story, except to interest and entertain? 2. Are you more interested in the characters, or in the things that happen to them; that is, is this tale a character study or a story of adventure? 3. Is it both? 4. Does the story contain much conversation, or is it mainly narration? 5. Are there many descriptions in it? 6. Are they descriptions of nature, of people, or of events? 7. Read what you consider the finest description. 8. What two persons tell the story? 9. Which makes the more decided impression upon you? 10. How does Captain Ravender describe himself? 11. Are his words in keeping with his education and occupation—such as a self-educated, seafaring man would be likely to use? 12. Select and read expressions which indicate that he is a sailor and uses a sailor's speech. 13. Name some of the Captain's characteristics and read passages to illustrate each. 14. Notice that his character is revealed to us, (1) through his own words in relating the story; (2) through what he does; (3) through the conduct of others toward him; and (4) through the chief mate's words. Read lines to illustrate each. 15. Which of the other characters is most interesting? 16. Select incidents which show the influence upon others of the Captain's cheerful-

ness, resourcefulness, bravery, common-sense, and determination. 17. Do you think one of the purposes Dickens had in writing this story may have been to picture the influence of a brave, just, and generous spirit in such adverse circumstances? 18. Pronounce the following: extraordinary; calculations; sustenance.

Phrases

literal and metaphorical, **210**, 2
dangerous moment, **211**, 18
ship's chronometer, **211**, 28
lucrative one, **212**, 10
tolerably correct, **214**, 26
hoist the signal, **214**, 35
curious inconsistency, **217**, 15
a block chafes, **219**, 31
frightful breach, **222**, 2
inner vortex, **224**, 2
tow-rope, **224**, 29
frugal manner, **226**, 10
circumstances appertaining, **226**, 33
great fortitude, **229**, 10
raging in imprecations, **229**, 13
past mustering, **232**, 28
to wear ship, **235**, 33
exhausting effects, **235**, 12
tossing abreast, **236**, 6
sobbing lamentation, **239**, 1
went maundering, **240**, 28
desolate seas, **243**, 19
instantly echoed, **246**, 25
entreating me to lay-to, **247**, 2
combat their despondency, **249**, 33
perilous task, **253**, 21
sprung her foretopmast, **254**, 16
unremitting attention, **255**, 7
traveling trim, **255**, 18

AS YOU LIKE IT

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

During the time that France was divided into provinces (or dukedoms as they were called) there reigned in one of these provinces an usurper, who had deposed and banished his elder brother, the lawful duke.

The duke, who was thus driven from his dominions, retired with a few faithful followers to the forest of Arden; and here the good duke lived with his loving friends, who had put themselves into a voluntary exile for his sake, while their land and revenues enriched the false usurper; and custom soon made the life of careless ease they led here more sweet to them than the pomp and uneasy splendor of a courtier's life. Here they lived like the old Robin Hood of England, and to this forest many noble youths daily resorted from the court, and did fleet the time carelessly, as they did who lived in the golden age. In the summer they lay along under the fine shade of the large forest trees, marking the playful sports of the wild deer; and so fond were they of these poor dappled fools, who seemed to be the native inhabitants of the forest, that it grieved them to be forced to kill them to supply

themselves with venison for their food. When the cold winds of winter made the duke feel the change of his adverse fortune, he would endure it patiently, and say, "These chilling winds which blow upon my body are true counselors; they do not flatter, but represent truly to me my condition; and though they bite sharply, their tooth is nothing like so keen as that of unkindness and ingratitude. I find that howsoever men speak against adversity, yet some sweet uses are to be extracted from it; like the jewel, precious for medicine, which is taken from the head of the venomous and despised toad." In this manner did the patient duke draw a useful moral from everything that he saw; and by the help of this moralizing turn, in that life of his, remote from public haunts, he could find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.

The banished duke had an only daughter, named Rosalind, whom the usurper, Duke Frederick, when he banished her father, still retained in his court as a companion for his own daughter Celia. A strict friendship subsisted between these ladies, which the disagreement between their fathers did not in the least interrupt, Celia striving by every kindness in her power to make amends to Rosalind for the injustice of her own father in deposing the father of Rosalind; and whenever the thoughts of her father's banishment, and her own dependence on the false usurper, made Rosalind melancholy, Celia's whole care was to comfort and console her.

One day, when Celia was talking in her usual kind manner to Rosalind, saying, "I pray you, Rosalind, my sweet cousin, be merry," a messenger entered from the duke, to tell them that if they wished to see a wrestling match, which was just going to begin, they must come instantly to the court before the palace; and Celia, thinking it would amuse Rosalind, agreed to go and see it.

In those times wrestling, which is only practiced now by country clowns, was a favorite sport even in the courts of princes, and before fair ladies and princesses. To this wrestling match, therefore, Celia and Rosalind went. They found that it was likely to prove a very tragical sight; for a large and powerful man

who had been long practiced in the art of wrestling, and had slain many men in contests of this kind, was just going to wrestle with a very young man, who, from his extreme youth and inexperience in the art, the beholders all thought would certainly be killed.

When the duke saw Celia and Rosalind, he said, "How now, daughter and niece, are you crept hither to see the wrestling? You will take little delight in it, there is such odds in the men; in pity to this young man, I would wish to persuade him from wrestling. Speak to him, ladies, and see if you can not move him."

The ladies were well pleased to perform this humane office, and first Celia entreated the young stranger that he would desist from the attempt; and then Rosalind spoke so kindly to him, and with such feeling consideration for the danger he was about to undergo, that instead of being persuaded by her gentle words to forego his purpose, all his thoughts were bent to distinguish himself by his courage in this lovely lady's eyes. He refused the request of Celia and Rosalind in such graceful and modest words, that they felt still more concern for him; he concluded his refusal with saying, "I am sorry to deny such fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial, wherein if I be conquered there is one shamed that was never gracious; if I am killed, there is one dead that is willing to die; I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; for I only fill up a place in the world which may be better supplied when I have made it empty."

And now the wrestling match began. Celia wished the young stranger might not be hurt; but Rosalind felt most for him. The friendless state which he said he was in, and that he wished to die, made Rosalind think that he was like herself, unfortunate; and she pitied him so much, and so deep an interest she took in his danger while he was wrestling, that she might almost be said at that moment to have fallen in love with him.

The kindness shown this unknown youth by these fair and noble ladies gave him courage and strength, so that he performed wonders; and in the end completely conquered his antagonist,

who was so much hurt, that for a while he was unable to speak or move.

The Duke Frederick was much pleased with the courage and skill shown by this young stranger; and desired to know his name and parentage, meaning to take him under his protection.

The stranger said his name was Orlando, and that he was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Sir Rowland de Boys, the father of Orlando, had been dead some years; but when he was living, he had been a true subject and dear friend of the banished duke; therefore, when Frederick heard Orlando was the son of his banished brother's friend, all his liking for this brave young man was changed into displeasure, and he left the place in very ill humor. Hating to hear the very name of any of his brother's friends, and yet still admiring the valor of the youth, he said, as he went out, that he wished Orlando had been the son of any other man.

Rosalind was delighted to hear that her new favorite was the son of her father's old friend; and she said to Celia, "My father loved Sir Rowland de Boys, and if I had known this young man was his son, I would have added tears to my entreaties before he should have ventured."

The ladies then went up to him; and seeing him abashed by the sudden displeasure shown by the duke, they spoke kind and encouraging words to him; and Rosalind, when they were going away, turned back to speak some more civil things to the brave young son of her father's old friend; and taking a chain from off her neck, she said, "Gentleman, wear this for me. I am out of suits with fortune, or I would give you a more valuable present."

When the ladies were alone, Rosalind's talk being still of Orlando, Celia began to perceive her cousin had fallen in love with the handsome young wrestler, and she said to Rosalind, "Is it possible you should fall in love so suddenly?" Rosalind replied, "The duke, my father, loved his father dearly." "But," said Celia, "does it therefore follow that you should love his son dearly? for then I ought to hate him, for my father hated his father; yet I do not hate Orlando."

Frederick being enraged at the sight of Sir Rowland de Boys'

son, which reminded him of the many friends the banished duke had among the nobility, and having been for some time displeased with his niece, because the people praised her for her virtues and pitied her for her good father's sake, his malice suddenly broke out against her; and while Celia and Rosalind were talking of Orlando, Frederick entered the room, and with looks full of anger ordered Rosalind instantly to leave the palace, and follow her father into banishment; telling Celia, who in vain pleaded for her, that he had only suffered Rosalind to stay upon her account. "I did not then," said Celia, "entreat you to let her stay, for I was too young at that time to value her; but now that I know her worth, and that we so long have slept together, risen at the same instant, learned, played, and eaten together, I cannot live out of her company." Frederick replied, "She is too subtle for you; her smoothness, her very silence, and her patience speak to the people, and they pity her. You are a fool to plead for her, for you will seem more bright and virtuous when she is gone; therefore open not your lips in her favor, for the doom which I have passed upon her is irrevocable."

When Celia found she could not prevail upon her father to let Rosalind remain with her, she generously resolved to accompany her; and leaving her father's palace that night, she went along with her friend to seek Rosalind's father, the banished duke, in the forest of Arden.

Before they set out, Celia considered that it would be unsafe for two young ladies to travel in the rich clothes they then wore; she therefore proposed that they should disguise their rank by dressing themselves like country maids. Rosalind said it would be a still greater protection if one of them was to be dressed like a man; and so it was quickly agreed on between them, that as Rosalind was the taller, she should wear the dress of a young countryman, and Celia should be habited like a country lass, and that they should say they were brother and sister, and Rosalind said she would be called Ganymede, and Celia chose the name of Aliena.

In this disguise, and taking their money and jewels to defray their expenses, these fair princesses set out on their long travel;

for the forest of Arden was a long way off, beyond the boundaries of the duke's dominions.

The lady Rosalind (or Ganymede as she must now be called) with her manly garb seemed to have put on a manly courage. The faithful friendship Celia had shown in accompanying Rosalind so many weary miles, made the new brother, in recompense for this true love, exert a cheerful spirit, as if he were indeed Ganymede, the rustic and stout-hearted brother of the gentle village maiden, Aliena.

When at last they came to the forest of Arden, they no longer found the convenient inns and good accommodations they had met with on the road; and being in want of food and rest, Ganymede, who had so merrily cheered his sister with pleasant speeches and happy remarks all the way, now owned to Aliena that he was so weary, he could find in his heart to disgrace his man's apparel, and cry like a woman; and Aliena declared she could go no farther; and then again Ganymede tried to recollect that it was a man's duty to comfort and console a woman, as the weaker vessel; and to seem courageous to his new sister, he said, "Come, have a good heart, my sister Aliena; we are now at the end of our travel, in the forest of Arden." But feigned manliness and forced courage would no longer support them; for though they were in the forest of Arden, they knew not where to find the duke; and here the travel of these weary ladies might have come to a sad conclusion, for they might have lost themselves and perished for want of food; but providentially, as they were sitting on the grass, almost dying with fatigue and hopeless of any relief, a countryman chanced to pass that way, and Ganymede once more tried to speak with a manly boldness, saying, "Shepherd, if love or gold can in this desert place procure us entertainment, I pray you bring us where we may rest ourselves; for this young maid, my sister, is much fatigued with traveling, and faints for want of food."

The man replied that he was only a servant to a shepherd, and that his master's house was just going to be sold, and therefore they would find but poor entertainment; but that if they would go with him, they should be welcome to what there was. They

followed the man, the near prospect of relief giving them fresh strength; and bought the house and sheep of the shepherd, and took the man who conducted them to the shepherd's house to wait on them; and being by this means so fortunately provided with a neat cottage, and well supplied with provisions, they agreed to stay here till they could learn in what part of the forest the duke dwelt.

When they were rested after the fatigue of their journey, they began to like their new way of life, and almost fancied themselves the shepherd and shepherdess they feigned to be; yet sometimes Ganymede remembered he had once been the same lady Rosalind who had so dearly loved the brave Orlando, because he was the son of old Sir Rowland, her father's friend; and though Ganymede thought that Orlando was many miles distant, even so many weary miles as they had traveled, yet it soon appeared that Orlando was also in the forest of Arden; and in this manner this strange event came to pass.

Orlando was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys, who, when he died, left him (Orlando being then very young) to the care of his eldest brother Oliver, charging Oliver on his blessing to give his brother a good education, and provide for him as became the dignity of their ancient house. Oliver proved an unworthy brother; and disregarding the commands of his dying father, he never put his brother to school, but kept him at home untaught and entirely neglected. But in his nature and in the noble qualities of his mind Orlando so much resembled his excellent father, that without any advantages of education he seemed like a youth who had been bred with the utmost care; and Oliver so envied the fine person and dignified manners of his untutored brother, that at last he wished to destroy him; and to effect this he set on people to persuade him to wrestle with the famous wrestler, who, as has been before related, had killed so many men. Now, it was this cruel brother's neglect of him which made Orlando say he wished to die, being so friendless.

When, contrary to the wicked hopes he had formed, his brother proved victorious, his envy and malice knew no bounds, and he swore he would burn the chamber where Orlando slept. He was

overheard making this vow by one that had been an old and faithful servant to their father, and that loved Orlando because he resembled Sir Rowland. This old man went out to meet him when he returned from the duke's palace, and when he saw Orlando, the peril his dear young master was in made him break out into these passionate exclamations: "O my gentle master, my sweet master, O you memory of old Sir Rowland! why are you virtuous? why are you gentle, strong, and valiant? and why would you be so fond to overcome the famous wrestler? Your praise is come too swiftly home before you." Orlando, wondering what all this meant, asked him what was the matter. And then the old man told him how his wicked brother, envying the love all people bore him, and now hearing the fame he had gained by his victory in the duke's palace, intended to destroy him, by setting fire to his chamber that night; and in conclusion, advised him to escape the danger he was in by instant flight; and knowing Orlando had no money, Adam (for that was the good old man's name) had brought out with him his own little hoard, and he said, "I have five hundred crowns, the thrifty hire I saved under your father, and laid by to be provision for me when my old limbs should become unfit for service; take that, and he that doth the ravens feed be comfort to my age! Here is the gold; all this I give to you; let me be your servant; though I look old I will do the service of a younger man in all your business and necessities." "O good old man!" said Orlando, "how well appears in you the constant service of the old world! You are not for the fashion of these times. We will go along together, and before your youthful wages are spent, I shall light upon some means for both our maintenance."

Together then this faithful servant and his loved master set out; and Orlando and Adam traveled on, uncertain what course to pursue, till they came to the forest of Arden, and there they found themselves in the same distress for want of food that Ganymede and Aliena had been. They wandered on, seeking some human habitation, till they were almost spent with hunger and fatigue. Adam at last said, "O my dear master, I die for want of food; I can go no farther!" He then laid himself down, think-

ing to make that place his grave, and bade his dear master farewell. Orlando, seeing him in this weak state, took his old servant up in his arms and carried him under the shelter of some pleasant trees; and he said to him, "Cheerly, old Adam, rest your weary limbs here awhile and do not talk of dying!"

Orlando then searched about to find some food, and he happened to arrive at that part of the forest where the duke was; and he and his friends were just going to eat their dinner, this royal duke being seated on the grass, under no other canopy than the shady covert of some large trees.

Orlando, whom hunger had made desperate, drew his sword, intending to take their meat by force, and said, "Forbear and eat no more; I must have your food!" The duke asked him if distress had made him so bold, or if he were a rude despiser of good manners. On this Orlando said he was dying with hunger; and then the duke told him he was welcome to sit down and eat with them. Orlando hearing him speak so gently, put up his sword, and blushed with shame at the rude manner in which he had demanded their food. "Pardon me, I pray you," said he; "I thought that all things had been savage here, and therefore I put on the countenance of stern command; but whatever men you are, that in this desert, under the shade of melancholy boughs, lose and neglect the creeping hours of time; if ever you have looked on better days; if ever you have been where bells have knolled to church; if you have ever sat at any good man's feast; if ever from your eyelids you have wiped a tear, and know what it is to pity or be pitied, may gentle speeches now move you to do me human courtesy!" The duke replied, "True it is that we are men (as you say) who have seen better days, and though we have now our habitation in this wild forest, we have lived in towns and cities, and have with holy bell been knolled to church, have sat at good men's feasts, and from our eyes have wiped the drops which sacred pity has engendered; therefore sit you down, and take of our refreshments as much as will minister to your wants." "There is an old poor man," answered Orlando, "who has limped after me many a weary step in pure love, oppressed at once with two sad infirmities, age and hunger; till he be satisfied, I must not

touch a bit." "Go, find him out, and bring him hither," said the duke; "we will forbear to eat till you return." Then Orlando went like a doe to find its fawn and give it food; and presently returned, bringing Adam in his arms; and the duke said, "Set down your venerable burthen; you are both welcome"; and they fed the old man and cheered his heart, and he revived, and recovered his health and strength again.

The duke inquired who Orlando was; and when he found that he was the son of his old friend, Sir Rowland de Boys, he took him under his protection, and Orlando and his old servant lived with the duke in the forest.

Orlando arrived in the forest not many days after Ganymede and Aliena came there, and (as has been before related) bought the shepherd's cottage.

Ganymede and Aliena were strangely surprised to find the name of Rosalind carved on the trees, and love-sonnets, fastened to them, all addressed to Rosalind; and while they were wondering how this could be, they met Orlando, and they perceived the chain which Rosalind had given him about his neck.

Orlando little thought that Ganymede was the fair princess Rosalind, who, by her noble condescension and favor, had so won his heart that he passed his whole time in carving her name upon the trees, and writing sonnets in praise of her beauty; but being much pleased with the graceful air of this pretty shepherd-youth, he entered into conversation with him, and he thought he saw a likeness in Ganymede to his beloved Rosalind, but that he had none of the dignified deportment of that noble lady; for Ganymede assumed the forward manners often seen in youths when they are between boys and men, and with much archness and humor talked to Orlando of a certain lover, "who," said he, "haunts our forest, and spoils our young trees with carving, 'Rosalind,' upon their barks; and he hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all praising this same Rosalind. If I could find this lover, I would give him some good counsel that would soon cure him of his love."

Orlando confessed that he was the fond lover of whom he spoke, and asked Ganymede to give him the good counsel he

talked of. The remedy Ganymede proposed, and the counsel he gave him, was that Orlando should come every day to the cottage where he and his sister Aliena dwelt. "And then," said Ganymede, "I will feign myself to be Rosalind, and you shall feign to court me in the same manner as you would do if I was Rosalind, and then I will imitate the fantastic ways of whimsical ladies to their lovers, till I make you ashamed of your love; and this is the way I propose to cure you." Orlando had no great faith in the remedy, yet he agreed to come every day to Ganymede's cottage, and feign a playful courtship; and every day Orlando visited Ganymede and Aliena, and Orlando called the shepherd Ganymede his Rosalind, and every day talked over all the fine words and flattering compliments which young men delight to use when they court their mistresses. It does not appear, however, that Ganymede made any progress in curing Orlando of his love for Rosalind.

Though Orlando thought all this was but a sportive play (not dreaming that Ganymede was his very Rosalind), yet the opportunity it gave him of saying all the fond things he had in his heart, pleased his fancy almost as well as it did Ganymede's, who enjoyed the secret jest in knowing these fine love-speeches were all addressed to the right person.

In this manner many days passed pleasantly on with these young people; and the good-natured Aliena, seeing it made Ganymede happy, let him have his own way, and was diverted at the mock-courtship, and did not care to remind Ganymede that the lady Rosalind had not yet made herself known to the duke her father, whose place of resort in the forest they had learnt from Orlando. Ganymede met the duke one day, and had some talk with him, and the duke asked of what parentage he came. Ganymede answered that he came of as good parentage as he did, which made the duke smile, for he did not suspect the pretty shepherd-boy came of royal lineage. Then seeing the duke look well and happy, Ganymede was content to put off all further explanation for a few days longer.

One morning, as Orlando was going to visit Ganymede, he saw a man lying asleep on the ground, and a large green snake had

twisted itself about his neck. The snake, seeing Orlando approach, glided away among the bushes. Orlando went nearer, and then he discovered a lioness lie crouching, with her head on the ground, with a cat-like watch, waiting until the sleeping man awaked (for it is said that lions will prey on nothing that is dead or sleeping). It seemed as if Orlando was sent by Providence to free the man from the danger of the snake and lioness; but when Orlando looked in the man's face, he perceived that the sleeper who was exposed to this double peril, was his own brother Oliver, who had so cruelly used him, and had threatened to destroy him by fire; and he was almost tempted to leave him a prey to the hungry lioness; but brotherly affection and the gentleness of his nature soon overcame his first anger against his brother; and he drew his sword, and attacked the lioness, and slew her, and thus preserved his brother's life both from the venomous snake and from the furious lioness; but before Orlando could conquer the lioness, she had torn one of his arms with her sharp claws.

While Orlando was engaged with the lioness, Oliver awaked, and perceiving that his brother Orlando, whom he had so cruelly treated, was saving him from the fury of a wild beast at the risk of his own life, shame and remorse at once seized him, and he repented of his unworthy conduct, and besought with many tears his brother's pardon for the injuries he had done him. Orlando rejoiced to see him so penitent, and readily forgave him; they embraced each other; and from that hour Oliver loved Orlando with a true brotherly affection, though he had come to the forest bent on his destruction.

The wound in Orlando's arm having bled very much, he found himself too weak to go to visit Ganymede, and therefore he desired his brother to go and tell Ganymede, "whom," said Orlando, "I in sport do call my Rosalind," the accident which had befallen him.

Thither then Oliver went, and told to Ganymede and Aliena how Orlando had saved his life; and when he had finished the story of Orlando's bravery, and his own providential escape, he owned to them that he was Orlando's brother, who had so cruelly used him; and then he told them of their reconciliation.

The sincere sorrow that Oliver expressed for his offenses made such a lively impression on the kind heart of Aliena, that she instantly fell in love with him; and Oliver observing how much she pitied the distress he told her he felt for his fault, he as suddenly fell in love with her. But while love was thus stealing into the hearts of Aliena and Oliver, he was no less busy with Ganymede, who hearing of the danger Orlando had been in, and that he was wounded by the lioness, fainted; and when he recovered, he pretended that he had counterfeited the swoon in the imaginary character of Rosalind, and Ganymede said to Oliver, "Tell your brother Orlando how well I counterfeited a swoon." But Oliver saw by the paleness of his complexion that he did really faint, and much wondering at the weakness of the young man, he said, "Well, if you did counterfeit, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man." "So I do," replied Ganymede, truly, "but I should have been a woman by right."

Oliver made this visit a very long one, and when at last he returned back to his brother, he had much news to tell him; for besides the account of Ganymede's fainting at the hearing that Orlando was wounded, Oliver told him how he had fallen in love with the fair shepherdess Aliena, and that she had lent a favorable ear to his suit, even in this their first interview; and he talked to his brother, as of a thing almost settled, that he should marry Aliena, saying, that he so well loved her, that he would live here as a shepherd, and settle his estate and house at home upon Orlando.

"You have my consent," said Orlando. "Let your wedding be tomorrow, and I will invite the duke and his friends. Go and persuade your shepherdess to agree to this; she is now alone; for look, here comes her brother." Oliver went to Aliena; and Ganymede, whom Orlando had perceived approaching, came to inquire after the health of his wounded friend.

When Orlando and Ganymede began to talk over the sudden love which had taken place between Oliver and Aliena, Orlando said he had advised his brother to persuade his fair shepherdess to be married on the morrow, and then he added how much he could wish to be married on the same day to his Rosalind.

Ganymede who well approved of this arrangement, said that if Orlando really loved Rosalind as well as he professed to do, he should have his wish; for on the morrow he would engage to make Rosalind appear in her own person, and also that Rosalind should be willing to marry Orlando.

This seemingly wonderful event, which, as Ganymede was the lady Rosalind, he could so easily perform, he pretended he would bring to pass by the aid of magic, which he said he had learnt of an uncle who was a famous magician.

The fond lover Orlando, half believing and half doubting what he heard, asked Ganymede if he spoke in sober meaning. "By my life I do," said Ganymede; "therefore put on your best clothes, and bid the duke and your friends to your wedding; for if you desire to be married tomorrow to Rosalind, she shall be here."

The next morning, Oliver having obtained the consent of Aliena, they came into the presence of the duke, and with them also came Orlando.

They being all assembled to celebrate this double marriage, and as yet only one of the brides appearing, there was much of wondering and conjecture, but they mostly thought that Ganymede was making a jest of Orlando.

The duke, hearing that it was his own daughter that was to be brought in this strange way, asked Orlando if he believed the shepherd-boy could really do what he had promised; and while Orlando was answering that he knew not what to think, Ganymede entered, and asked the duke, if he brought his daughter, whether he would consent to her marriage with Orlando. "That I would," said the duke, "if I had kingdoms to give with her." Ganymede then said to Orlando, "And you say you will marry her if I bring her here?" "That I would," said Orlando, "if I were king of many kingdoms."

Ganymede and Aliena then went out together, and Ganymede throwing off his male attire, and being once more dressed in woman's apparel, quickly became Rosalind without the power of magic; and Aliena changing her country garb for her own rich clothes, was with as little trouble transformed into the lady Celia.

While they were gone, the duke said to Orlando, that he

thought the shepherd Ganymede very like his daughter Rosalind; and Orlando said, he also had observed the resemblance.

They had no time to wonder how all this would end, for Rosalind and Celia in their own clothes entered; and no longer pretending that it was by the power of magic that she came there, Rosalind threw herself on her knees before her father, and begged his blessing. It seemed so wonderful to all present that she should so suddenly appear, that it might well have passed for magic; but Rosalind would no longer trifle with her father, and told him the story of her banishment, and of her dwelling in the forest as a shepherd-boy, her cousin Celia passing as her sister.

The duke ratified the consent he had already given to the marriage; and Orlando and Rosalind, Oliver and Celia, were married at the same time. And though their wedding could not be celebrated in this wild forest with any of the parade or splendor usual on such occasions, yet a happier wedding-day was never passed; and while they were eating their venison under the cool shade of the pleasant trees, as if nothing should be wanting to complete the felicity of this good duke and the true lovers, an unexpected messenger arrived to tell the duke the joyful news, that his dukedom was restored to him.

The usurper, enraged at the flight of his daughter Celia, and hearing that every day men of great worth resorted to the forest of Arden to join the lawful duke in his exile, much envying that his brother should be so highly respected in his adversity, put himself at the head of a large force, and advanced toward the forest, intending to seize his brother, and put him with all his faithful followers to the sword; but, by a wonderful interposition of Providence, this bad brother was converted from his evil intention; for just as he entered the skirts of the wild forest, he was met by an old religious man, a hermit, with whom he had much talk, and who in the end completely turned his heart from his wicked design. Thenceforward he became a true penitent, and resolved, relinquishing his unjust dominion, to spend the remainder of his days in a religious house. The first act of his newly-conceived penitence was to send a messenger to his brother (as has been related) to offer to restore to him his dukedom, which he had usurped so

long, and with it the lands and revenues of his friends, the faithful followers of his adversity.

This joyful news, as unexpected as it was welcome, came opportunely to heighten the festivity and rejoicings at the wedding of the princesses. Celia complimented her cousin on this good fortune which had happened to the duke, Rosalind's father, and wished her joy very sincerely, though she herself was no longer heir to the dukedom, but by this restoration which her father had made, Rosalind was now the heir; so completely was the love of these two cousins unmixed with anything of jealousy or of envy.

The duke had now an opportunity of rewarding those true friends who had stayed with him in his banishment; and these worthy followers, though they had patiently shared his adverse fortune, were very well pleased to return in peace and prosperity to the palace of their lawful duke.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Charles Lamb (1775-1834) was an English writer who spent his entire life in London. He was a classmate of the poet Coleridge. His father was a clerk in a lawyer's office, and Charles was an accountant until he was fifty years of age. He was, however, a great reader and spent his hours of leisure at the bookstalls and printshops or at home reading with his sister Mary. He and Mary wrote *Tales from Shakespeare,* giving the story or plot of many of Shakespeare's plays. In a letter to his friend Mr. Manning, Lamb said of his sister: "She is doing for Godwin's bookseller twenty of Shakespeare's plays, to be made into children's tales. Six are already done by her: *The Tempest, Winter's Tale, Midsummer Night, Much Ado, Two Gentlemen of Verona,* and *Cymbeline;* and the *Merchant of Venice* is in forwardness. I have done *Othello* and *Macbeth,* and mean to do all the tragedies. I think it will be popular among the little people, besides money. It is to bring in sixty guineas. Mary has done them capitally, I think you'd think." Lamb's rich personality gave flavor and enduring fame to his writings.

Discussion. 1. Be prepared to tell the story in the fewest possible words. 2. Make an outline giving the principal events of the story. 3. Note all that is said of the forest of Arden; where may such a forest be found? 4. Is the forest described a real one? 5. What impression of the elder duke's character do you get from the story? 6. What evidences of true friendship did Celia show? 7. Who are the important characters? The most important? 8. Give your opinion of these: Rosalind, Celia, Orlando. 9. Are

the characters real and lifelike or are they improbable? 10. What humorous situations do you find? 11. Pronounce the following: haunts; wrestling; fatigue.

Phrases

usurper, who had deposed, **259**, 3
voluntary exile, **259**, 8
uneasy splendor, **259**, 11
dappled fools, **259**, 17
adverse fortune, **260**, 3
humane office, **261**, 11
to forego his purpose, **261**, 15
malice suddenly broke, **263**, 4
defray their expenses, **263**, 38
recompense for this, **264**, 6
malice knew no bounds, **265**, 36
shady covert, **267**, 10
sacred pity, **267**, 33
venerable burthen, **268**, 5
fantastic ways, **269**, 6
bent on his destruction, **270**, 27
counterfeited the swoon, **271**, 9
wondering and conjecture, **272**, 20
ratified the consent, **273**, 12
respected in his adversity, **273**, 25
wonderful interposition, **273**, 28
newly-conceived penitence, **273**, 35

THE TEMPEST

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

There was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave, or cell, made out of a rock; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men. The knowledge of this art he found very useful to him; for being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in torment-

ing an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape. He took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax, would not let him learn anything good or useful; therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such-like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds, and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. "O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time

before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom; this he soon effected with the aid of the king of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail, or mast; there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat, water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me bear up against

my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm?"

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm, my enemies, the King of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company, and though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terrors of the mariners; and how the King's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the King, his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither; my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the King, and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing; though each one thinks himself the only one saved; and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed; but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you,

master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray remember I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now!" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak; tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"O was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

"O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing,

"Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes.
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree.

Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"O father," said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit. Lord! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

"No, girl," answered her father; "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and gray beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard, expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight; but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way; therefore advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him, he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. "Follow me," said he, "I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food." "No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment, till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence," said the father; "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this, as he does Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the Prince; "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not indeed," answered Ferdinand; and not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero; looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell; he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labor he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard; my father is at his studies, he is safe for these three hours; pray rest yourself."

"O my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but, believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be Queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his Queen.

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard, and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned;

and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the King of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying, that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The King of Naples, and Antonio, the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero; "if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them, quickly, my dainty Ariel."

Ariel soon returned with the King, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses, that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the King knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio with tears, and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness, and the King expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his

brother; and Prospero forgave them; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the King of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you, too"; and opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The King of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda, as his son had been. "Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together." "No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now; of him I have received a new life: he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the King; "but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness."

"No more of that," said Prospero; "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise over-ruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the King's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbor, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the meantime," says he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit; who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits, and sweet-smelling flowers. "My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom." "Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!" Here Ariel sang this pretty song:

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I crouch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the King of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness, but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter and Prince Ferdinand, which the King said should be instantly celebrated with great splendor on their return to

Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography, see Page 274.

Discussion. 1. Make a list of the characters mentioned in the story. 2. Which are the principal characters? 3. What was Prospero's purpose in raising a violent storm? 4. What tells you that it is a magic storm? 5. Tell the story that Prospero told his daughter. 6. Why is Miranda made to sleep? 7. What is the purpose of Ariel's song? 8. Compare the "love at first sight" of Miranda and Ferdinand with that of Orlando and Rosalind in "As You Like It." 9. Tell the story of the reconciliation of Antonio and Prospero. 10. Repeat from memory Ariel's farewell song. 11. Which of the characters do you like best? Why? 12. Mention humorous incidents in the story. 13. What is the aptness of the song "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind"? See page 84 in this book. 14. In a few brief sentences tell the plot of the story. 15. Pronounce the following: mischievous; heir; uncouth.

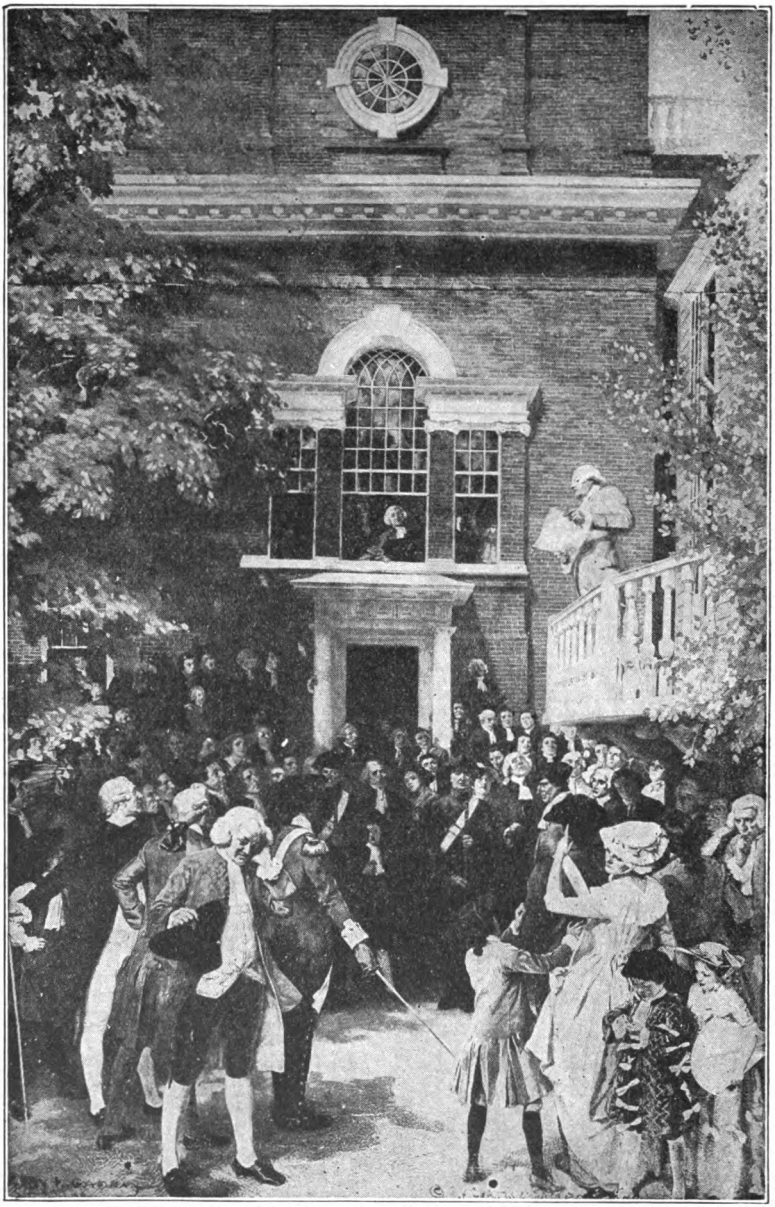
PHRASES

much affected by learned men, **275**, 9
refused to execute, **275**, 15
owed him a grudge, **276**, 1
such-like vexatious tricks, **276**, 17
worldly ends, **277**, 17
dedicate my whole time, **277**, 17
holding converse, **278**, 14
lamenting the loss, **278**, 23
altered by grief, **280**, 10
advocate for an impostor, **281**, 2
power of resistance, **281**, 11
set him a severe task, **281**, 19
became a hindrance, **281**, 32
had enjoined, **281**, 35
father's precepts, **282**, 16
penitence was sincere, **283**, 19
have compassion, **283**, 23
stupefied their senses, **283**, 31
engaging to restore, **284**, 1
uncouth form, **285**, 8
prosperous gales, **285**, 19
happy nuptials, **285**, 35

PART III

IDEALS AND HEROES OF FREEDOM

"When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west."
—James Russell Lowell.



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THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

IDEALS AND HEROES OF FREEDOM

INTRODUCTION

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held. In everything we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

—Wordsworth.

These lines remind us of the great inheritance, not alone of Englishmen but of all who speak the English tongue, whether they live in the United States or England, in Canada or in Australia. This inheritance is due to the fact that English-speaking peoples govern themselves, that they were the first to invent the means by which free government became possible. It sometimes seems a simple thing, very much a matter of course, that in America the rulers are all the people, who adopt the laws they desire; who submit to rules of life because they themselves think these rules to be wise, not because they are compelled to submit through the will of an emperor. But in reality this free government, this democracy, has grown very slowly, through centuries. It is an inheritance of freedom.

The story of this inheritance is filled with deeds of heroes. These heroes lived and died, not to win glory for themselves, but to win freedom for their fellows. Sometimes they were English barons, daring to defy a wicked king, and forcing him to sign a Great Charter that gave them a share in the government. Sometimes they were the peasants seeking the right to live more comfortably. Sometimes they were statesmen who secured for Parliament the right to levy taxes and to be consulted about the way England was to be ruled, and the right to drive a selfish tyrant from the throne. And sometimes they were the farmers and village men forming in battle line at Lexington and Concord. It is a long story that you will read, in many places, not all of it at one time; but little by little you will come to see what meaning lies in the simple words "our inheritance of freedom," and then you will be ready to give your time, and if need be,

your life, to keep this inheritance and to hand it on to those who will speak the English tongue when you are dead.

Only a few bits of the story can be given here. You will read something about Scotland's struggle for the right to be governed by her own people, not by the tyrannical kings who then ruled England and who looked upon Scotland as a mere province fit only to supply money for their selfish desires. Next you will read several selections which show that the tyranny against which Wallace and Bruce fought, like the tyranny against which Warren and Washington and Patrick Henry fought, did not spring from the English spirit, but from kings who tried to keep even Englishmen in slavery. It is all one story—at one time the action takes place in Scotland, at another in England, at still another time in America; but the story is the story of our inheritance of freedom.

"We must be free or die"—these words express the spirit of all who speak the English tongue. The stories of Wallace and Bruce tell it. The story of the last fight of the *Revenge* tells it—a story written by the man who first began to plant English colonies in America, and who helped defend England against the tyranny which King Philip of Spain tried to establish. The stories of the Gray Champion, and of Warren at Bunker Hill, and of Patrick Henry of Virginia, and of Washington and Marion, are also a part of the great story of our inheritance of freedom.

You should keep this always in mind: the heroes who made good the Declaration of Independence and set up a new and freer government in America were men whose ideals of freedom came to them from England. They did not fight against the English *people*. Their spirit was also the fundamental English spirit. Many of the greatest Englishmen of that period used every effort to win fair treatment for the colonies, sympathized with their struggle for independence and rejoiced when at last George III and his ministers were told that America would no longer submit to oppression.

One of the greatest of these Englishmen was Edmund Burke, who lived in the time of George III and took the part of the colonies in their struggle against the King's tyranny. He worked for

the repeal of the taxation laws that so offended the Americans. He made many speeches in Parliament and elsewhere pleading with Englishmen not to drive their fellow Englishmen into civil war. And when at last war came, Burke still sought to bring about reconciliation. He wrote the King a letter in which he said that the British government was not representing the British spirit of freedom in its dealings with the colonies. He wrote a letter to the colonies in which he begged them not to believe that they were at war with England. "Do not think," he said, "that the whole or even the majority of Englishmen in the island are enemies to their own blood on the American continent." And a little later he said, "But still a large, and we trust the largest and soundest part of this kingdom perseveres in the most perfect unity of sentiments, principles, and affections with you. *It spreads out a large and liberal platform of common liberty upon which we may all unite forever.*" The whole matter he sums up by saying that the spirit of England loves not conquest or vast empire for the sake of wealth, but "this is the peculiar glory of England: those who have and who hold to that foundation of common liberty, whether on this or on your side of the ocean, we consider as the true, and the only true, Englishmen."

All Americans need to remember these words written by a great friend of the colonies during the Revolutionary War, a man who also explained more clearly and more eloquently than any other Englishman in any time the principles on which our inheritance of freedom rests. His interest in the American cause was not merely the interest of a sympathetic friend; over and over again he pointed out that the colonies, and not the King's ministry, represented the true English spirit. To him the mode of self-government set up in Massachusetts and Virginia represented the very ideal for which patriotic Englishmen had struggled for centuries. The British parliament, in Burke's time, was not made up of representatives from all the population; only a small part of the population could vote, and many districts had no representation at all. Complete control of the government by the people was what Burke and thousands of other Englishmen had been trying to win. In America such a form of popular

government had developed freely, because the British King paid little attention to the colonies until they became wealthy enough to be a source of riches. It was this fact that made the American revolution not merely a war for the establishment of a new nation, but quite as much a war for the development of free government in England itself. Burke realized this fact, and expressed it by saying, "We view the establishment of the English colonies on principles of liberty as that which is to render this kingdom venerable to future ages."

The prophecy has been fulfilled. Britain still has a king, but he is king in name only; the real power rests in the people. The struggle in which the American colonists bore a part has resulted not only in a free America, but also in a free England and in freedom for the great dominions—Canada, Australia, and New Zealand—which have much the same form of government. The inheritance of freedom belongs to all English-speaking peoples, and the spread of these ideals means freedom for the world.

These ideals center around the brotherhood of man. In our Revolutionary period Robert Burns sang of the coming of a time when these ideals should be acknowledged:

> "It's coming yet, for a' that,
> That man to man, the world o'er,
> Shall brothers be, for a' that."

Long before the time of Burns, John Milton, a great poet, who worked throughout his life for freedom, and who held the same ideals as those held by the founders of Plymouth Colony, wrote of the same thing: "Who knows not that there is a mutual bond of brotherhood between man and man over all the world?"

The recent war has brought England and America together once more, as defenders of the right of all people to self-government. For English ideals, planted on American soil, victorious over the tyranny of George III and his ministry, have not only found their most complete development in our America, but have given the vision of liberty to all men. Thus we are able to understand what President Wilson meant when he said, "And the heart of America shall interpret the heart of the world."

SCOTLAND'S STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE

TALES OF A GRANDFATHER

SIR WALTER SCOTT

The Story of Sir William Wallace
(1296-1305)

William Wallace was none of the high nobles of Scotland, but the son of a private gentleman, called Wallace of Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire, near Paisley. He was very tall and handsome, and one of the strongest and bravest men that ever lived. He had a very fine countenance, with a quantity of fair hair, and was particularly dexterous in the use of all weapons which were then employed in battle. Wallace, like all Scotsmen of high spirit, had looked with great indignation upon the usurpation of the crown by Edward, and upon the insolences which the English soldiers committed on his countrymen. It is said, that when he was very young, he went a-fishing for sport in the river of Irvine, near Ayr. He had caught a good many trout, which were carried by a boy, who attended him with a fishing-basket, as is usual with anglers. Two or three English soldiers, who belonged to the garrison of Ayr, came up to Wallace, and insisted, with their usual insolence, on taking the fish from the boy. Wallace was contented to allow them a part of the trout, but he refused to part with the whole basketful. The soldiers insisted, and from words came to blows. Wallace had no better weapon than the

butt-end of his fishing rod; but he struck the foremost of the Englishmen so hard under the ear with it that he killed him on the spot; and getting possession of the slain man's sword, he fought with so much fury that he put the others to flight, and brought home his fish safe and sound. The English governor of Ayr sought for him, to punish him with death for this action; but Wallace lay concealed among the hills and great woods till the matter was forgotten.

But the action which occasioned his finally rising in arms is believed to have happened in the town of Lanark. Wallace was at this time married to a lady of that place, and residing there with his wife. It chanced, as he walked in the market-place, dressed in a green garment, with a rich dagger by his side, that an Englishman came up and insulted him on account of his finery, saying a Scotsman had no business to wear so gay a dress, or carry so handsome a weapon. It soon came to a quarrel, and Wallace, having killed the Englishman, fled to his own house which was speedily assaulted by all the English soldiers. While they were endeavoring to force their way in at the front of the house, Wallace escaped by a back door, and got in safety to a rugged and rocky glen, near Lanark, called the Cartland Crags, all covered with bushes and trees, and full of high precipices, where he knew he should be safe from the pursuit of the English soldiers. In the meantime the governor of Lanark, whose name was Hazelrigg, burned Wallace's house and put his wife and servants to death; and by committing this cruelty, increased to the highest pitch, as you may well believe, the hatred which the champion had always borne against the English usurper. Hazelrigg also proclaimed Wallace an outlaw, and offered a reward to any one who should bring him to an English garrison, alive or dead.

On the other hand, Wallace soon collected a body of men, outlawed like himself, or willing to become so, rather than any longer endure the oppression of the English. One of his earliest expeditions was directed against Hazelrigg, whom he killed, and thus avenged the death of his wife. He fought skirmishes with the soldiers who were sent against him, and often defeated them;

and in time became so well known and so formidable, that multitudes began to resort to his standard, until at length he was at the head of a considerable army, with which he proposed to restore his country to independence.

Thus Wallace's party grew daily stronger and stronger, and many of the Scottish nobles joined with him. Among these was Sir William Douglas, the Lord of Douglasdale, and the head of a great family often mentioned in Scottish history. There was also Sir John the Grahame, who became Wallace's bosom friend and greatest confidant. Many of these great noblemen, however, deserted the cause of the country on the approach of John de Warenne, Earl of Surrey, the English governor, at the head of a numerous and well-appointed army. They thought that Wallace would be unable to withstand the attack of so many disciplined soldiers and hastened to submit themselves to the English, for fear of losing their estates. Wallace, however, remained undismayed, and at the head of a considerable army. He had taken up his camp upon the northern side of the river Forth, near the town of Stirling. The river was there crossed by a long wooden bridge, about a mile above the spot where the present bridge is situated.

The English general approached the banks of the river on the southern side. He sent two clergymen to offer a pardon to Wallace and his followers, on condition that they should lay down their arms. But such was not the purpose of the high-minded champion of Scotland.

"Go back to Warenne," said Wallace, "and tell him we value not the pardon of the King of England. We are not here for the purpose of treating for peace, but of abiding battle, and restoring freedom to our country. Let the English come on; we defy them to their very beards!"

The English, upon hearing this haughty answer, called loudly to be led to the attack. The Earl of Surrey hesitated, for he was a skillful soldier, and he saw that to approach the Scottish army, his troops must pass over the long, narrow, wooden bridge; so that those who should get over first might be attacked by Wallace with all his forces, before those who remained behind could pos-

sibly come to their assistance. He therefore inclined to delay the battle. But Cressingham the Treasurer, who was ignorant and presumptuous, insisted that it was their duty to fight and put an end to the war at once; and Surrey gave way to his opinion, although Cressingham, being a churchman, could not be so good a judge of what was fitting as he himself, an experienced officer.

The English army began to cross the bridge, Cressingham leading the van, or foremost division of the army; for, in those military days, even clergymen wore armor and fought in battle. That took place which Surrey had foreseen. Wallace suffered a considerable part of the English army to pass the bridge, without offering any opposition; but when about one-half were over, and the bridge was crowded with those who were following, he charged those who had crossed, with his whole strength, slew a very great number, and drove the rest into the river Forth, where the greater part were drowned. The remainder of the English army, who were left on the southern bank of the river, fled in great confusion, having first set fire to the wooden bridge, that the Scots might not pursue them. Cressingham was killed in the very beginning of the battle.

The remains of Surrey's great army fled out of Scotland after this defeat, and the Scots, taking arms on all sides, attacked the castles in which the English soldiers continued to shelter themselves, and took most of them by force or stratagem. Many wonderful stories are told of Wallace's exploits on these occasions, some of which are no doubt true, while others are either invented or very much exaggerated. It seems certain, however, that he defeated the English in several combats, chased them almost entirely out of Scotland, regained the towns and castles of which they had possessed themselves, and recovered for a time the complete freedom of the country.

Edward I was in Flanders when all these events took place. You may suppose he was very angry when he learned that Scotland, which he thought completely subdued, had risen into a great insurrection against him, defeated his armies, killed his Treasurer, chased his soldiers out of their country, and invaded England with

a great force. He came back from Flanders in a mighty rage, and determined not to leave that rebellious country until it was finally conquered, for which purpose he assembled a very fine army and marched into Scotland.

In the meantime the Scots prepared to defend themselves, and chose Wallace to be Governor, or Protector, of the kingdom, because they had no king at the time. He was now titled Sir William Wallace, Protector, or Governor, of the Scottish nation. But although Wallace, as we have seen, was the best soldier and bravest man in Scotland, and therefore the most fit to be placed in command at this critical period, when the King of England was coming against them with such great forces, yet the nobles of Scotland envied him this important situation, because he was not a man born in high rank, or enjoying a large estate. So great was their jealousy of Sir William Wallace, that many of these great barons did not seem very willing to bring forward their forces, or fight against the English, because they would not have a man of inferior condition to be general. Yet, notwithstanding this unwillingness of the great nobility to support him, Wallace assembled a large army; for the middling, but especially the lower classes, were very much attached to him. He marched boldly against the King of England, and met him near the town of Falkirk. Most of the Scottish army were on foot, because, as I already told you, in those days only the nobility and great men of Scotland fought on horseback. The English King, on the contrary, had a very large body of the finest cavalry in the world, Normans and English, all clothed in complete armor. He had also the celebrated archers of England, each of whom was said to carry twelve Scotsmen's lives under his girdle; because every archer had twelve arrows stuck in his belt, and was expected to kill a man with every arrow.

The Scots had some good archers from the Forest of Ettrick, who fought under command of Sir John Stewart of Bonkill; but they were not nearly equal in number to the English. The greater part of the Scottish army were on foot, armed with long spears; they were placed thick and close together, and laid all their spears so close, point over point, that it seemed as

difficult to break through them, as through the wall of a strong castle.

The English made the attack. King Edward, though he saw the close ranks, and undaunted appearance, of the Scottish infantry, resolved nevertheless to try whether he could not ride them down with his fine cavalry. He therefore gave his horsemen orders to advance. They charged accordingly at full gallop.

The first line of cavalry was commanded by the Earl Marshal of England, whose progress was checked by a morass. The second line of English horse was commanded by Antony Beck, the Bishop of Durham, who nevertheless wore armor and fought like a lay baron. He wheeled round the morass; but when he saw the deep and firm order of the Scots, his heart failed, and he proposed to Sir Ralph Basset of Drayton, who commanded under him, to halt till Edward himself brought up the reserve. "Go say your mass, Bishop," answered Basset contemptuously, and advanced at full gallop with the second line. However, the Scots stood their ground with their long spears; many of the foremost of the English horses were thrown down, and the riders were killed as they lay rolling, unable to rise, owing to the weight of their heavy armor. The English cavalry attempted again and again to disperse the deep and solid ranks in which Wallace had stationed his foot soldiers. But they were repeatedly beaten off with loss, nor could they make their way through that wood of spears, as it is called by one of the English historians. King Edward then commanded his archers to advance; and these approaching within arrow-shot of the Scottish ranks, poured on them such close and dreadful volleys of arrows, that it was impossible to sustain the discharge. It happened at the same time, that Sir John Stewart was killed by a fall from his horse; and the archers of Ettrick Forest, whom he was bringing forward to oppose those of King Edward, were slain in great numbers around him. Their bodies were afterward distinguished among the slain, as being the tallest and handsomest men of the army.

The Scottish spearmen being thus thrown into some degree of confusion, by the loss of those who were slain by the arrows of the English, the heavy cavalry of Edward again charged with

more success than formerly, and broke through the ranks, which were already disordered. Sir John Grahame, Wallace's great friend and companion, was slain, with many other brave soldiers; and the Scots, having lost a very great number of men, were at length obliged to take to flight.

The King of England possessed so much wealth, and so many means of raising soldiers, that he sent army after army into the poor oppressed country of Scotland, and obliged all its nobles and great men, one after another, to submit themselves once more to his yoke. Sir William Wallace, alone, or with a very small band of followers, refused either to acknowledge the usurper Edward, or to lay down his arms. He continued to maintain himself among the woods and mountains of his native country for no less than seven years after his defeat at Falkirk, and for more than one year after all the other defenders of Scottish liberty had laid down their arms. Many proclamations were sent out against him by the English, and a great reward was set upon his head; for Edward did not think he could have any secure possession of his usurped kingdom of Scotland while Wallace lived. At length he was taken prisoner; and, shame it to say, a Scotsman called Sir John Monteith was the person by whom he was seized and delivered to the English.

Edward, having thus obtained possession of the person whom he considered as the greatest obstacle to his complete conquest of Scotland, resolved to make Wallace an example to all Scottish patriots who should in future venture to oppose his ambitious projects. He caused this gallant defender of his country to be brought to trial in Westminster Hall, before the English judges, and produced him there, crowned in mockery, with a green garland, because they said he had been king of outlaws and robbers among the Scottish woods. Wallace was accused of having been a traitor to the English crown; to which he answered, "I could not be a traitor to Edward, for I was never his subject." He was then charged with having taken and burned towns and castles, with having killed many men and done much violence. He replied, with the same calm resolution, that it was true he had killed many Englishmen, but it was because they had come to

subdue and oppress his native country of Scotland; and far from repenting what he had done, he declared he was only sorry that he had not put to death many more of them.

Notwithstanding that Wallace's defense was a good one, both in law and in common sense (for surely every one has not only a right to fight in defense of his native country, but is bound in duty to do so), the English judges condemned him to be executed.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Walter Scott (1771-1832) was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. Even in his childhood he loved nothing better than to wander through Scotland, looking up castles and ruins and listening to the stories connected with them as told by the old people of the villages. He became familiar with all the ballads and legends of his locality, and these, with Bishop Percy's collection of ballads which he read later, exerted a strong influence on his life. He loved the history and romance of Scotland and made them known to all the world through his poems and novels.

In 1827 he published the *Tales of a Grandfather,* because, as he writes in his diary, the good thought came to him to write stories from the history of Scotland for his grandson, John Hugh Lockhart, whom he calls Hugh Littlejohn. "Children hate books which are written down to their capacity, and love those that are composed more for their elders. I will," he says, "make, if possible, a book that a child shall understand, yet a man will feel some temptation to peruse should he chance to take it up."

Discussion. 1. This story relates five episodes in the life of William Wallace: The Basket of Fish; The Green Garment; The Wooden Bridge at Stirling Town; A Wood of Spears; The Trial in Westminster Hall. Relate the episode that seems most vivid to you. 2. Read three speeches that show clearly the character of William Wallace. 3. Would you have joined Wallace if you had been a Scottish nobleman? 4. Why did many of the nobles refuse to join Wallace? 5. Describe the Scottish infantry and archers, and the English cavalry and archers at Falkirk. 6. What is your opinion of Sir John Monteith? 7. Locate on your map: Ayr; Lanark; Clyde River; Stirling; Falkirk; Edinburgh; Northumberland; London. 8. Pronounce the following: usurpation; formidable; stratagem; exploits; undaunted; morass.

Phrases

particularly dexterous, **293**, 6
usurpation of the crown, **293**, 8
usual insolence, **293**, 16
resort to his standard, **295**, 2
high-minded champion, **295**, 25
undaunted appearance, **298**, 4
volleys of arrows, **298**, 28
ambitious projects, **299**, 26

Robert the Bruce
(1305-1313)

Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, and John Comyn, usually called the Red Comyn, two great and powerful barons, had taken part with Sir William Wallace in the wars against England; but, after the defeat of Falkirk, being fearful of losing their great estates, and considering the freedom of Scotland as beyond the possibility of being recovered, both Bruce and Comyn had not only submitted themselves to Edward, and acknowledged his title as King of Scotland, but even borne arms, along with the English, against such of their countrymen as still continued to resist the usurper. But the feelings of Bruce concerning the baseness of this conduct are said, by the old tradition of Scotland, to have been awakened by the following incident. In one of the numerous battles, or skirmishes, which took place at the time between the English and their adherents on the one side, and the insurgent, or patriotic, Scots upon the other, Robert the Bruce was present, and assisted the English to gain the victory. After the battle was over, he sat down to dinner among his southern friends and allies, without washing his hands, on which there still remained spots of the blood which he had shed during the action. The English lords, observing this, whispered to each other in mockery, "Look at that Scotsman, who is eating his own blood!" Bruce heard what they said, and began to reflect that the blood upon his hands might be indeed called his own, since it was that of his brave countrymen who were fighting for the independence of Scotland, whilst he was assisting its oppressors, who only laughed at and mocked him for his unnatural conduct. He was so much shocked and disgusted, that he arose from table, and, going into a neighboring chapel, shed many tears, and asking pardon of God for the great crime he had been guilty of, made a solemn vow that he would atone for it, by doing all in his power to deliver Scotland from the foreign yoke. Accordingly, he left, it is said, the English army, and never joined it again, but remained watching an opportunity for restoring the freedom of his country.

Now, this Robert the Bruce was a remarkably brave and strong man; there was no man in Scotland that was thought a match for him except Sir William Wallace; and now that Wallace was dead, Bruce was held the best warrior in Scotland. He was very wise and prudent, and an excellent general. He was generous, too, and courteous by nature; but he had some faults, which perhaps belonged as much to the fierce period in which he lived as to his own character. He was rash and passionate, and in his passion, he was sometimes relentless and cruel.

Robert the Bruce had fixed his purpose, as I told you, to attempt once again to drive the English out of Scotland, and he desired to prevail upon Sir John the Red Comyn, who was his rival in his pretensions to the throne, to join with him in expelling the foreign enemy by their common efforts. With this purpose, Bruce posted down from London to Dumfries, on the borders of Scotland, and requested an interview with John Comyn. They met in the church of the Minorites in that town, before the high altar. What passed betwixt them is not known with certainty; but they quarreled, either concerning their mutual pretensions to the crown, or because Comyn refused to join Bruce in the proposed insurrection against the English; or, as many writers say, because Bruce charged Comyn with having betrayed to the English his purpose of rising up against King Edward. It is, however, certain, that these two haughty barons came to high and abusive words, until at length Bruce, who I told you was extremely passionate, forgot the sacred character of the place in which they stood, and struck Comyn a blow with his dagger. Having done this rash deed, he instantly ran out of the church and called for his horse. Two gentlemen of the country, Lindesay and Kirkpatrick, friends of Bruce, were then in attendance on him. Seeing him pale, and in much agitation, they eagerly inquired what was the matter.

"I doubt," said Bruce, "that I have slain the Red Comyn."

"Do you leave such a matter in doubt?" said Kirkpatrick. "I will make sicker!"—that is, I will make certain.

Accordingly, he and his companion Lindesay rushed into the church, and made the matter certain with a vengeance,

by dispatching the wounded Comyn with their daggers. This slaughter of Comyn was a most rash and cruel action; and the historian of Bruce observes, that it was followed by the displeasure of Heaven; for no man ever went through more misfortunes than Robert Bruce, although he at length rose to great honor.

The commencement of Bruce's undertaking was most disastrous. He was crowned on the twenty-ninth of March, 1306. On the nineteenth of June, the new King was completely defeated near Methven by the English Earl of Pembroke. Robert's horse was killed under him in the action, and he was for a moment a prisoner. But he had fallen into the power of a Scottish knight, who, though he served in the English army, did not choose to be the instrument of putting Bruce into their hands, and allowed him to escape.

Driven from one place in the Highlands to another, starved out of some districts, and forced from others by the opposition of the inhabitants, Bruce attempted to force his way into Lorn; but he found enemies everywhere.

At last dangers increased so much around the brave King Robert, that he was obliged to separate himself from his Queen and her ladies; for the winter was coming on, and it would be impossible for the women to endure this wandering sort of life when the frost and snow should set in. So Bruce left his Queen, with the Countess of Buchan and others, in the only castle which remained to him, which was called Kildrummie, and is situated near the head of the river Don in Aberdeenshire. The King also left his youngest brother, Nigel Bruce, to defend the castle against the English; and he himself, with his second brother Edward, who was a very brave man, but still more rash and passionate than Robert himself, went over to an island called Rachrin, on the coast of Ireland, where Bruce and the few men who followed his fortunes passed the winter of 1306.

The news of the taking of Kildrummie, the captivity of his wife, and the execution of his brother, reached Bruce while he was residing in a miserable dwelling at Rachrin, and reduced him to the point of despair.

It was about this time that an incident took place, which, although it rests only on tradition in families of the name of Bruce, is rendered probable by the manners of the times. After receiving the last unpleasing intelligence from Scotland, Bruce was lying one morning on his wretched bed, and deliberating with himself whether he had not better resign all thoughts of again attempting to make good his right to the Scottish crown, and, dismissing his followers, transport himself and his brothers to the Holy Land, and spend the rest of his life in fighting against the Saracens; by which he thought, perhaps, he might deserve the forgiveness of Heaven for the great sin of stabbing Comyn in the church at Dumfries. But then, on the other hand, he thought it would be both criminal and cowardly to give up his attempts to restore freedom to Scotland while there yet remained the least chance of his being successful in an undertaking, which, rightly considered, was much more his duty than to drive the infidels out of Palestine.

While he was divided betwixt these reflections, and doubtful of what he should do, Bruce was looking upward to the roof of the cabin in which he lay; and his eye was attracted by a spider, which, hanging at the end of a long thread of its own spinning, was endeavoring, as is the fashion of that creature, to swing itself from one beam in the roof to another, for the purpose of fixing the line on which it meant to stretch its web. The insect made the attempt again and again without success; at length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times, and been as often unable to do so. It came into his head that he had himself fought just six battles against the English and their allies, and that the poor persevering spider was exactly in the same situation with himself, having made as many trials and been as often disappointed in what it aimed at. "Now," thought Bruce, "as I have no means of knowing what is best to be done, I will be guided by the luck which shall attend this spider. If the insect shall make another effort to fix its thread, and shall be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland; but if the spider shall fail, I will go to the wars in Palestine, and never return to my native country more."

While Bruce was forming this resolution the spider made another exertion with all the force it could muster, and fairly succeeded in fastening its thread to the beam which it had so often in vain attempted to reach. Bruce, seeing the success of the spider, resolved to try his own fortune; and as he had never before gained a victory, so he never afterwards sustained any considerable or decisive check or defeat. I have often met with people of the name of Bruce, so completely persuaded of the truth of this story, that they would not on any account kill a spider, because it was that insect which had shown the example of perseverance, and given a signal of good luck to their great namesake.

Having determined to renew his efforts to obtain possession of Scotland, notwithstanding the smallness of the means which he had for accomplishing so great a purpose, the Bruce removed himself and his followers from Rachrin to the island of Arran, which lies in the mouth of the Clyde. The King landed and inquired of the first woman he met what armed men were in the island. She returned for answer that there had arrived there very lately a body of armed strangers, who had defeated an English officer, the governor of the castle of Brathwick, had killed him and most of his men, and were now amusing themselves with hunting about the island. The King, having caused himself to be guided to the woods which these strangers most frequented, there blew his horn repeatedly. Now, the chief of the strangers who had taken the castle was James Douglas, one of the best of Bruce's friends, and he was accompanied by some of the bravest of that patriotic band. When he heard Robert Bruce's horn, he knew the sound well, and cried out that yonder was the King; he knew by his manner of blowing. So he and his companions hastened to meet King Robert, and there was great joy on both sides; whilst at the same time they could not help weeping when they considered their own forlorn condition, and the great loss that had taken place among their friends since they had last parted. But they were stout-hearted men, and looked forward to freeing their country in spite of all that had yet happened.

When King Edward the First heard that Scotland was again in arms against him, he marched down to the borders with many

threats of what he would do to avenge himself on Bruce and his party, whom he called rebels.

Other great lords besides Douglas were now exerting themselves to attack and destroy the English. Amongst those was Sir Thomas Randolph, whose mother was a sister of King Robert. He had joined with the Bruce when he first took up arms. Afterwards being made prisoner by the English, when the King was defeated at Methven, Sir Thomas Randolph was obliged to join the English to save his life. He remained so constant to them, that he was in company with Aymer de Valence and John of Lorn, when they forced the Bruce to disperse his little band; and he followed the pursuit so close, that he made his uncle's standard-bearer prisoner and took his banner. Afterwards, however, he was himself made prisoner, at a solitary house on Lyne-water, by the good Lord James Douglas, who brought him captive to the King. Robert reproached his nephew for having deserted his cause; and Randolph, who was very hot-tempered, answered insolently, and was sent by King Robert to prison. Shortly after, the uncle and nephew were reconciled, and Sir Thomas Randolph, created Earl of Murray by the King, was ever afterwards one of Bruce's best supporters. There was a sort of rivalry between Douglas and him, which should do the boldest and most hazardous actions. I will just mention one or two circumstances, which will show you what awful dangers were to be encountered by these brave men, in order to free Scotland from its enemies and invaders.

While Robert Bruce was gradually getting possession of the country, and driving out the English, Edinburgh, the principal town of Scotland, remained, with its strong castle, in possession of the invaders. Sir Thomas Randolph was extremely desirous to gain this important place; but, as you well know, the castle is situated on a very steep and lofty rock, so that it is difficult or almost impossible even to get up to the foot of the walls, much more to climb over them.

So while Randolph was considering what was to be done, there came to him a Scottish gentleman named Francis, who had joined Bruce's standard, and asked to speak with him in private. He then told Randolph, that in his youth he had lived in the Castle

of Edinburgh, and that his father had then been keeper of the fortress. It happened at that time that Francis was much in love with a lady, who lived in a part of the town beneath the castle, which is called the Grassmarket. Now, as he could not get out of the castle by day to see her, he had practiced a way of clambering by night down the castle rock on the south side, and returning at his pleasure; when he came to the foot of the wall, he made use of a ladder to get over it, as it was not very high at that point, those who built it having trusted to the steepness of the crag; and, for the same reason, no watch was placed there. Francis had gone and come so frequently in this dangerous manner, that, though it was now long ago, he told Randolph he knew the road so well that he would undertake to guide a small party of men by night to the bottom of the wall; and as they might bring ladders with them, there would be no difficulty in scaling it. The great risk was that of their being discovered by the watchmen while in the act of ascending the cliff, in which case every man of them must have perished.

Nevertheless, Randolph did not hesitate to attempt the adventure. He took with him only thirty men (you may be sure they were chosen for activity and courage), and came one dark night to the foot of the rock, which they began to ascend under the guidance of Francis, who went before them, upon his hands and feet, up one cliff, down another, and round another, where there was scarce room to support themselves. All the while these thirty men were obliged to follow in a line, one after the other, by a path that was fitter for a cat than a man. The noise of a stone falling, or a word spoken from one to another, would have alarmed the watchmen. They were obliged, therefore, to move with the greatest precaution. When they were far up the crag, and near the foundation of the wall, they heard the guards going their rounds, to see that all was safe in and about the castle. Randolph and his party had nothing for it but to lie close and quiet, each man under the crag, as he happened to be placed, and trust that the guards would pass by without noticing them. And while they were waiting in breathless alarm they got a new cause of fright. One of the soldiers of the castle, willing to startle his

comrades, suddenly threw a stone from the wall, and cried out, "Aha, I see you well!" The stone came thundering down over the heads of Randolph and his men, who naturally thought themselves discovered. If they had stirred, or made the slightest noise, they would have been entirely destroyed; for the soldiers above might have killed every man of them merely by rolling down stones. But being courageous and chosen men, they remained quiet, and the English soldiers, who thought their comrade was merely playing them a trick (as, indeed, he had no other meaning in what he did and said), passed on without further examination.

Then Randolph and his men got up and came in haste to the foot of the wall, which was not above twice a man's height in that place. They planted the ladders they had brought, and Francis mounted first to show them the way; Sir Andrew Grey, a brave knight, followed him, and Randolph himself was the third man who got over. Then the rest followed. When once they were within the walls, there was not so much to do, for the garrison were asleep and unarmed, excepting the watch, who were speedily destroyed. Thus was Edinburgh Castle taken in March, 1312-13.

It was not, however, only by the exertions of great and powerful barons, like Randolph and Douglas, that the freedom of Scotland was to be accomplished. The stout yeomanry and the bold peasantry of the land, who were as desirous to enjoy their cottages in honorable independence as the nobles were to reclaim their castles and estates from the English, contributed their full share in the efforts which were made to deliver the country from the invaders. I will give you one instance among many.

There was a strong castle near Linlithgow, or Lithgow, as the word is more generally pronounced, where an English governor, with a powerful garrison, lay in readiness to support the English cause, and used to exercise much severity upon the Scots in the neighborhood. There lived at no great distance from this stronghold, a farmer, a bold and stout man, whose name was Binnock, or, as it is now pronounced, Binning. This man saw with great joy the progress which the Scots were making in recovering their country from the English, and resolved to do something to help

his countrymen, by getting possession, if it were possible, of the Castle of Lithgow. But the place was very strong, situated by the side of a lake, defended not only by gates, which were usually kept shut against strangers, but also by a portcullis. A portcullis is a sort of door formed of cross-bars of iron, like a grate. It has not hinges like a door, but is drawn up by pulleys, and let down when any danger approaches. It may be let go in a moment, and then falls down into the doorway; and as it has great iron spikes at the bottom, it crushes all that it lights upon; thus in case of a sudden alarm, a portcullis may be let suddenly fall to defend the entrance, when it is not possible to shut the gates. Binnock knew this very well, but he resolved to be provided against this risk also when he attempted to surprise the castle. So he spoke with some bold, courageous countrymen, and engaged them in his enterprise, which he accomplished thus·

Binnock had been accustomed to supply the garrison of Linlithgow with hay, and he had been ordered by the English governor to furnish some cart-loads, of which they were in want. He promised to bring it accordingly; but the night before he drove the hay to the castle, he stationed a party of his friends, as well armed as possible, near the entrance, where they could not be seen by the garrison, and gave them directions that they should come to his assistance as soon as they should hear him cry a signal, which was to be, "Call all, call all!" Then he loaded a great wagon with hay. But in the wagon he placed eight strong men, well armed, lying flat on their breasts, and covered over with hay, so that they could not be seen. He himself walked carelessly beside the wagon; and he chose the stoutest and bravest of his servants to be the driver, who carried at his belt a strong ax or hatchet. In this way Binnock approached the castle early in the morning; and the watchman, who only saw two men, Binnock being one of them, with a cart of hay, which they expected, opened the gates and raised up the portcullis, to permit them to enter the castle. But as soon as the cart had gotten under the gateway, Binnock made a sign to his servant, who with his ax suddenly cut asunder the *soam,* that is, the yoke which fastens the horses to the cart, and the horses finding themselves free, naturally started forward, the

cart remaining behind. At the same moment, Binnock cried, as loud as he could, "Call all, call all!" and drawing the sword, which he had under his country habit, he killed the porter. The armed men then jumped up from under the hay where they lay concealed, and rushed on the English guard. The Englishmen tried to shut the gates, but they could not, because the cart of hay remained in the gateway, and prevented the folding-doors from being closed. The portcullis was also let fall, but the grating was caught on the cart, and so could not drop to the ground. The men who were in ambush near the gate, hearing the cry, "Call all, call all," ran to assist those who had leaped out from amongst the hay; the castle was taken, and all the Englishmen killed or made prisoners. King Robert rewarded Binnock by bestowing on him an estate, which his posterity long afterwards enjoyed.

The English now possessed scarcely any place of importance in Scotland, excepting Stirling, which was besieged, or rather blockaded, by Edward Bruce, the King's brother. To blockade a town or castle is to quarter an army around it, so as to prevent those within from getting provisions. This was done by the Scots before Stirling, till Sir Philip Mowbray, who commanded the castle, finding that he was like to be reduced to extremity for want of provisions, made an agreement with Edward Bruce that he would surrender the place, provided he were not relieved by the King of England before midsummer. Sir Edward agreed to these terms, and allowed Mowbray to go to London, to tell King Edward of the conditions he had made. But when King Robert heard what his brother had done, he thought it was too great a risk, since it obliged him to venture a battle with the full strength of Edward the Second, who had under him England, Ireland, Wales, and great part of France, and could within the time allowed assemble a much more powerful army than the Scots could, even if all Scotland were fully under the King's authority. Sir Edward answered his brother with his naturally audacious spirit, "Let Edward bring every man he has, we will fight them, were they more." The King admired his courage, though it was mingled with rashness. "Since it is so, brother," he said, "we will manfully abide battle, and assemble all who love us, and value the freedom of Scotland, to

come with all the men they have, and help us to oppose King Edward, should he come with his army, to rescue Stirling."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. What incident made Robert Bruce leave the English army? 2. What qualities for leadership did he possess? 3. What happened when Comyn and Bruce met at the church in Dumfries? 4. How was Bruce punished for this deed? 5. Mention some of Bruce's misfortunes. 6. Which did you wish Bruce to do, fight the Saracens, or fight for Scotland? 7. Why? 8. What did the spider show Bruce? 9. How did Bruce and James Douglas meet? 10. What do you know about Sir Thomas Randolph? 11. Describe the taking of Edinburgh Castle. 12. By what stratagem was the Castle of Lithgow taken? 13. Read lines that show the character of the King's brother, Sir Edward. 14. Pronounce the following: patriotic; yeomanry; severity; audacious.

Phrases

resist the usurper, **301**, 9
baseness of this conduct, **301**, 10
foreign yoke, **301**, 31
down from London, **302**, 15
church of Minorites, **302**, 17
mutual pretentions, **302**, 19
unpleasing intelligence, **304**, 4
stout-hearted men, **305**, 34
stout yeomanry, **308**, 23
bold peasantry, **308**, 23

The Battle of Bannockburn
(1314)

When Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor of Stirling, came to London, to tell the King that Stirling, the last Scottish town of importance which remained in possession of the English, was to be surrendered if it were not relieved by force of arms before midsummer, then all the English nobles called out, it would be a sin and shame to permit the fair conquest which Edward the First had made, to be forfeited to the Scots for want of fighting.

King Edward the Second, therefore, assembled one of the greatest armies which a King of England ever commanded. There were troops brought from all his dominions. Many brave soldiers from the French provinces which the King of England possessed in France—many Irish, many Welsh—and all the great

English nobles and barons, with their followers, were assembled in one great army. The number was not less than one hundred thousand men.

King Robert the Bruce summoned all his nobles and barons to join him, when he heard of the great preparations which the King of England was making. They were not so numerous as the English by many thousand men. In fact, his whole army did not very much exceed thirty thousand, and they were much worse armed than the wealthy Englishmen; but then, Robert, who was at their head, was one of the most expert generals of the time; and the officers he had under him were his brother Edward, his nephew Randolph, his faithful follower the Douglas, and other brave and experienced leaders, who commanded the same men that had been accustomed to fight and gain victories under every disadvantage of situation and numbers.

The King, on his part, studied how he might supply, by address and stratagem, what he wanted in numbers and strength. He knew the superiority of the English, both in their heavy-armed cavalry, which were much better mounted and armed than that of the Scots, and in their archers, who were better trained than any others in the world. Both these advantages he resolved to provide against. With this purpose, he led his army down into a plain near Stirling, called the Park, near which, and beneath it, the English army must needs pass through a boggy country, broken with water-courses, while the Scots occupied hard dry ground. He then caused all the ground upon the front of his line of battle, where cavalry were likely to act, to be dug full of holes, about as deep as a man's knee. They were filled with light brushwood, and the turf was laid on the top, so that it appeared a plain field, while in reality it was all full of these pits as a honeycomb is of holes. He also, it is said, caused steel spikes, called calthrops, to be scattered up and down in the plain, where the English cavalry were most likely to advance, trusting in that manner to lame and destroy their horses.

When the Scottish army was drawn up, the line stretched north and south. On the south, it was terminated by the banks of the brook, called Bannockburn, which are so rocky, that no

troops could attack them there. On the left, the Scottish line extended near to the town of Stirling. Bruce reviewed his troops very carefully; all the useless servants, drivers of carts, and such like, of whom there were very many, he ordered to go behind a height, afterwards, in memory of the event, called the Gillies' hill, that is, the Servants' hill. He then spoke to the soldiers, and expressed his determination to gain the victory, or to lose his life on the field of battle. He desired that all those who did not propose to fight to the last should leave the field before the battle began, and that none should remain except those who were determined to take the issue of victory or death, as God should send it.

When the main body of his army was thus placed in order, the King posted Randolph, with a body of horse, near to the Church of St. Ninian's, commanding him to use the utmost diligence to prevent any succors from being thrown into Stirling Castle. He then dispatched James of Douglas, and Sir Robert Keith, the Mareschal of the Scottish army, in order that they might survey, as nearly as they could, the English force, which was now approaching from Falkirk. They returned with information, that the approach of that vast host was one of the most beautiful and terrible sights which could be seen—that the whole country seemed covered with men-at-arms on horse and foot—that the number of standards, banners, and pennons made so gallant a show, that the bravest and most numerous host in Christendom might be alarmed to see King Edward moving against them.

It was upon the twenty-third of June (1314) the King of Scotland heard the news, that the English army were approaching Stirling. He drew out his army, therefore, in the order which he had before resolved on. After a short time, Bruce, who was looking out anxiously for the enemy, saw a body of English cavalry trying to get into Stirling from the eastward. This was the Lord Clifford, who, with a chosen body of eight hundred horse, had been detached to relieve the castle.

"See, Randolph," said the King to his nephew, "there is a rose fallen from your chaplet." By this he meant that Randolph had lost some honor, by suffering the enemy to pass where he had been stationed to hinder them. Randolph made no reply, but rushed

against Clifford with little more than half his number. The Scots were on foot. The English turned to charge them with their lances, and Randolph drew up his men in close order to receive the onset. He seemed to be in so much danger, that Douglas asked leave of the King to go and assist him. The King refused him permission.

"Let Randolph," he said, "redeem his own fault; I cannot break the order of battle for his sake." Still the danger appeared greater, and the English horse seemed entirely to encompass the small handful of Scottish infantry. "So please you," said Douglas to the king, "my heart will not suffer me to stand idle and see Randolph perish—I must go to his assistance." He rode off accordingly; but long before they had reached the place of combat, they saw the English horses galloping off, many with empty saddles.

"Halt!" said Douglas to his men, "Randolph has gained the day; since we were not soon enough to help him in the battle, do not let us lessen his glory by approaching the field." Now, that was nobly done; especially as Douglas and Randolph were always contending which should rise highest in the good opinion of the King of the nation.

The van of the English army now came in sight, and a number of their bravest knights drew near to see what the Scots were doing. They saw King Robert dressed in his armor and distinguished by a gold crown, which he wore over his helmet. He was not mounted on his great war-horse, because he did not expect to fight that evening. But he rode on a little pony up and down the ranks of his army, putting his men in order, and carried in his hand a sort of battle-ax made of steel.

The next morning, being the twenty-fourth of June, at break of day, the battle began in terrible earnest. The English as they advanced saw the Scots getting into line. The Abbot of Inchaffray walked through their ranks bare-footed, and exhorted them to fight for their freedom. They kneeled down as he passed, and prayed to Heaven for victory. King Edward, who saw this, called out, "They kneel down—they are asking forgiveness." "Yes," said a celebrated English baron, called Ingelram de Umphraville,

"but they ask it from God, not from us—these men will conquer, or die upon the field."

The English King ordered his men to begin the battle. The archers then bent their bows, and began to shoot so closely together, that the arrows fell like flakes of snow on a Christmas day. They killed many of the Scots, and might, as at Falkirk, and other places, have decided the victory; but Bruce, as I told you before, was prepared for them. He had in readiness a body of men-at-arms, well mounted, who rode at full gallop among the archers, and as they had no weapons save their bows and arrows, which they could not use when they were attacked hand to hand, they were cut down in great numbers by the Scottish horsemen, and thrown into total confusion.

The fine English cavalry then advanced to support their archers, and to attack the Scottish line. But coming over the ground which was dug full of pits, the horses fell into these holes, and the riders lay tumbling about, without any means of defense, and unable to rise, from the weight of their armor. The Englishmen began to fall into general disorder; and the Scottish King, bringing up more of his forces, attacked and pressed them still more closely.

On a sudden, while the battle was obstinately maintained on both sides, an event happened which decided the victory. The servants and attendants on the Scottish camp had, as I told you, been sent behind the army to a place afterwards called the Gillies' hill. But when they saw that their masters were likely to gain the day, they rushed from their place of concealment with such weapons as they could get, that they might have their share in the victory and in the spoil. The English, seeing them come suddenly over the hill, mistook this disorderly rabble for a new army coming up to sustain the Scots, and, losing all heart, began to shift every man for himself. Edward himself left the field as fast as he could ride. A valiant knight, Sir Giles de Argentine, much renowned in the wars of Palestine, attended the King till he got him out of the press of the combat. But he would retreat no farther. "It is not my custom," he said, "to fly." With that he took leave of the King, set spurs to his horse, and calling out his war-cry of

Argentine! Argentine! he rushed into the thickest of the Scots' ranks, and was killed.

Edward first fled to Stirling C
but Sir Philip Mowbray, the gove
ereign that he was obliged to su
Edward was fain to fly through t
Douglas with a body of cavalry.

Douglas and Abernethy contin
Edward time to alight from hors
followed him as far as Dunbar,
friend, in the governor, Patrick, Ea
Edward in his forlorn condition, a
skiff, or small ship, in which he e
tirely lost his fine army, and a gre

The English never before or af
Scotland, lost so dreadful a battl
did the Scots ever gain one of the s
best and bravest of the English nob
lay dead on the field; a great many
the whole of King Edward's im
destroyed.

The English, after this great d
dition to support their pretensions
to continue, as they had done for
armies into that country to overc
became for a time scarce able to de
King Robert and his soldiers.

Thus did Robert Bruce arise f
hunted with bloodhounds like a sta
of an independent sovereign, unive
of the wisest and bravest kings w

Scotland was also raised once more from the situation of a distressed and conquered province to that of a free and independent state, governed by its own laws, and subject to its own princes; and although the country was, after the Bruce's death, often subjected to great loss and distress, both by the hostility of the English, and by the unhappy civil wars among the Scots themselves,

yet they never afterwards lost the freedom for which Wallace had laid down his life, and which King Robert had recovered, not less by his wisdom than by his weapons. And therefore most just it is, that while the country of Scotland retains any recollection of its history, the memory of those brave warriors and faithful patriots should be remembered with honor and gratitude.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. Describe the two armies, the English and the Scottish. 2. What stratagem did the King use? 3. Draw a diagram of the Scottish line showing the relative positions of the Park, Bannockburn, Stirling, Gillies' hill, the church of St. Ninian's, and Falkirk. 4. What did the King mean when he said to Randolph, "There is a rose fallen from your chaplet"? 5. Read passages that show two fine sides of Douglas's nature. 6. Describe the Scottish king as he rode up and down the ranks of his army. 7. Describe the battle. 8. What decided the victory? 9. Read the passages that seem to you the most thrilling. 10. Why was this such an important battle? 11. Read Bruce's address to his soldiers as given by Robert Burns in his poem "Bannockburn." 12. Pronounce the following: boggy; exhorted; fugitive; frontiers.

Phrases

fair conquest, **311**, 8
disadvantage of situation, **312**, 15
was obstinately maintained, **315**, 22
disorderly rabble, **315**, 30
valiant knight, **315**, 33
entreated admittance, **316**, 3
fugitive sovereign, **316**, 4
civil wars, **316**, 37

The Exploits of Douglas and Randolph
(1315-1330)

Robert Bruce continued to reign gloriously for several years, and was so constantly victorious over the English, that the Scots seemed during his government to have acquired a complete superiority over their neighbors. But then we must remember that Edward the Second, who then reigned in England, was a foolish prince, and listened to bad counsels; so that it is no wonder that he was beaten by so wise and experienced a general as Robert Bruce, who had fought his way to the crown through so many disasters, and acquired in consequence so much renown, that, as I have often said, he was generally accounted one of the best soldiers and wisest sovereigns of his time.

In the last year of Robert the Bruce's reign, he became extremely sickly and infirm, chiefly owing to a disorder called the leprosy, which he had caught during the hardships and misfortunes of his youth, when he was so frequently obliged to hide himself in woods and morasses, without a roof to shelter him. While Bruce was in this feeble state, Edward the Second, King of England, died, and was succeeded by his son Edward the Third. He turned out afterwards to be one of the wisest and bravest kings whom England ever had; but when he first mounted the throne he was very young, and under the entire management of his mother.

The war between the English and the Scots still lasting at the time, Bruce sent his two great commanders, the good Lord James Douglas, and Thomas Randolph, Earl of Murray, to lay waste the counties of Northumberland and Durham, and distress the English as much as they could.

Their soldiers were about twenty thousand in number, all lightly armed, and mounted on horses that were quite small in height, but excessively active. The men themselves carried no provision, except a bag of oatmeal; and each had at his saddle a small plate of iron called a girdle, on which, when they pleased, they could bake the oatmeal into cakes. They killed the cattle of the English, as they traveled through the country, roasted the

flesh on wooden spits, or boiled it in the skins of the animals themselves, putting in a little water with the beef, to prevent the fire from burning the hide to pieces. This was rough cookery. They made their shoes, or rather sandals, in as coarse a way; cutting them out of the raw hides of the cattle, and fitting them to their ankles, like what are now called short gaiters. As this sort of buskin had the hairy side of the hide outermost, the English called those who wore them *rough-footed* Scots, and sometimes, from the color of the hide, *red-shanks*.

As such forces needed to carry nothing with them, either for provisions or ammunition, the Scots moved with amazing speed, from mountain to mountain, and from glen to glen, pillaging and destroying the country wheresoever they came. In the meanwhile, the King of England pursued them with a much larger army; but, as it was encumbered by the necessity of carrying provisions in great quantities, and by the slow motions of men in heavy armor, they could not come up with the Scots, although they saw every day the smoke of the houses and villages which they were burning. The King of England was extremely angry; for, though only a boy sixteen years old, he longed to fight the Scots and to chastise them for the mischief they were doing to his country; and at length he grew so impatient that he offered a large reward to any one who would show him where the Scottish army were.

At length, after the English host had suffered severe hardships from want of provisions, and fatiguing journeys through fords, and swamps, and morasses, a gentleman named Rokeby came into the camp and claimed the reward which the King had offered. He told the King that he had been made prisoner by the Scots, and that they said they should be as glad to meet the English King as he to see them. Accordingly, Rokeby guided the English army to the place where the Scots lay encamped.

But the English King was no nearer to the battle which he desired; for Douglas and Randolph, knowing the force and numbers of the English army, had taken up their camp on a steep hill, at the bottom of which ran a deep river called the Wear, having a channel filled with large stones, so that there was no possibility for the English to attack the Scots without crossing the water, and

then climbing up the steep hill in the very face of their enemy; a risk which was too great to be attempted.

Then the King sent a message of defiance to the Scottish generals, inviting them either to draw back their forces, and allow him freedom to cross the river and time to place his army in order of battle on the other side, that they might fight fairly, or offering, if they liked it better, to permit them to cross over to his side without opposition, that they might join battle on a fair field. Randolph and Douglas did nothing but laugh at this message. They said that when they fought, it should be at their own pleasure, and not because the King of England chose to ask for a battle. They reminded him, insultingly, how they had been in his country for many days, burning, taking spoil, and doing what they thought fit. If the King was displeased with this, they said he must find his way across the river to fight them, the best way he could.

The English King, determined not to quit sight of the Scots, encamped on the opposite side of the river to watch their motions, thinking that want of provisions would oblige them to quit their strong position on the mountains. But the Scots once more showed Edward their dexterity in marching, by leaving their encampment, and taking up another post, even stronger and more difficult to approach than the first which they had occupied. King Edward followed, and again encamped opposite to his dexterous and troublesome enemies, desirous to bring them to a battle, when he might hope to gain an easy victory, having more than double the number of the Scottish army, all troops of the very best quality.

While the armies lay thus opposed to each other, Douglas resolved to give the young King of England a lesson in the art of war. At the dead of night, he left the Scottish camp with a small body of chosen horse, not above two hundred, well armed. He crossed the river in deep silence and came to the English camp, which was but carelessly guarded. Seeing this, Douglas rode past the English sentinels as if he had been an officer of the English army, saying—"Ha, Saint George! you keep bad watch here." In those days, you must know, the English used to swear by Saint George, as the Scots did by Saint Andrew. Presently after, Douglas heard an English soldier, who lay stretched by the fire, say to

his comrade, "I cannot tell what is to happen to us in this place; but for my part, I have a great fear of the Black Douglas playing us some trick."

"You shall have cause to say so," said Douglas to himself. When he had thus got into the midst of the English camp without being discovered, he drew his sword, and cut asunder the ropes of a tent, calling out his usual war-cry, "Douglas, Douglas! English thieves, you are all dead men." His followers immediately began to cut down and overturn the tents, cutting and stabbing the English soldiers as they endeavored to get to arms.

Douglas forced his way to the pavilion of the King himself, and very nearly carried the young prince prisoner out of the middle of his great army. Edward's chaplain, however, and many of his household, stood to arms bravely in his defense, while the young King escaped by creeping away beneath the canvas of his tent. The chaplain and several of the King's officers were slain; but the whole camp was now alarmed and in arms, so that Douglas was obliged to retreat, which he did by bursting through the English at the side of the camp opposite to that by which he had entered. Being separated from his men in the confusion, he was in great danger of being slain by an Englishman who encountered him with a huge club. This man he killed, but with considerable difficulty; and then blowing his horn to collect his soldiers, who soon gathered around him, he returned to the Scottish camp, having sustained very little loss.

Edward, much mortified at the insult which he had received, became still more desirous of chastising those audacious adversaries; and one of them at least was not unwilling to afford him an opportunity of revenge. This was Thomas Randolph, Earl of Murray. He asked Douglas, when he returned to the Scottish camp, what he had done. "We have drawn some blood."—"Ah," said the Earl, "had we gone all together to the night attack, we should have discomfited them."—"It might well have been so," said Douglas, "but the risk would have been too great."—"Then will we fight them in open battle," said Randolph, "for if we remain here, we shall in time be famished for want of pro-

visions."—"Not so," replied Douglas; "we will deal with this great army of the English as the fox did with the fisherman in the fable."—"And how was that?" said the Earl of Murray. Hereupon the Douglas told him this story:

"A fisherman," he said, "had made a hut by a river side, that he might follow his occupation of fishing. Now, one night he had gone out to look after his nets, leaving a small fire in his hut; and when he came back, behold there was a fox in the cabin, taking the liberty to eat one of the finest salmon he had taken. 'Ho, Mr. Robber!' said the fisherman, drawing his sword, and standing in the doorway to prevent the fox's escape, 'you shall presently die the death.' The poor fox looked for some hole to get out at, but saw none; whereupon he pulled down with his teeth a mantle, which was lying on the bed, and dragged it across the fire. The fisherman ran to snatch his mantle from the fire—the fox flew out at the door with the salmon; and so," said Douglas, "shall we escape the great English army by subtlety, and without risking battle with so large a force."

Randolph agreed to act by Douglas's counsel, and the Scottish army kindled great fires through their encampment, and made a noise and shouting, and blowing of horns, as if they meant to remain all night there, as before. But in the meantime, Douglas had caused a road to be made through two miles of a great morass which lay in their rear. This was done by cutting down to the bottom of the bog, and filling the trench with faggots of wood. Without this contrivance it would have been impossible that the army could have crossed; and through this passage, which the English never suspected, Douglas and Randolph, and all their men, moved at the dead of night. They did not leave so much as an errand-boy behind, and so bent their march toward Scotland, leaving the English disappointed and affronted. Great was their wonder in the morning, when they saw the Scottish camp empty, and found no living man in it, but two or three English prisoners tied to trees, whom they had left with an insulting message to the King of England, saying that if he were displeased with what they had done, he might come and revenge himself in Scotland.

After this a peace was concluded with Robert Bruce, on terms highly honorable to Scotland; for the English King renounced all pretensions to the sovereignty of the country, and, moreover, gave his sister, a princess called Joanna, to be wife to Robert Bruce's son, called David. This treaty was very advantageous to the Scots. It was called the treaty of Northampton, because it was concluded at that town, in the year 1328.

Good King Robert did not long survive this joyful event. He was not aged more than four-and-fifty years, but, as I said before, his bad health was caused by the hardships which he sustained during his youth, and at length he became very ill. Finding that he could not recover, he assembled around his bedside the nobles and counselors in whom he most trusted. He told them that now, being on his death-bed, he sorely repented all his misdeeds, and particularly, that he had, in his passion, killed Comyn with his own hand, in the church and before the altar. He said that if he had lived, he had intended to go to Jerusalem, to make war upon the Saracens who held the Holy Land, as some expiation for the evil deeds he had done. The King soon afterwards expired and his body was laid in the sepulcher in the midst of the church of Dunfermline, under a marble stone. But the church becoming afterwards ruinous, and the roof falling down with age, the monument was broken to pieces, and nobody could tell where it stood. But six or seven years ago, when they were repairing the church at Dunfermline, and removing the rubbish, lo! they found fragments of the marble tomb of Robert Bruce. Then they began to dig farther, thinking to discover the body of this celebrated monarch; and at length they came to the skeleton of a tall man, and they knew it must be that of King Robert, as he was known to have been buried in a winding sheet of cloth of gold, of which many fragments were found about this skeleton. So orders were sent from the King's Court of Exchequer to guard the bones carefully, until a new tomb should be prepared, into which they were laid with profound respect. A great many gentlemen and ladies attended, and almost all the common people in the neighborhood; and as the church could not hold half the numbers, the people were allowed to pass through it, one after

another, that each one, the poorest as well as the richest, might see all that remained of the great King, Robert Bruce, who restored the Scottish monarchy.

It is more than five hundred years since the body of Bruce was first laid into the tomb; and how many, many millions of men have died since that time. It was a great thing to see that the wisdom, courage, and patriotism of a King could preserve him for such a long time in the memory of the people over whom he once reigned. But then, my dear child, you must remember that it is only desirable to be remembered for praiseworthy and patriotic actions, such as those of Robert Bruce. It would be better for a prince to be forgotten like the meanest peasant than to be recollected for actions of tyranny or oppression.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. What was the condition of King Robert at the opening of the story? 2. What is said about King Edward III? 3. Who were the "red-shanks"? 4. Why could these forces move so easily and quickly? 5. Describe the Scottish camp on the Wear. 6. What was King Edward's proposition? 7. What was the lesson Douglas gave the young King? 8. What do you think of this exploit? 9. What is the story of the fisherman and the fox? 10. What is the significance of this story? 11. What was Douglas's plan of escape? 12. What qualities does Douglas show in these exploits? 13. What part did the Scottish peasantry take in the struggle for independence? 14. What were the terms of the treaty of Northampton? 15. What was King Robert's great regret? 16. Describe the finding of Robert Bruce's remains in Dunfermline. 17. Pronounce the following: dexterous; adversaries; subtlety; affronted; advantageous; tyranny.

If you have enjoyed these stories, inquire at the library for a copy of *Tales of a Grandfather,* and read other stories, such as "Macbeth", "Tournaments," "King David," and "James I."

Phrases

acquired in consequence, **318**, 9
lay waste, **318**, 25
wooden spits, **319**, 1
dexterity in marching, **320**, 20
Saint George, **320**, 34
Saint Andrew, **320**, 36
pavilion of the King, **321**, 12
audacious adversaries, **321**, 28
renounced all pretensions, **323**, 2
King's Court of Exchequer, **323**, 32

THE PARTING OF MARMION AND DOUGLAS

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array,
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide.

The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:
"Though something I might 'plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your King's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my Sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my King's alone,
From turret to foundation stone;
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall, in friendly grasp,
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire;
And "This to me," he said,
"An' 'twere not for thy hoary beard,

Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He, who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more, I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride—
Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near,
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

On the Earl's cheek, the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age;
Fierce he broke forth: "And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."
Lord Marmion turned—well was his need,
And dashed the rowels in his steed;
Like arrow through the archway sprung;
The ponderous grate behind him rung—
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim;
And when Lord Marmion reached his band
He halts, and turns with clinchéd hand

And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he reined his fury's pace:
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas' blood;
I thought to slay him where he stood.
'Tis pity of him, too," he cried;
"Bold he can speak, and fairly ride—
I warrant him a warrior tried."
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Note. Marmion, an English nobleman, has been sent as an envoy by Henry the Eighth, King of England, to James the Fourth, King of Scotland. The two countries are on the eve of war with each other. Arriving in Edinburgh, Marmion is entrusted by King James to the care and hospitality of Douglas, Earl of Argus, who, taking him to his castle at Tantallon, treats him with the respect due his position as representative of the King, but at the same time dislikes him. The war approaching, Marmion leaves to join the English camp. This sketch describes the leave-taking.

Discussion. 1. In what part of the castle does this conversation take place? 2. Why did Douglas refuse to receive the hand of Marmion? 3. Read the lines that give a vivid picture of the defiant Douglas. 4. What distinction does Douglas make between the ownership of his "castle" and that of his "hand"? 5. How does Marmion answer the implied insult in "howe'er unmeet to be the owner's peer"? 6. What claim does Marmion make for one "who does England's message"? 7. What do we call one "who does England's message" at Washington? 8. What does Douglas mean by "to beard the lion in his den"? 9. What lines show Marmion's narrow escape? 10. Why do you think Douglas changed his mind? 11. Would you have admired him more if he had given chase to Marmion? 12. Which man appears to better advantage in this scene?

Phrases

troop array, **325**, 2
safe conduct, **325**, 4
something I might 'plain, **325**, 9
pitch of pride, **326**, 8
in thy hold, **326**, 9
dashed the rowels, **326**, 25

BANNOCKBURN

ROBERT BURNS

Scots, wha hae wi'[1] Wallace bled,
Scots, wham[2] Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae[3] base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or Freeman fa',[4]
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!—
Let us do or die!

[1] *wha hae wi'*, who have with
[2] *wham*, whom
[3] *sae*, so
[4] *fa'*, fall

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography, see page 63.

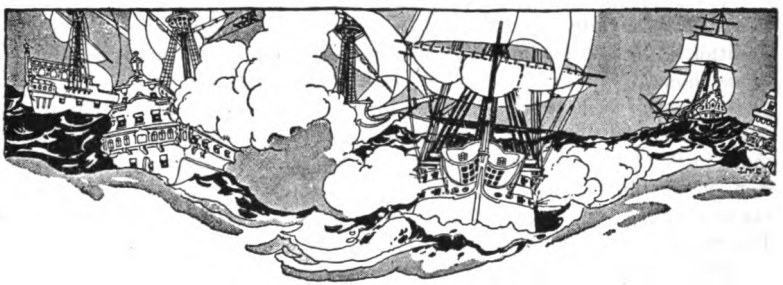
Historical Note. Burns wrote this ode to fit an old air, said in Scottish tradition to have been Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. "This thought," he says, "in my solitary wanderings, has warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence." The story is told that Burns wrote this poem while riding on horseback over a wild moor in Scotland in company with a Mr. Syme, who, observing the expression on the poet's face, refrained from speaking to him. Doubtless this vigorous hymn was singing itself through the soul of Burns as he wrote it. The poem is considered the most stirring war ode ever written.

Discussion. 1. Who is supposed to speak the words? 2. To whom are they supposed to be addressed? 3. For what did Bruce contend? 4. What patriot before him had fought against great odds in the same cause? 5. In these lines, what choice does Bruce offer his army? 6. To what deep feeling does he appeal? 7. Does this poem represent truly Bruce's own feeling for his country, as history acquaints us with it? 8. Which are the most stirring lines? 9. What was Burns's purpose in writing it? 10. What influence does such a poem have?

Phrases

traitor knave, **328**, 9
servile chains, **328**, 18
dearest veins, **328**, 19
proud usurpers, **328**, 21

ENGLAND AND FREEDOM



THE LAST FIGHT OF THE REVENGE

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

The Lord Thomas Howard, with six of her Majesty's ships, six victuallers of London, the bark *Raleigh,* and two or three pinnaces, riding at anchor near unto Flores, one of the westerly islands of the Azores, the last of August in the afternoon, had intelligence by one Captain Middleton of the approach of the Spanish Armada.

He had no sooner delivered the news but the fleet was in sight. Many of our ships' companies were on shore in the island, some providing ballast for their ships, others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land with such things as they could either for money or by force recover. By reason whereof our ships being all pestered and every thing out of order, very light for want of ballast, and that which was most to our disadvantage, the one half of the men of every ship sick and utterly unserviceable. For in the *Revenge* there were ninety diseased; in the *Bonaventure,* not so many in health as could handle her mainsail; the rest, for the most part, were in little better state.

The names of her Majesty's ships were these, as followeth: the *Defiance,* which was Admiral, the *Revenge,* Vice Admiral, the *Bonaventure,* commanded by Captain Crosse, the *Lion,* by George Fenner, the *Foresight,* by Thomas Vavisour, and the

Crane, by Duffield; the *Foresight* and the *Crane* being but small ships only—the others were of middle size. The rest, besides the bark *Raleigh,* commanded by Captain Thin, were victuallers, and of small force or none.

The Spanish fleet, having shrouded their approach by reason of the island, were now so soon at hand as our ships had scarce time to weigh their anchors, but some of them were driven to let slip their cables and set sail. Sir Richard Grenville was the last weighed, to recover the men that were upon the island, which otherwise had been lost. The Lord Thomas with the rest very hardly recovered the wind, which Sir Richard Grenville not being able to do, was persuaded by the master and others to cut his mainsail and cast about, and to trust to the sailing of his ship. But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonor himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through the two squadrons in despite of them and enforce those of Seville to give him way. Which he performed upon divers of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, fell under the lee of the *Revenge.*

In the meanwhile, as he attended those which were nearest him, the great *San Philip,* being in the wind of him, and coming toward him, becalmed his sails—so huge was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundred tons; who afterlaid the *Revenge* aboard. When he was thus bereft of his sails, the ships that were under his lee also laid him aboard; of which the next was the admiral of the Biscayans, a very mighty and puissant ship commanded by Brittan Dona. The said *Philip* carried three tier of ordnance on a side and eleven pieces in every tier.

After the *Revenge* was entangled with this *Philip,* four others boarded her, two on her larboard and two on her starboard. The fight thus beginning at three of the clock in the afternoon continued very terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip,* having received the lower tier of the *Revenge,* shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. Some say that the ship foundered, but we cannot report it for truth unless we were assured.

The Spanish ships were filled with companies of soldiers, in some two hundred besides the mariners, in some five, in others eight hundred. In ours there were none at all besides the mariners but the servants of the commanders and some few voluntary gentlemen only.

After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed soldiers and musketeers, but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ships or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight, the *George Noble* of London, having received some shot through her by the armados, asked Sir Richard what he would command him, being but one of the victuallers and of small force. Sir Richard bade him save himself, and leave him to his fortune.

After the fight had thus without intermission continued while the day lasted and some hours of the night, many of our men were slain and hurt, and one of the great galleons of the Armada and the admiral of the Hulks both sunk, and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that Sir Richard was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight and lay speechless for a time ere he recovered. But two of the *Revenge's* own company affirmed that he was never so wounded as that he forsook the upper deck till an hour before midnight; and then being shot into the body with a musket, as he was a-dressing was again shot into the head, and withal his chirurgeon wounded to death.

But to return to the fight, the Spanish ships which attempted to board the *Revenge*, as they were wounded and beaten off, so always others came in their places, she having never less than two mighty galleons by her sides and aboard her. So that ere the morning from three of the clock the day before, there had fifteen several armados assailed her; and all so ill approved their entertainment, as they were by the break of day far more willing to hearken to a composition than hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day increased so our men decreased; and as the light grew more and more, by so much more

grew our discomforts. For none appeared in sight but enemies, saving one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success; but in the morning was hunted like a hare among many ravenous hounds, but escaped.

All the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrel was now spent, all her pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sickness, and fourscore and ten sick. A small troop to man such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army! By those hundred all was sustained, the volleys, boardings, and enterings of fifteen ships of war. On the contrary the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron, all manner of arms and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons; the masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether razed; and, in effect, even she was with the water, but the very foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left overhead either for flight or defense.

Sir Richard finding himself in this distress, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured in this fifteen hours' fight the assault of fifteen several armados, all by turns aboard him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries, and that himself and the ship must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were now cast in a ring round about him, the *Revenge* not able to move one way or other but as she was moved by the waves and billows of the sea —commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship, that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards, seeing in so many hours' fight and with so great a navy, they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours' time, fifteen thousand men, and fifty and three sail of men-of-war to perform it withal; and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else, but, as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they

should not now shorten the honor of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days.

The master gunner readily condescended, and divers others. But the Captain and the Master were of another opinion and besought Sir Richard to have care of them, alleging that the Spaniard would be as ready to entertain a composition as they were willing to offer the same, and that there being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their country and prince acceptable service hereafter.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir Richard refusing to hearken to any of those reasons, the Master of the *Revenge* (while the Captain won unto him the greater party) was convoyed aboard the *General Don Alfonso Bassan.* Who, finding none over hasty to enter the *Revenge* again, doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown them up and himself, and perceiving by the report of the Master of the *Revenge* his dangerous disposition, yielded that all their lives should be saved. To this he so much the rather condescended, as well, as I have said, for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves, as also for the desire he had to recover Sir Richard Grenville; whom for his notable valor he seemed greatly to honor and admire.

When this answer was returned, and that safety of life was promised, the common sort being now at the end of their peril, the most drew back from Sir Richard and the gunner, it being no hard matter to dissuade men from death to life. The master gunner finding himself and Sir Richard thus prevented and mastered by the greater number, would have slain himself with a sword had he not been by force withheld and locked into his cabin. Then the *General* sent many boats aboard the *Revenge,* and divers of our men, fearing Sir Richard's disposition, stole away aboard the *General* and other ships. Sir Richard, thus overmatched, was sent unto by Alfonso Bassan to remove out of the *Revenge,* the ship being marvelous unsavory, filled with blood and bodies of dead and wounded men like a slaughter-house. Sir Richard answered that he might do with his body what he list, for he esteemed it not; and as he was carried out of the ship he swooned, and reviving again desired the company to pray

for him. The General used Sir Richard with all humanity, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recovery, highly commending his valor and worthiness and greatly bewailed the danger wherein he was, being unto them a rare spectacle, to see one ship turn toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boarding of so many huge armados, and to resist and repel the assaults and entries of so many soldiers.

Sir Richard died, as it is said, the second or third day aboard the *General,* and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his body, whether it was buried in the sea or on the land we know not; the comfort that remaineth to his friends is that he hath ended his life honorably in respect of the reputation won to his nation and country, and of the same to his posterity, and that, being dead, he hath not outlived his own honor.

—*Abridged.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. In the autumn of 1591 a small fleet of English vessels lay at the Azores to intercept the Spanish treasure ships from the Indies. On the appearance of the Spanish war-vessels sent to convoy the treasure ships, the much smaller English fleet took flight with the exception of the *Revenge,* commanded by Sir Richard Grenville. Lord Bacon described the fight as "a defeat exceeding victory."

This story of the fight of the *Revenge* was written by Sir Walter Raleigh (1552-1618), a cousin of Grenville's. He was an English explorer, colonizer, and historian. He planted the first English colony in America, on Roanoke Island, off the coast of North Carolina. Later, he was interested in an attempt to form a colony in Guiana, and his account of his experiences is one of the most thrilling adventure stories in the world. His daring exploits made him a favorite at the court of Queen Elizabeth, but after her death he gained the ill-will of James I and was executed on a false charge of piracy and treason.

Discussion. 1. Describe the English fleet as it lay anchored near Flores. 2. What was the condition of the men on the *Revenge* and the *Bonaventure?* 3. What two things could Sir Richard do? 4. Which did he choose? Why? 5. How were the Spanish ships manned as compared with the English? 6. What quality of character did Sir Richard show in his treatment of the *George Noble?* 7. Describe the condition of the *Revenge* on the second day of the fighting. 8. What was Sir Richard's order to the master gunner? 9. What was the opinion of the captain and

the Master? 10. What do you think about the reasons they gave? 11. What was the Spaniard's offer? 12. Would you have been on the side of the captain and the Master of the *Revenge,* or on the side of Sir Richard and the master gunner? 13. Pronounce the following: Armada; Azores; becalmed; tiers; bade; hovered; ravenous; dissuade.

Phrases

providing ballast, **330**, 9
shrouded their approach, **331**, 5
weigh their anchors, **331**, 8
puissant ship, **331**, 27
hearken to a composition, **332**, 35
tackle cut asunder, **333**, 17
divers sufficient, **334**, 7
he esteemed it not, **334**, 36

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

THOMAS CAMPBELL

Ye Mariners of England,
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe,
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography, see page 180.

Discussion. 1. Which stanza refers to the present; which one to the past; and which one to the future? 2. Why does the poet take this view into the past and the future? 3. Notice the interesting rime in the seventh line of every stanza. 4. Compare the eighth, ninth, and tenth lines of the fourth stanza with the corresponding lines in the other stanzas. 5. Notice the pleasing effect which the poet produces by using, in one line, several words beginning with the same letter: "battle," "breeze," "loud and long." 6. Find other examples. 7. Show that this poem, written long after Sir Richard Grenville's death, expresses the spirit in which he fought.

Phrases

glorious standard, 336, 5
field of fame, 336, 13
meteor flag, 337, 11
danger's troubled night, 337, 13
star of peace, 337, 14
ocean-warriors, 337, 15

ENGLAND AND AMERICA NATURAL ALLIES

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

Whatever might be the importance of American independence in the history of England, it was of unequaled moment in the history of the world. If it crippled for a while the supremacy of the English nation, it founded the supremacy of the English race. From the hour of American Independence the life of the English people has flowed not in one current, but in two; and while the older has shown little signs of lessening, the younger has fast risen to a greatness which has changed the face of the world. In 1783 America was a nation of three millions of inhabitants, scattered thinly along the coast of the Atlantic Ocean. It is now [1877] a nation of forty millions, stretching over the whole continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In wealth and material energy, as in numbers, it far surpasses the mother-country from which it sprang. It is already the main branch of the English people; and in the days that are at hand the main current of that people's history must run along the channel not of the Thames or the Mersey, but of the Hudson and the Mississippi.

But distinct as these currents are, every year proves more clearly that in spirit the English people are one. The distance that parted England from America lessens every day. The ties that unite them grow every day stronger. The social and political differences that threatened a hundred years ago to form an impassable barrier between them grow every day less. Against this silent and inevitable drift of things the spirit of narrow isolation on either side the Atlantic struggles in vain. It is possible that the two branches of the English people will remain forever separate political existences. It is likely enough that the older of them may again break in twain, and that the English people in the Pacific may assert as distinct a national life as the two English peoples on either side the Atlantic. But the spirit, the influence, of all these branches will remain one.

And in thus remaining one, before half a century is over it

will change the face of the world. As two hundred millions of Englishmen fill the valley of the Mississippi, as fifty millions of Englishmen assert their lordship over Australasia, this vast power will tell through Britain on the old world of Europe, whose nations will have shrunk into insignificance before it. What the issues of such a world-wide change may be, not even the wildest dreamer would dare to dream. But one issue is inevitable. In the centuries that lie before us, the primacy of the world will lie with the English people. English institutions, English speech, English thought, will become the main features of the political, the social, and the intellectual life of mankind.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. John Richard Green (1837-1883) was born at Oxford, England. In his early life he entered the ministry and became not only an eloquent preacher, but an effective worker among his parishioners. Ill health caused him to resign and devote his time entirely to writing. He was a noted English historian, the author of *A History of the English People* and *The Making of England*. His vivid imagination enabled him to picture the life of the people and to make history interesting and popular.

Discussion. 1. What do you think of the reasoning in the first paragraph? 2. What victory was there in the political defeat of the British government? 3. How is the distance between England and America lessened today? 4. How are the ties between the two countries being strengthened? 5. What does the author hint at in the last part of the second paragraph? 6. What do you think of the prophecy in the first sentence of the last paragraph? 7. Is his dream any nearer reality today than when the author wrote these lines? 8. Pronounce the following: Thames; isolation; inevitable; primacy.

Phrases

unequaled moment, **338**, 2
material energy, **338**, 12
impassable barrier, **338**, 23
inevitable drift, **338**, 24
narrow isolation, **338**, 24
political existences, **338**, 27
assert their lordship, **339**, 3
one issue is inevitable, **339**, 7
primacy of the world, **339**, 8
English institutions, **339**, 9

ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN 1782

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

O Thou, that sendest out the man
To rule by land and sea,
Strong mother of a Lion-line,
Be proud of those strong sons of thine
Who wrench'd their rights from thee!

What wonder, if in noble heat
Those men thine arms withstood,
Re-taught the lesson thou hadst taught,
And in thy spirit with thee fought—
Who sprang from English blood!

But Thou rejoice with liberal joy,
Lift up thy rocky face,
And shatter, when the storms are black,
In many a streaming torrent back,
The seas that shock thy base!

Whatever harmonies of law
The growing world assume,
Thy work is thine—the single note
From that deep chord which Hampden smote
Will vibrate to the doom.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography, see page 49.

Historical Note. John Hampden (1594-1643) was a celebrated English statesman and patriot. When Charles I attempted to impose a tax upon his subjects without the authority of Parliament, Hampden refused to pay. The King's government brought suit against him, and although the case

was decided against Hampden, later the House of Lords ordered the judgment of the court to be canceled.

Discussion. 1. Why does the poet think England should be proud of America? 2. Name some of the rights won by those of "English blood" before this. 3. Read the lines that tell, in figurative language, what England and Englishmen will do when their rights are attacked. 4. Notice in the last stanza how the words *harmonies, note, chord, smote,* and *vibrate* all help to carry out the thought, expressed in figurative language. 5. What was the "chord which Hampden smote"? 6. Is it still "vibrating"? 7. Did the poet use the same riming scheme in each of the stanzas?

Phrases

strong mother of a Lion-line, **340**, 3
wrench'd their rights, **340**, 5
in noble heat, **340**, 6
thine arms withstood, **340**, 7
re-taught the lesson thou hadst taught, **340**, 8
thy rocky face, **340**, 12
harmonies of law, **340**, 16

ENGLAND TO FREE MEN

JOHN GALSWORTHY

Men of my blood, you English men!
From misty hill and misty fen,
From cot, and town, and plow, and moor,
Come in—before I shut the door!
Into my courtyard paved with stones
That keep the names, that keep the bones,
Of none but English men who came
Free of their lives, to guard my fame.

I am your native land who bred
No driven heart, no driven head;
I fly a flag in every sea
Round the old Earth, of Liberty!
I am the Land that boasts a crown;
The sun comes up, the sun goes down—

And never men may say of me,
Mine is a breed that is not free.

I have a wreath! My forehead wears
A hundred leaves—a hundred years
I never knew the words: "You must!"
And shall my wreath return to dust?
Freemen! The door is yet ajar;
From northern star to southern star,
O ye who count and ye who delve,
Come in—before my clock strikes twelve!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. John Galsworthy (1867- ——) was born in Coombe, Surrey, England, and has led the life of the typical English gentleman. After spending five years at Harrow he went to Oxford University. In 1890 he was admitted to the bar, but he disliked the profession of law and never practiced it. He spent several years, after leaving college, in foreign travel, and did not begin to write until he was thirty years old. He has written a number of dramas dealing with social questions, such as "Justice" and "Strife." He is also well-known for his short stories and novels. During the recent World War, Mr. Galsworthy served several months in an English hospital for French soldiers.

The poem "England to Free Men" was written when England was for the first time about to adopt conscription as a method of recruiting an army to oppose German aggression in Belgium and France.

Discussion. 1. Who is supposed to be speaking in this poem? 2. Whom does the speaker address? 3. Of what "courtyard" does the poet speak? 4. What is the meaning of the first two lines of the second stanza? 5. What kind of flag does the poet say England "flies in every sea"? 6. Explain the "wreath" mentioned in the last stanza. 7. What does the poet mean by "before my clock strikes twelve"? 8. What has been America's attitude toward conscription? 9. What impression of the author do you gain from this poem? 10. Tell what you know of him.

Phrases

men of my blood, **341**, 1
free of their lives, **341**, 7
who bred no driven heart, **341**, 9
that boasts a crown, **341**, 13
the door is yet ajar, **342**, 7
ye who delve, **342**, 9

"MEN WHO MARCH AWAY"

(Song of the Soldiers)

THOMAS HARDY

What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing gray,
Leaving all that here could win us;
What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away?

Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
Friend with the musing eye,
Who watch us stepping by
With doubt and dolorous sigh?
Can much pondering so hoodwink you!
Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
Friend with the musing eye?

Nay. We well see what we are doing,
Though some may not see,
Dalliers as they be;
England's need are we;
Her distress would leave us rueing:
Nay. We well see what we are doing,
Though some may not see!

In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just,
And that braggarts must
Surely bite the dust,
Press we to the field ungrieving,
In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just.

Hence the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing gray,
Leaving all that here could win us;
Hence the faith and fire within us
Men who march away.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Thomas Hardy (1840- ——) was born in Dorsetshire, England. He was educated at local schools and by private tutors. At the early age of sixteen he was apprenticed to an architect of Worcester, in which line of work he made sufficient success to win a prize for design from the Architectural Association. At the same time he was writing some verse and an occasional short story, and was at a loss to know which kind of work to follow for a profession. However, after 1870 he spent most of his time in writing. He excels as a short story writer, his "The Three Strangers" appearing in a number of lists of the one hundred best short stories. Among his other works, *Laughing Stock and Other Verses, Under the Greenwood Tree,* and *A Pair of Blue Eyes* are widely known. Mr. Hardy was given the Order of Merit in 1910. The Poem "Men Who March Away," from *Selected Poems of Thomas Hardy,* was written at the time the English soldiers were entering the World War.

Discussion. 1. What "faith and fire" must the soldier have who freely enlists in the service of his country in war? 2. Whom does the poet address in the second stanza? 3. Use other words instead of "purblind prank." 4. Explain the meaning of the fourth and fifth lines of the third stanza. 5. Why does the poet say the soldiers march away to war ungrieving? 6. What reason is given for the "faith and fire" of the soldiers? 7. In the fourth stanza, with what belief does the author accredit us? 8. What effect does the poet create by repeating the first stanza in closing the poem?

Phrases

the faith and fire within us, **343**, 1
purblind prank, **343**, 8
friend with the musing eye, **343**, 9
dalliers as they be, **343**, 17
bite the dust, **343**, 25
to the field ungrieving, **343**, 26

EARLY AMERICAN SPIRIT OF FREEDOM

GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

How New England Was Governed

The children had now learned to look upon the chair with an interest which was almost the same as if it were a conscious being and could remember the many famous people whom it had held within its arms.

Even Charley, lawless as he was, seemed to feel that this venerable chair must not be clambered upon or overturned, although he had no scruple in taking such liberties with every other chair in the house. Clara treated it with still greater reverence, often taking occasion to smooth its cushion and to brush the dust from the carved flowers and grotesque figures of its oaken back and arms. Laurence would sometimes sit a whole hour, especially at twilight, gazing at the chair and by the spell of his imagination summoning up its ancient occupants to appear in it again.

Little Alice evidently employed herself in a similar way, for once, when Grandfather had gone abroad, the child was heard talking with the gentle Lady Arbella as if she were still sitting in the chair. So sweet a child as little Alice may fitly talk with angels such as Lady Arbella had long since become.

Grandfather was soon importuned for more stories about the chair. He had no difficulty in relating them, for it really seemed as if every person noted in our early history had on some occasion or other found repose within its comfortable arms. If Grandfather took pride in anything, it was in being the possessor of such an honorable and historic elbow-chair.

"I know not precisely who next got possession of the chair after Governor Vane went back to England," said Grandfather, "but there is reason to believe that President Dunster sat in it when he held the first commencement at Harvard College. You have often heard, children, how careful our forefathers were to give their young people a good education. They had scarcely cut down trees enough to make room for their own dwellings before they began to think of establishing a college. Their principal object was to rear up pious and learned ministers, and hence old writers call Harvard College a school of the prophets."

"Is the college a school of the prophets now?" asked Charley.

"It is a long while since I took my degree, Charley. You must ask some of the recent graduates," answered Grandfather. "As I was telling you, President Dunster sat in Grandfather's chair in 1642 when he conferred the degree of bachelor of arts on nine young men. They were the first in America who had received that honor. And now, my dear auditors, I must confess that there are contradictory statements and some uncertainty about the adventures of the chair for a period of almost ten years. Some say that it was occupied by your own ancestor, William Hawthorne, first Speaker of the House of Representatives. I have nearly satisfied myself, however, that during most of this questionable period it was literally the chair of state. It gives me much pleasure to imagine that several successive governors of Massachusetts sat in it at the council board."

"But, Grandfather," interposed Charley, who was a matter-of-fact little person, "what reason have you to imagine so?"

"Pray do imagine it, Grandfather," said Laurence.

"With Charley's permission I will," replied Grandfather, smiling. "Let us consider it settled, therefore, that Winthrop, Bellingham, Dudley, and Endicott, each of them, when chosen

governor, took his seat in our great chair on Election day. In this chair, likewise, did those excellent governors preside while holding consultation with the chief councilors of the province, who were styled assistants. The governor sat in this chair, too, whenever messages were brought to him from the chamber of Representatives."

And here Grandfather took occasion to talk rather tediously about the nature and forms of government that established themselves almost spontaneously in Massachusetts and the other New England colonies. Democracies were the natural growth of the new world. As to Massachusetts, it was at first intended that the colony should be governed by a council in London. But in a little while the people had the whole power in their own hands, and chose annually the governor, the councilors, and the representatives. The people of Old England had never enjoyed anything like the liberties and privileges which the settlers of New England now possessed. And they did not adopt these modes of government after long study, but in simplicity, as if there were no other way for people to be ruled.

"But, Laurence," continued Grandfather, "when you want instruction on these points you must seek it in Mr. Bancroft's History. I am merely telling the history of a chair. To proceed. The period during which the governors sat in our chair was not very full of striking incidents. The province was now established on a secure foundation, but it did not increase so rapidly as at first, because the Puritans were no longer driven from England by persecution. However, there was still a quiet and natural growth. The legislature incorporated towns and made new purchases of lands from the Indians. A very memorable event took place in 1643. The colonies of Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven formed a union for the purpose of assisting each other in difficulties, for mutual defense against their enemies. They called themselves the United Colonies of New England."

"Were they under a government like that of the United States?" inquired Laurence.

"No," replied Grandfather; "the different colonies did not

compose one nation together; it was merely a confederacy among the governments. It somewhat resembled the league of the Amphictyons, which you remember in Grecian history. But to return to our chair. In 1644 it was highly honored, for Governor Endicott sat in it when he gave audience to an ambassador from the French governor of Acadia, or Nova Scotia. A treaty of peace between Massachusetts and the French colony was then signed."

"Did England allow Massachusetts to make war and peace with foreign countries?" asked Laurence.

"Massachusetts and the whole of New England were then almost independent of the mother country," said Grandfather. "There was now a civil war in England, and the King, as you may well suppose, had his hands full at home, and could pay but little attention to these remote colonies. When the Parliament got the power into their hands they likewise had enough to do in keeping down the Cavaliers. Thus New England, like a young and hardy lad whose father and mother neglect it, was left to take care of itself. In 1646, King Charles was beheaded. Oliver Cromwell then became Protector of England, and, as he was a Puritan himself and had risen by the valor of the English Puritans, he showed himself a loving and indulgent father to the Puritan colonies in America."

Grandfather might have continued to talk in this dull manner nobody knows how long, but, suspecting that Charley would find the subject rather dry, he looked sidewise at that vivacious little fellow and saw him give an involuntary yawn. Whereupon Grandfather proceeded with the history of the chair, and related a very entertaining incident which will be found in the next chapter.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864) was a master of the short story as a means for interpreting character. His ancestors were men of action—soldiers, seamen, and public officials. But he was unlike them: all his life he was a dreamer who loved solitude better than society. The subject of his dreaming was human character, particularly the character of the Puritan founders of New England. He told many legends of colonial times, some of them portraying the stern methods of Governor Endicott,

or telling a humorous story of the Pine-Tree Shillings, or recounting the weird story of the old gray champion who defied Governor Andros. But besides these legends he wrote stories, visions of life in which one can scarcely draw the line between reality and illusion; stories of lovers who sought vainly for happiness; stories of a great stone face on the mountain side, and what it signified. Somewhat longer than these tales—*Twice Told Tales* he called them—are his romances, such as *The Scarlet Letter,* and *The House of the Seven Gables.* Besides his longer romances he popularized New England history in the form of stories for children. From one such book, *Grandfather's Chair,* these stories have been taken.

Discussion. 1. What can you tell of the character of each of the children, Charley, Clara, Laurence, and Alice, from their treatment of the chair? 2. What interesting facts did you learn about Harvard College and President Dunster? 3. Mention some of the famous governors that sat in Grandfather's chair. 4. What does Grandfather mean by saying that "democracies were the natural growth of the new world"? 5. Tell about the union known as the United Colonies of New England. 6. What famous governor sat in the chair in 1644? 7. What was the occasion? 8. Why was Oliver Cromwell friendly to the colonies? 9. State three interesting facts which you have learned regarding the government of New England. 10. Pronounce the following: grotesque; importuned; tediously; spontaneously; memorable; vivacious.

Phrases

a conscious being, **345**, 2
venerable chair, **345**, 6
grotesque figures, **345**, 10
ancient occupants, **345**, 13
took my degree, **346**, 18
council board, **346**, 31
striking incidents, **347**, 24
gave audience, **348**, 5
league of the Amphictyons, **348**, 2
indulgent father, **348**, 21

The Pine-Tree Shillings

"According to the most authentic records, my dear children," said Grandfather, "the chair about this time had the misfortune to break its leg. It was probably on account of this accident that it ceased to be the seat of the governors of Massachusetts, for, assuredly, it would have been ominous of evil to the commonwealth if the chair of state had tottered upon three legs. Being therefore sold at auction—alas! what a vicissitude for a chair that had figured in such high company!—our venerable friend was knocked down to a certain Captain John Hull. This old

gentleman, on carefully examining the maimed chair, discovered that its broken leg might be clamped with iron and made as serviceable as ever."

"Here is the very leg that was broken!" exclaimed Charley, throwing himself down on the floor to look at it. "And here are the iron clamps. How well it was mended!"

When they had all sufficiently examined the broken leg Grandfather told them a story about Captain John Hull and the Pine-tree Shillings.

The Captain John Hull aforesaid was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. This was a new line of business, for in the earlier days of the colony the current coinage consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them.

For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bear-skin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards. Musket-bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money called wampum, which was made of clam-shells, and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debts by the English settlers. Bank-bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers, so that they sometimes had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood instead of silver or gold.

As the people grew more numerous and their trade one with another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand the general court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them.

Hereupon all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons

of worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at court—all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting-pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers—who were little better than pirates—had taken from the Spaniards and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date 1652 on the one side and the figure of a pine tree on the other. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his own pocket.

The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would but give up that twentieth shilling which he was continually dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared himself perfectly satisfied with the shilling And well he might be, for so diligently did he labor that in a few years his pockets, his money-bags, and his strong box were overflowing with pine-tree shillings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of Grandfather's chair; and, as he had worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself in.

When the mint-master had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came a-courting to his only daughter. His daughter—whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsey—was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself. With this round, rosy Miss Betsey did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent.

"Yes, you may take her," said he, in his rough way, "and you'll find her a heavy burden enough."

On the wedding-day we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences, and the knees of his small clothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in Grandfather's chair, and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bridesmaids, sat Miss Betsey. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony or a great red apple.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold-lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man, and so thought the bridesmaids and Miss Betsey herself.

The mint-master also was pleased with his new son-in-law, especially as he had courted Miss Betsey out of pure love, and had said nothing at all about her portion. So, when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing bulky commodities, and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsey," said the mint-master, "get into one side of these scales."

Miss Betsey—or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to the servants, "bring that box hither."

The box to which the mint-master pointed was a huge, square, iron-bound oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for all four of you to play at hide-and-seek in. The servants tugged

with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor. Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings fresh from the mint, and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury. But it was only the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell!" cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in Grandfather's chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly and thank Heaven for her. It is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver."

The children laughed heartily at this legend, and would hardly be convinced but that Grandfather had made it out of his own head. He assured them faithfully, however, that he had found it in the pages of a grave historian, and had merely tried to tell it in a somewhat funnier style. As for Samuel Sewell, he afterward became chief justice of Massachusetts.

"Well, Grandfather," remarked Clara, "if wedding portions nowadays were paid as Miss Betsey's was, young ladies would not pride themselves upon an airy figure, as many of them do."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. Describe bartering in the early colonial days. 2. When was the coinage of money established by law? 3. Who was the first mint master? 4. Upon what conditions did he manufacture the coins? 5. What do you think of Captain Hull's bargain? 6. Where did the silver come from? 7. Describe the pine-tree shillings. 8. Tell the story of the romance between Betsey Hull and Samuel Sewall. 9. To what great position did Samuel Sewall attain? 10. Find out all you can about our government mints today. 11. Where are some of them located? 12. Where does the gold, silver, nickel, and copper come from? 13. Pronounce the following: authentic; ominous; specie.

Phrases

authentic records, **349**, 1
ominous of evil, **349**, 5
knocked down, **349**, 9
current coinage, **350**, 13
barter their commodities, **350**, 15
strange sort of specie, **350**, 21
English buccaneers, **351**, 5
personable young man, **352**, 16
bulky commodities, **352**, 25
enormous receptacle, **353**, 1

The Stamp Act

"Charley, my boy," said Grandfather, "do you remember who was the last occupant of the chair?"

"It was Lieutenant-governor Hutchinson," answered Charley. "Sir Francis Bernard, the new governor, had given him the chair instead of putting it away in the garret of the Province-house. And when we took leave of Hutchinson he was sitting by his fireside and thinking of the past adventures of the chair and of what was to come."

"Very well," said Grandfather, "and you recollect that this was in 1763 or thereabouts, at the close of the Old French War. Now, that you may fully comprehend the remaining adventures of the chair, I must make some brief remarks on the situation and character of the New England colonies at this period."

So Grandfather spoke of the earnest loyalty of our fathers during the Old French War and after the conquest of Canada had brought that war to a triumphant close.

The people loved and reverenced the King of England even more than if the ocean had not rolled its waves between him and them, for at the distance of three thousand miles they could not discover his bad qualities and imperfections. Their love was increased by the dangers which they had encountered in order to heighten his glory and extend his dominion. Throughout the war the American colonists had fought side by side with the soldiers of Old England, and nearly thirty thousand young men had laid down their lives for the honor of King George. And the survivors loved him the better because they had done and suffered so much for his sake.

But there were some circumstances that caused America to feel more independent of England than at an earlier period. Canada and Acadia had now become British provinces, and our fathers were no longer afraid of the bands of French and Indians who used to assault them in old times. For a century and a half this had been the great terror of New England. Now the old French soldier was driven from the north forever. And even had it been otherwise, the English colonies were growing so populous and powerful that they might have felt fully able to protect themselves without any help from England.

There were thoughtful and sagacious men who began to doubt whether a great country like America would always be content to remain under the government of an island three thousand miles away. This was the more doubtful because the English Parliament had long ago made laws which were intended to be very beneficial to England at the expense of America. By these laws the colonists were forbidden to manufacture articles for their own use or to carry on trade with any nation but the English.

"Now," continued Grandfather, "if King George III and his counselors had considered these things wisely, they would have taken another course than they did. But when they saw how rich and populous the colonies had grown, their first thought was how they might make more profit out of them than heretofore. England was enormously in debt at the close of the Old French War, and it was pretended that this debt had been contracted for the defense of the American colonies, and that therefore a part of it ought to be paid by them."

"Why, this was nonsense!" exclaimed Charley. "Did not our fathers spend their lives, and their money too, to get Canada for King George?"

"True, they did," said Grandfather, "and they told the English rulers so. But the King and his ministers would not listen to good advice. In 1765 the British Parliament passed a stamp act."

"What was that?" inquired Charley.

"The stamp act," replied Grandfather, "was a law by which all deeds, bonds, and other papers of the same kind were ordered to be marked with the king's stamp, and without this mark they

were declared illegal and void. Now, in order to get a blank sheet of paper with the king's stamp upon it, people were obliged to pay threepence more than the actual value of the paper. And this extra sum of threepence was a tax and was to be paid into the king's treasury."

"I am sure threepence was not worth quarreling about!" remarked Clara.

"It was not for threepence, nor for any amount of money, that America quarreled with England," replied Grandfather; "it was for a great principle. The colonists were determined not to be taxed except by their own representatives. They said that neither the King and Parliament nor any other power on earth had a right to take their money out of their pockets unless they freely gave it. And, rather than pay threepence when it was unjustly demanded, they resolved to sacrifice all the wealth of the country, and their lives along with it. They therefore made a most stubborn resistance to the stamp act."

"That was noble!" exclaimed Laurence. "I understand how it was. If they had quietly paid the tax of threepence, they would have ceased to be freemen and would have become tributaries of England. And so they contended about a great question of right and wrong, and put everything at stake for it."

"You are right, Laurence," said Grandfather, "and it was really amazing and terrible to see what a change came over the aspect of the people the moment the English Parliament had passed this oppressive act. The former history of our chair, my children, has given you some idea of what a harsh, unyielding, stern set of men the old Puritans were. For a good many years back, however, it had seemed as if these characteristics were disappearing. But no sooner did England offer wrong to the colonies than the descendants of the early settlers proved that they had the same kind of temper as their forefathers. The moment before, New England appeared like a humble and loyal subject of the Crown; the next instant she showed the grim, dark features of an old king-resisting Puritan."

Grandfather spoke briefly of the public measures that were taken in opposition to the stamp act. As this law affected all the

American colonies alike, it naturally led them to think of consulting together in order to procure its repeal. For this purpose the legislature of Massachusetts proposed that delegates from every colony should meet in congress. Accordingly, nine colonies, both Northern and Southern, sent delegates to the city of New York.

"And did they consult about going to war with England?" asked Charley.

"No, Charley," answered Grandfather; "a great deal of talking was yet to be done before England and America could come to blows. The Congress stated the rights and grievances of the colonists. They sent a humble petition to the King and a memorial to the Parliament beseeching that the stamp act might be repealed. This was all that the delegates had it in their power to do."

"They might as well have stayed at home, then," said Charley.

"By no means," replied Grandfather. "It was a most important and memorable event, this first coming together of the American people by their representatives from the North and South. If England had been wise, she would have trembled at the first word that was spoken in such an assembly."

These remonstrances and petitions, as Grandfather observed, were the work of grave, thoughtful, and prudent men. Meantime the young and hot-headed people went to work in their own way. It is probable that the petitions of Congress would have had little or no effect on the British statesmen if the violent deeds of the American people had not shown how much excited the people were. Liberty Tree was soon heard of in England."

"What was Liberty Tree?" inquired Clara.

"It was an old elm tree," answered Grandfather, "which stood near the corner of Essex street, opposite the Boylston Market. Under the spreading branches of this great tree the people used to assemble whenever they wished to express their feelings and opinions. Thus, after a while it seemed as if the liberty of the country was connected with Liberty Tree."

"It was glorious fruit for a tree to bear," remarked Laurence.

"It bore strange fruit sometimes," said Grandfather. "One

morning in August, 1765, two figures were found hanging on the sturdy branches of Liberty Tree. They were dressed in square-skirted coats and smallclothes, and as their wigs hung down over their faces they looked like real men. One was intended to represent the Earl of Bute, who was supposed to have advised the King to tax America. The other was meant for the effigy of Andrew Oliver, a gentleman belonging to one of the most respectable families in Massachusetts."

"What harm had he done?" inquired Charley.

"The King had appointed him to be distributer of the stamps," answered Grandfather. "Mr. Oliver would have made a great deal of money by this business; but the people frightened him so much by hanging him in effigy, and afterward by breaking into his house, that he promised to have nothing to do with the stamps. And all the King's friends throughout America were compelled to make the same promise."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. Describe the loyalty of the colonists to King George. 2. Give two reasons why the colonies began to feel more and more independent. 3. What were some of the laws passed by the English Parliament that made the colonies wish for independence? 4. What was the Stamp Act? 5. Would you have felt as Clara did or as Laurence felt? 6. Describe the change that these wrongs wrought in the colonists. 7. Describe the congress proposed by the Massachusetts legislature. 8. What did this congress do? 9. Why was this congress so important? 10. How did Liberty Tree get its name? 11. What "fruit" did it bear? 12. Pronounce the following: comprehend; sagacious; tributaries; effigy; Parliament.

Phrases

sagacious men, **355**, 11
illegal and void, **356**, 1
stubborn resistance, **356**, 17
the aspect of the people, **356**, 24
oppressive act, **356**, 26
subject of the Crown, **356**, 33
public measures, **356**, 34
humble petition to the King, **357**, 12
memorable event, **357**, 18
remonstrances and petitions, **357**, 22
violent deeds, **357**, 27
hanging him in effigy, **358**, 13

British Soldiers Stationed in Boston

The next evening, Clara, who remembered that our chair had been left standing in the rain under Liberty Tree, earnestly besought Grandfather to tell when and where it had next found shelter. Perhaps she was afraid that the venerable chair, by being exposed to the inclemency of a September gale, might get the rheumatism in its aged joints.

"The chair," said Grandfather, "after the ceremony of Mr. Oliver's oath, appears to have been quite forgotten by the multitude. Indeed, being much bruised and rather rickety, owing to the violent treatment it had suffered from the Hutchinson mob, most people would have thought that its days of usefulness were over. Nevertheless, it was conveyed away under cover of the night and committed to the care of a skillful joiner. He doctored our old friend so successfully that in the course of a few days it made its appearance in the public room of the British Coffee-house in King Street."

"But why did not Mr. Hutchinson get possession of it again?" inquired Charley.

"I know not," answered Grandfather, "unless he considered it a dishonor and disgrace to the chair to have stood under Liberty Tree. At all events, he suffered it to remain at the British Coffee-house, which was the principal hotel in Boston. It could not possibly have found a situation where it would be more in the midst of business and bustle, or would witness more important events, or be occupied by a greater variety of persons."

Grandfather went on to tell the proceedings of the despotic King and ministry of England after the repeal of the stamp act. They could not bear to think that their right to tax America should be disputed by the people. In the year 1767, therefore, they caused Parliament to pass an act for laying a duty on tea and some other articles that were in general use. Nobody could now buy a pound of tea without paying a tax to King George. This scheme was pretty craftily contrived, for the women of

America were very fond of tea, and did not like to give up the use of it.

But the people were as much opposed to this new act of Parliament as they had been to the stamp act. England, however, was determined that they should submit. In order to compel their obedience two regiments, consisting of more than seven hundred British soldiers, were sent to Boston. They arrived in September, 1768, and were landed on Long Wharf. Thence they marched to the Common with loaded muskets, fixed bayonets, and great pomp and parade. So now at last the free town of Boston was guarded and overawed by red-coats as it had been in the days of old Sir Edmond Andros.

In the month of November more regiments arrived. There were now four thousand troops in Boston. The Common was whitened with their tents. Some of the soldiers were lodged in Faneuil Hall, which the inhabitants looked upon as a consecrated place because it had been the scene of a great many meetings in favor of liberty. One regiment was placed in the Town House, which we now call the Old State House. The lower floor of this edifice had hitherto been used by the merchants as an exchange. In the upper stories were the chambers of the judges, the representatives, and the governor's council. The venerable councilors could not assemble to consult about the welfare of the province without being challenged by sentinels and passing among the bayonets of the British soldiers.

Sentinels likewise were posted at the lodgings of the officers in many parts of the town. When the inhabitants approached, they were greeted by the sharp question, "Who goes there?" while the rattle of the soldier's musket was heard as he presented it against their breasts. There was no quiet even on the Sabbath day. The pious descendants of the Puritans were shocked by the uproar of military music, the drum, fife, and bugle drowning the holy organ-peal and the voices of the singers. It would appear as if the British took every method to insult the feelings of the people.

"Grandfather," cried Charley, impatiently, "the people did not go to fighting half soon enough! These British red-coats

ought to have been driven back to their vessels the very moment they landed on Long Wharf."

"Many a hot-headed young man said the same as you do, Charley," answered Grandfather, "but the elder and wiser people saw that the time was not yet come. Meanwhile, let us take another peep at our old chair."

"Ah, it drooped its head, I know," said Charley, when it saw how the province was disgraced. Its old Puritan friends never would have borne such doings."

"The chair," proceeded Grandfather, "was now continually occupied by some of the high Tories, as the King's friends were called, who frequented the British Coffee House. Officers of the custom-house too, which stood on the opposite side of King Street, often sat in the chair wagging their tongues against John Hancock."

"Why against him?" asked Charley.

"Because he was a great merchant and contended against paying duties to the King," said Grandfather.

"Well, frequently, no doubt, the officers of the British regiments, when not on duty, used to fling themselves into the arms of our venerable chair. Fancy one of them a red-nosed captain in his scarlet uniform, playing with the hilt of his sword and making a circle of his brother officers merry with ridiculous jokes at the expense of the poor Yankees. And perhaps he would call for a bottle of wine or a steaming bowl of punch and drink confusion to all rebels."

"Our grave old chair must have been scandalized at such scenes," observed Laurence—"the chair that had been the Lady Arbella's and which the holy apostle Eliot had consecrated."

"It certainly was little less than sacrilege," replied Grandfather; "but the time was coming when even the churches where hallowed pastors had long preached the word of God were to be torn down or desecrated by the British troops. Some years passed, however, before such things were done."

Grandfather now told his auditors that in 1769 Sir Francis Bernard went to England, after having been governor of Massachusetts ten years. He was a gentleman of many good qualities,

an excellent scholar, and a friend to learning. But he was naturally of an arbitrary disposition, and he had been bred at the University of Oxford, where young men were taught that the divine right of kings was the only thing to be regarded in matters of government. Such ideas were ill adapted to please the people of Massachusetts. They rejoiced to get rid of Sir Francis Bernard, but liked his successor, Lieutenant-governor Hutchinson, no better than himself.

About this period the people were much incensed at an act committed by a person who held an office in the custom-house. Some lads or young men were snowballing his windows. He fired a musket at them and killed a poor boy only eleven years old. This event made a great noise in town and country, and much increased the resentment that was already felt against the servants of the Crown.

"Now, children," said Grandfather, "I wish to make you comprehend the position of the British troops in King Street. This is the same which we now call State Street. On the south side of the Town House, or Old State House, was what military men call a court of guard, defended by two brass cannons which pointed directly at one of the doors of the above edifice. A large party of soldiers were always stationed in the court of guard. The custom-house stood at a little distance down King Street, nearly where the Suffolk Bank now stands, and a sentinel was continually pacing before its front."

"I shall remember this tomorrow," said Charley, "and I will go to State Street, so as to see exactly where the British troops were stationed."

"And before long," observed Grandfather, "I shall have to relate an event which made King Street sadly famous on both sides of the Atlantic. The history of our chair will soon bring us to this melancholy business."

Here Grandfather described the state of things which arose from the ill-will that existed between the inhabitants and the red-coats. The old and sober part of the townspeople were very angry at the government for sending soldiers to overawe them. But those gray-headed men were cautious, and kept their thoughts

and feelings in their own breasts, without putting themselves in the way of the British bayonets.

The younger people, however, could hardly be kept within such prudent limits. They reddened with wrath at the very sight of a soldier, and would have been willing to come to blows with them at any moment. For it was their opinion that every tap of a British drum within the peninsula of Boston was an insult to the brave old town.

"It was sometimes the case," continued Grandfather, "that affrays happened between such wild young men as these and small parties of the soldiers. No weapons had hitherto been used except fists or cudgels. But when men have loaded muskets in their hands, it is easy to foretell that they will soon be turned against the bosoms of those who provoke their anger."

"Grandfather," said little Alice, looking fearfully into his face, "your voice sounds as though you were going to tell us something awful."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. What act did Parliament pass after the repeal of the Stamp Act? 2. What did England do to compel the colonists to submit to this new act? 3. Why was it a good thing for the chair to be in the British Coffee House? 4. Describe the British soldiers in Boston, on the Common, in Faneuil Hall, and in the Old State House. 5. How was the Sabbath spent? 6. What did the chair experience during these days? 7. What happened at the custom-house? 8. What was the difference in behavior between the older townspeople and the younger ones? 9. What was the King's purpose in stationing the British soldiers in Boston? 10. Pronounce the following: inclemency; aged; edifice; frequented.

Phrases

exposed to the inclemency, **359**, 5
under cover of the night, **359**, 12
committed to the care, **359**, 13
skillful joiner, **359**, 13
craftily contrived, **359**, 33
the Common, **360**, 9
pomp and parade, **360**, 10
venerable councilors, **360**, 22
arbitrary disposition, **362**, 2
divine right of kings, **362**, 4
court of guard, **362**, 20
within such prudent limits, **363**, 3

The Boston Massacre

Little Alice, by her last remark, proved herself a good judge of what was expressed by the tones of Grandfather's voice. He had given the above description of the enmity between the townspeople and the soldiers in order to prepare the minds of his auditors for a very terrible event. It was one that did more to heighten the quarrel between England and America than anything that had yet occurred.

Without further preface Grandfather began the story of the Boston Massacre.

It was now the 3d of March, 1770. The sunset music of the British regiments was heard as usual throughout the town. The shrill fife and rattling drum awoke the echoes in King Street while the last ray of sunshine was lingering on the cupola of the Town House. And now all the sentinels were posted. One of them marched up and down before the custom-house, treading a short path through the snow and longing for the time when he would be dismissed to the warm fireside of the guard-room. Meanwhile, Captain Preston was perhaps sitting in our great chair before the hearth of the British Coffee House. In the course of the evening there were two or three slight commotions which seemed to indicate that trouble was at hand. Small parties of young men stood at the corners of the streets or walked along the narrow pavements. Squads of soldiers who were dismissed from duty passed by them, shoulder to shoulder, with the regular step which they had learned at the drill. Whenever these encounters took place it appeared to be the object of the young men to treat the soldiers with as much incivility as possible.

"Turn out, you lobster-backs!" one would say. "Crowd them off the sidewalks!" another would cry. "A red-coat has no right in Boston streets!"

"Oh, you rebel rascals!" perhaps the soldiers would reply, glaring fiercely at the young men. "Some day or other we'll make our way through Boston streets at the point of the bayonet!"

Once or twice such disputes as these brought on a scuffle, which passed off, however, without attracting much notice. About eight o'clock, for some unknown cause, an alarm bell rang loudly and hurriedly.

At the sound many people ran out of their houses, supposing it to be an alarm of fire. But there were no flames to be seen, nor was there any smell of smoke in the clear, frosty air, so that most of the townsmen went back to their own firesides and sat talking with their wives and children about the calamities of the times. Others who were younger and less prudent remained in the streets, for there seems to have been a presentiment that some strange event was on the eve of taking place.

Later in the evening, not far from nine o'clock, several young men passed by the Town House and walked down King Street. The sentinel was still on his post in front of the custom-house, pacing to and fro, while as he turned, a gleam of light from some neighboring window glittered on the barrel of his musket. At no great distance were the barracks and the guard-house, where his comrades were probably telling stories of battle and bloodshed.

Down toward the custom-house, as I told you, came a party of wild young men. When they drew near the sentinel he halted on his post and took his musket from his shoulder, ready to present the bayonet at their breasts.

"Who goes there?" he cried, in the gruff, peremptory tones of a soldier's challenge.

The young men, being Boston boys, felt as if they had a right to walk their own streets without being accountable to a British red-coat, even though he challenged them in King George's name. They made some rude answer to the sentinel. There was a dispute, or perhaps a scuffle. Other soldiers heard the noise, and ran hastily from the barracks to assist their comrades. At the same time many of the townspeople rushed into King Street by various avenues and gathered in a crowd round about the custom-house. It seemed wonderful how such a multitude had started up all of a sudden.

The wrongs and insults which the people had been suffering for many months now kindled them into a rage. They threw

snowballs and lumps of ice at the soldiers. As the tumult grew louder it reached the ears of Captain Preston, the officer of the day. He immediately ordered eight soldiers of the main guard to take their muskets and follow him. They marched across the street, forcing their way roughly through the crowd and pricking the townspeople with their bayonets.

A gentleman (it was Henry Knox, afterward general of the American artillery) caught Captain Preston's arm.

"For Heaven's sake, sir," exclaimed he, "take heed what you do or there will be bloodshed!"

"Stand aside!" answered Captain Preston, haughtily. "Do not interfere, sir. Leave me to manage the affair."

Arriving at the sentinel's post, Captain Preston drew up his men in a semicircle with their faces to the crowd and their rear to the custom-house. When the people saw the officer and beheld the threatening attitude with which the soldiers fronted them their rage became almost uncontrollable.

"Fire, you lobster-backs!" bellowed some.

"You dare not fire, you cowardly red-coats!" cried others.

"Rush upon them!" shouted many voices. "Drive the rascals to their barracks! Down with them! Down with them! Let them fire if they dare!"

Amid the uproar the soldiers stood glaring at the people with the fierceness of men whose trade was to shed blood.

Oh, what a crisis had now arrived! Up to this very moment the angry feelings between England and America might have been pacified. England had but to stretch out the hand of reconciliation and acknowledge that she had hitherto mistaken her rights, but would do so no more. Then the ancient bonds of brotherhood would again have been knit together as firmly as in old times. The habit of loyalty which had grown as strong as instinct was not utterly overcome. The perils shared, the victories won, in the Old French War, when the soldiers of the colonies fought side by side with their comrades from beyond the sea, were unforgotten yet. England was still that beloved country which the colonists called their home. King George, though he had frowned upon America, was still reverenced as a father.

But should the King's soldiers shed one drop of American blood, then it was a quarrel to the death. Never, never would America rest satisfied until she had torn down the royal authority and trampled it in the dust.

"Fire if you dare, villains!" hoarsely shouted the people while the muzzles of the muskets were turned upon them. "You dare not fire!"

They appeared ready to rush upon the level bayonets. Captain Preston waved his sword and uttered a command which could not be distinctly heard amid the uproar of shouts that issued from a hundred throats. But his soldiers deemed that he had spoken the fatal mandate, "Fire!" The flash of their muskets lighted up the street, and the report rang loudly between the edifices. It was said, too, that the figure of a man with a cloth hanging down over his face was seen to step into the balcony of the custom-house and discharge a musket at the crowd.

A gush of smoke had overspread the scene. It rose heavily, as if it were loath to reveal the dreadful spectacle beneath it. Eleven of the sons of New England lay stretched upon the street. Some, sorely wounded, were struggling to rise again. Others stirred not nor groaned, for they were past all pain. Blood was streaming upon the snow, and that purple stain in the midst of King Street, though it melted away in the next day's sun, was never forgotten nor forgiven by the people.

Grandfather was interrupted by the violent sobs of little Alice. In his earnestness he had neglected to soften down the narrative so that it might not terrify the heart of this unworldly infant. Since Grandfather began the history of our chair little Alice had listened to many tales of war, but probably the idea had never really impressed itself upon her mind that men had shed the blood of their fellow-creatures. And now that this idea was forcibly presented to her, it affected the sweet child with bewilderment and horror.

"I ought to have remembered our dear little Alice," said Grandfather reproachfully to himself. "Oh, what a pity! Her heavenly nature has now received its first impression of earthly sin and violence.—Well, Clara, take her to bed and comfort her.

Heaven grant that she may dream away the recollection of the Boston massacre!"

"Grandfather," said Charley when Clara and little Alice had retired, "did not the people rush upon the soldiers and take revenge?"

"The town drums beat to arms," replied Grandfather, "the alarm-bells rang, and an immense multitude rushed into King Street. Many of them had weapons in their hands. The British prepared to defend themselves. A whole regiment was drawn up in the street expecting an attack, for the townsmen appeared ready to throw themselves upon the bayonets."

"And how did it end?" asked Charley.

"Governor Hutchinson hurried to the spot," said Grandfather, "and besought the people to have patience, promising that strict justice should be done. A day or two afterward the British troops were withdrawn from town and stationed at Castle William. Captain Preston and the eight soldiers were tried for murder, but none of them were found guilty. The judges told the jury that the insults and violence which had been offered to the soldiers justified them in firing at the mob."

"The Revolution," observed Laurence, who had said but little during the evening, "was not such a calm, majestic movement as I supposed. I do not love to hear of mobs and broils in the street. These things were unworthy of the people when they had such a great object to accomplish."

"Nevertheless, the world has seen no grander movement than that of our Revolution from first to last," said Grandfather. "The people, to a man, were full of a great and noble sentiment. True, there may be much fault to find with their mode of expressing this sentiment, but they knew no better; the necessity was upon them to act out their feelings in the best manner they could. We must forgive what was wrong in their actions, and look into their hearts and minds for the honorable motives that impelled them."

"And I suppose," said Laurence, "there were men who knew how to act worthily of what they felt."

"There were many such," replied Grandfather, "and we will speak of some of them hereafter."

Grandfather here made a pause. That night Charley had a dream about the Boston massacre, and thought that he himself was in the crowd and struck down Captain Preston with a great club. Laurence dreamed that he was sitting in our great chair at the window of the British Coffee-house, and beheld the whole scene which Grandfather had described. It seemed to him, in his dream, that if the townspeople and the soldiers would have but heard him speak a single word, all the slaughter might have been averted. But there was such an uproar that it drowned his voice.

The next morning the two boys went together to State Street and stood on the very spot where the first blood of the Revolution had been shed. The Old State House was still there, presenting almost the same aspect that it had worn on that memorable evening one and seventy years ago. It is the sole remaining witness of the Boston massacre.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. Describe the scene before the custom-house on the evening of March 3, 1770. 2. What do you think of the conduct of the young men of Boston? 3. How did it happen that the crowd gathered so quickly? 4. What is your opinion of Captain Preston as compared with Henry Knox? 5. Why was the situation called a crisis? 6. How could it have been avoided? 7. What was the effect of the fateful order? 8. Do you admire Governor Hutchinson's stand? 9. What happened to Captain Preston and his soldiers? 10. What defense did Captain Preston probably make? 11. Do you sympathize with Laurence in his feeling about the Revolution? 12. In what respects do you think the dreams of the two boys expressed their natures? 13. Read the paragraphs that seem to you most thrilling and dramatic. 14. Select sentences that you think show Hawthorne's skill at descriptive writing. 15. Pronounce the following: hearth; incivility; peremptory; villains.

Phrases

awoke the echoes, **364**, 12
lingering on the cupola, **364**, 13
lobster-backs, **364**, 28
rebel rascals, **364**, 31
peremptory tones, **365**, 24
accountable to, **365**, 27
fatal mandate, **367**, 12
loath to reveal, **367**, 18
unworldly infant, **367**, 27
strict justice, **368**, 14
majestic movement, **368**, 22
mobs and broils, **368**, 23
necessity was upon them, **368**, 30
sole remaining witness, **369**, 14

Some Famous Portraits

The next evening the astral lamp was lighted earlier than usual, because Laurence was very much engaged in looking over the collection of portraits which had been his New Year's gift from Grandfather.

Among them he found the features of more than one famous personage who had been connected with the adventures of our old chair. Grandfather bade him draw the table nearer to the fireside, and they looked over the portraits together, while Clara and Charley likewise lent their attention. As for little Alice, she sat in Grandfather's lap, and seemed to see the very men alive whose faces were there represented.

Turning over the volume, Laurence came to the portrait of a stern, grim-looking man in plain attire, of much more modern fashion than that of the old Puritans. But the face might well have befitted one of those iron-hearted men. Beneath the portrait was the name of Samuel Adams.

"He was a man of great note in all the doings that brought about the Revolution," said Grandfather. "His character was such that it seemed as if one of the ancient Puritans had been sent back to earth to animate the people's hearts with the same abhorrence of tyranny that had distinguished the earliest settlers. He was as religious as they, as stern and inflexible, and as deeply imbued with democratic principles. He, better than any one else, may be taken as a representative of the people of New England, and of the spirit with which they engaged in the Revolutionary struggle. He was a poor man, and earned his bread by a humble occupation, but with his tongue and pen he made the King of England tremble on his throne. Remember him, my children, as one of the strong men of our country."

"Here is one whose looks show a very different character," observed Laurence, turning to the portrait of John Hancock. "I should think, by his splendid dress and courtly aspect, that he was one of the King's friends."

"There never was a greater contrast than between Samuel Adams and John Hancock," said Grandfather, "yet they were of the same side in politics, and had an equal agency in the Revolution. Hancock was born to the inheritance of the largest fortune in New England. His tastes and habits were aristocratic. He loved gorgeous attire, a splendid mansion, magnificent furniture, stately festivals, and all that was glittering and pompous in external things. His manners were so polished that there stood not a nobleman at the footstool of King George's throne who was a more skillful courtier than John Hancock might have been. Nevertheless, he in his embroidered clothes and Samuel Adams in his threadbare coat wrought together in the cause of liberty. Adams acted from pure and rigid principle. Hancock, though he loved his country, yet thought quite as much of his own popularity as he did of the people's rights. It is remarkable that these two men, so very different as I describe them, were the only two exempted from pardon by the King's proclamation."

On the next leaf of the book was the portrait of General Joseph Warren. Charley recognized the name, and said that here was a greater man than either Hancock or Adams.

"Warren was an eloquent and able patriot," replied Grandfather. "He deserves a lasting memory for his zealous efforts in behalf of liberty. No man's voice was more powerful in Faneuil Hall than Joseph Warren's. If his death had not happened so early in the contest, he would probably have gained a high name as a soldier."

The next portrait was a venerable man who held his thumb under his chin, and through his spectacles appeared to be attentively reading a manuscript.

"Here we see the most illustrious Boston boy that ever lived," said Grandfather. "This is Benjamin Franklin. But I will not try to compress into a few sentences the character of the sage who, as a Frenchman expressed it, snatched the lightning from the sky and the scepter from a tyrant. Mr. Sparks must help you to the knowledge of Franklin."

The book likewise contained portraits of James Otis and Josiah Quincy. Both of them, Grandfather observed, were men

of wonderful talents and true patriotism. Their voices were like the stirring tones of a trumpet arousing the country to defend its freedom. Heaven seemed to have provided a greater number of eloquent men than had appeared at any other period, in order that the people might be fully instructed as to their wrongs and the method of resistance.

"It is marvelous," said Grandfather, "to see how many powerful writers, orators, and soldiers started up just at the time when they were wanted. There was a man for every kind of work. It is equally wonderful that men of such different characters were all made to unite in the one object of establishing the freedom and independence of America. There was an overruling Providence above them."

"Here was another great man," remarked Laurence, pointing to the portrait of John Adams.

"Yes; an earnest, warm-tempered, honest, and most able man," said Grandfather. "At the period of which we are now speaking he was a lawyer in Boston. He was destined in after years to be ruler over the whole American people, whom he contributed so much to form into a nation."

Grandfather here remarked that many a New Englander who had passed his boyhood and youth in obscurity afterward attained to a fortune which he never could have foreseen even in his most ambitious dreams. John Adams, the second President of the United States and the equal of crowned kings, was once a schoolmaster and country lawyer. Hancock, the first signer of the Declaration of Independence, served his apprenticeship with a merchant. Samuel Adams, afterward governor of Massachusetts, was a small tradesman and a tax-gatherer. General Warren was a physician, General Lincoln a farmer, and General Knox a bookbinder. General Nathaniel Greene, the best soldier except Washington in the Revolutionary army, was a Quaker and a blacksmith. All these became illustrious men, and can never be forgotten in American history.

"And any boy who is born in America may look forward to the same things," said our ambitious friend Charley.

After these observations Grandfather drew the book of por-

traits toward him, showed the children several British peers and members of Parliament who had exerted themselves either for or against the rights of America. There were the Earl of Bute, Mr. Grenville, and Lord North. These were looked upon as deadly enemies to our country.

Among the friends of America was Mr. Pitt, afterward Earl of Chatham, who spent so much of his wondrous eloquence in endeavoring to warn England of the consequences of her injustice. He fell down on the floor of the House of Lords after uttering his almost dying words in defense of our privileges as freemen. There was Edmund Burke, one of the wisest men and greatest orators that ever the world produced. There was Colonel Barré, who had been among our fathers, and knew that they had courage enough to die for their rights. There was Charles James Fox, who never rested until he had silenced our enemies in the House of Commons.

"It is very remarkable to observe how many of the ablest orators in the British Parliament were favorable to America," said Grandfather. "We ought to remember these great Englishmen with gratitude, for their speeches encouraged our fathers almost as much as those of our own orators in Faneuil Hall and under Liberty Tree. Opinions which might have been received with doubt if expressed only by a native American were set down as true beyond dispute when they came from the lips of Chatham, Burke, Barré, or Fox."

"But, Grandfather," asked Laurence, "were there no able and eloquent men in this country who took the part of King George?"

"There were many men of talent who said what they could in defense of the King's tyrannical proceedings," replied Grandfather, "but they had the worst side of the argument, and therefore seldom said anything worth remembering. Moreover, their hearts were faint and feeble, for they felt that the people scorned and detested them. They had no friends, no defense, except in the bayonets of the British troops. A blight fell upon all their faculties, because they were contending against the rights of their own native land."

"What were the names of some of them?" inquired Charley.

"Governor Hutchinson, Chief-justice Oliver, Judge Auchmuty, the Reverend Mather Byles, and several other clergymen were among the most noted loyalists," answered Grandfather.

"I wish the people had tarred and feathered every man of them!" cried Charley.

"That wish is very wrong, Charley," said Grandfather. "You must not think that there was no integrity and honor except among those who stood up for the freedom of America. For aught I know, there was quite as much of these qualities on one side as on the other. Do you see nothing admirable in a faithful adherence to an unpopular cause? Can you not respect that principle of loyalty which made the royalists give up country, friends, fortune, everything, rather than be false to their king? It was a mistaken principle, but many of them cherished it honorably and were martyrs to it."

"Oh, I was wrong," said Charley, ingenuously. "And I would risk my life rather than one of those good old royalists should be tarred and feathered."

"The time is now come when we may judge fairly of them," continued Grandfather. "Be the good and true men among them honored, for they were as much our countrymen as the patriots were. And, thank Heaven! our country need not be ashamed of her sons—of most of them at least—whatever side they took in the Revolutionary contest."

Among the portraits was one of King George III. Little Alice clapped her hands and seemed pleased with the bluff good nature of his physiognomy. But Laurence thought it strange that a man with such a face, indicating hardly a common share of intellect, should have had influence enough on human affairs to convulse the world with war. Grandfather observed that this poor king had always appeared to him one of the most unfortunate persons that ever lived. He was so honest and conscientious that if he had been only a private man his life would probably have been blameless and happy. But his was that worst of fortunes—to be placed in a station far beyond his abilities.

"And so," said Grandfather, "his life, while he retained what intellect Heaven had gifted him with, was one long mortification.

At last he grew crazed with care and trouble. For nearly twenty years the monarch of England was confined as a madman. In his old age, too, God took away his eyesight, so that his royal palace was nothing to him but a dark, lonesome prison-house."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. Describe the family group around the fireside. 2. What is the center of interest? 3. Contrast the pictures of Samuel Adams and John Hancock. 4. What is said about General Joseph Warren? 5. Would you have been able to recognize Hawthorne's word picture of Benjamin Franklin without the name? 6. How does Grandfather explain the existence of these remarkable men just when they were most needed? 7. Do you know of any other time in our history when this seemed true? 8. Mention the humble origin of some of the Revolutionary patriots. 9. What do you think about them as fitting people to be founders of a great democracy? 10. What suggestion was there in this for Charley? 11. Name four famous Englishmen who took sides with the colonies. 12. What was their great service? 13. What do you think of Grandfather's answer to Charley's outburst against the loyalists? 14. Do you admire the quality Grandfather shows of seeing both sides of a question? 15. What was Grandfather's comment on King George III? 16. Pronounce the following: abhorrence; gorgeous; courtier; admirable; ingenuously.

Phrases

astral lamp, **370**, 1
animate the people's hearts, **370**, 20
abhorrence of tyranny, **370**, 20
imbued with democratic principles, **370**, 22
equal agency, **371**, 3
georgeous attire, **371**, 6
skillful courtier, **371**, 10
overruling Providence, **372**, 12
ambitious dreams, **372**, 24
tyrannical proceedings, **373**, 29
blight upon their faculties, **373**, 34
faithful adherence, **374**, 10
principle of loyalty, **374**, 11
bluff good nature of his physiognomy, **374**, 26

THE GRAY CHAMPION

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

There was once a time when New England groaned under the actual pressure of heavier wrongs than those threatened ones which brought on the Revolution. James II, the bigoted successor of Charles the Voluptuous, had annulled the charters of all the colonies, and sent a harsh and unprincipled soldier to take away our liberties and endanger our religion. The administration of Sir Edmund Andros lacked scarcely a single characteristic of tyranny: a Governor and Council, holding office from the King, and wholly independent of the country; laws made and taxes levied without concurrence of the people, immediate or by their representatives; the rights of private citizens violated, and the titles of all landed property declared void; the voice of complaint stifled by restrictions on the press; and, finally, disaffection overawed by the first band of mercenary troops that ever marched on our free soil. For two years our ancestors were kept in sullen submission by that filial love which had invariably secured their allegiance to the mother country, whether its head chanced to be a Parliament, Protector, or Monarch. Till these evil times, however, such allegiance had been merely nominal, and the colonists had ruled themselves, enjoying far more freedom than is even yet the privilege of the native subjects of Great Britain.

At length a rumor reached our shores that the Prince of Orange had ventured on an enterprise the success of which would be the triumph of civil and religious rights and the salvation of New England. It was but a doubtful whisper; it might be false, or the attempt might fail; and, in either case, the man that stirred against King James would lose his head. Still, the intelligence produced a marked effect. The people smiled mysteriously in the streets, and threw bold glances at their oppressors; while, far and wide, there was a subdued and silent agitation, as if the slightest signal would rouse the whole land from its sluggish despondency. Aware of their danger, the rulers resolved to avert it by an impos-

ing display of strength, and perhaps to confirm their despotism by yet harsher measures. One afternoon in April, 1689, Sir Edmund Andros and his favorite councilors, being warm with wine, assembled the redcoats of the Governors' Guard, and made their appearance in the streets of Boston. The sun was near setting when the march commenced.

The roll of the drum, at that unquiet crisis, seemed to go through the streets, less as the martial music of the soldiers, than as a muster-call to the inhabitants themselves. A multitude, by various avenues, assembled in King Street, which was destined to be the scene, nearly a century afterwards, of another encounter between the troops of Britain and a people struggling against her tyranny. Though more than sixty years had elapsed since the Pilgrims came, this crowd of their descendants still showed the strong and somber features of their character, perhaps more strikingly in such a stern emergency than on happier occasions. There was the sober garb, the general severity of mien, the gloomy but undismayed expression, the Scriptural forms of speech, and the confidence in Heaven's blessing on a righteous cause, which would have marked a band of the original Puritans, when threatened by some peril of the wilderness. Indeed, it was not yet time for the old spirit to be extinct; since there were men in the street, that day, who had worshiped there beneath the trees, before a house was reared to the God for whom they had become exiles. Old soldiers of the Parliament were here, too, smiling grimly at the thought that their aged arms might strike another blow against the house of Stuart. Here, also, were the veterans of King Philip's war, who had burned villages and slaughtered young and old, with pious fierceness, while the godly souls throughout the land were helping them with prayer. Several ministers were scattered among the crowd, which, unlike all other mobs, regarded them with such reverence as if there were sanctity in their very garments. These holy men exerted their influence to quiet the people, but not to disperse them. Meantime, the purpose of the Governor, in disturbing the peace of the town, at a period when the slightest commotion might throw the country into a ferment, was almost the universal subject of inquiry, and variously explained.

"Satan will strike his master-stroke presently," cried some, "because he knoweth that his time is short. All our godly pastors are to be dragged to prison! We shall see them at a Smithfield fire in King Street!"

Hereupon the people of each parish gathered closer round their minister, who looked calmly upwards and assumed a more apostolic dignity, as well befitted a candidate for the highest honor of his profession, the crown of martyrdom. It was actually fancied, at that period, that New England might have a John Rogers of her own, to take the place of that worthy in the Primer.

"We are to be massacred, both man and male child!" cried others.

Neither was this rumor wholly discredited, although the wiser class believed the Governor's object somewhat less atrocious. His predecessor under the old charter, Bradstreet, a venerable companion of the first settlers, was known to be in town. There were grounds for conjecturing that Sir Edmund Andros intended, at once, to strike terror, by a parade of military force, and to confound the opposite faction by possessing himself of their chief.

"Stand firm for the old charter, Governor!" shouted the crowd, seizing upon the idea. "The good old Governor Bradstreet!"

While this cry was at the loudest, the people were surprised by the well-known figure of Governor Bradstreet himself, a patriarch of nearly ninety, who appeared on the elevated steps of a door, and, with characteristic mildness, besought them to submit to the constituted authorities.

"My children," concluded this venerable person, "do nothing rashly. Cry not aloud, but pray for the welfare of New England, and expect patiently what the Lord will do in this matter!"

The event was soon to be decided. All this time the roll of the drum had been approaching through Cornhill, louder and deeper, till with reverberations from house to house, and the regular tramp of martial footsteps, it burst into the street. A double rank of soldiers made their appearance, occupying the whole breadth of the passage, with shouldered matchlocks, and matches burning, so as to present a row of fires in the dusk. Their steady march

was like the progress of a machine, that would roll irresistibly over everything in its way. Next, moving slowly, with a confused clatter of hoofs on the pavement, rode a party of mounted gentlemen, the central figure being Sir Edmund Andros, elderly, but erect and soldier-like. Those around him were his favorite councilors, and the bitterest foes of New England. At his right hand rode Edward Randolph, our arch-enemy, that "blasted wretch," as Cotton Mather calls him, who achieved the downfall of our ancient government, and was followed with a sensible curse, through life and to his grave. On the other side was Bullivant, scattering jests and mockery as he rode along. Dudley came behind, with a downcast look, dreading, as well he might, to meet the indignant gaze of the people, who beheld him, their only countryman by birth, among the oppressors of his native land. The captain of a frigate in the harbor, and two or three civil officers under the Crown, were also there. But the figure which most attracted the public eye, and stirred up the deepest feeling, was the Episcopal clergyman of King's Chapel, riding haughtily among the magistrates in his priestly vestments, the fitting representative of prelacy and persecution, the union of Church and State, and all those abominations which had driven the Puritans to the wilderness. Another guard of soldiers, in double rank, brought up the rear.

The whole scene was a picture of the condition of New England, and its moral, the deformity of any government that does not grow out of the nature of things and the character of the people. On one side the religious multitude, with their sad visages and dark attire, and on the other, the group of despotic rulers, with the High-Churchman in the midst, and here and there a crucifix at their bosoms, all magnificently clad, flushed with wine, proud of unjust authority, and scoffing at the universal groan. And the mercenary soldiers, waiting but the word to deluge the street with blood, showed the only means by which obedience could be secured.

"O Lord of Hosts," cried a voice among the crowd, "provide a Champion for thy people!"

This ejaculation was loudly uttered, and served as a herald's

cry, to introduce a remarkable personage. The crowd had rolled back, and were now huddled together nearly at the extremity of the street, while the soldiers had advanced no more than a third of its length. The intervening space was empty—a paved solitude, between lofty edifices, which threw almost a twilight shadow over it. Suddenly, there was seen the figure of an ancient man, who seemed to have emerged from among the people, and was walking by himself along the center of the street, to confront the armed band. He wore the old Puritan dress, a dark cloak and a steeple-crowned hat, in the fashion of at least fifty years before, with a heavy sword upon his thigh, but a staff in his hand to assist the tremulous gait of age.

When at some distance from the multitude, the old man turned slowly round, displaying a face of antique majesty, rendered doubly venerable by the hoary beard that descended on his breast. He made a gesture at once of encouragement and warning, then turned again, and resumed his way.

"Who is this gray patriarch?" asked the young men of their sires.

"Who is this venerable brother?" asked the old men among themselves.

But none could make reply. The fathers of the people, those of fourscore years and upwards, were disturbed, deeming it strange that they should forget one of such evident authority, whom they must have known in their early days, the associate of Winthrop, and all the old councilors, giving laws, and making prayers, and leading them against the savage. The elderly men ought to have remembered him, too, with locks as gray in their youth as their own were now. And the young! How could he have passed so utterly from their memories—that hoary sire, the relic of long-departed times, whose awful benediction had surely been bestowed on their uncovered heads, in childhood?

"Whence did he come? What is his purpose? Who can this old man be?" whispered the wondering crowd.

Meanwhile, the venerable stranger, staff in hand, was pursuing his solitary walk along the center of the street. As he drew near the advancing soldiers, and as the roll of their drum came

full upon his ear, the old man raised himself to a loftier mien, while the decrepitude of age seemed to fall from his shoulders, leaving him in gray but unbroken dignity. Now, he marched onward with a warrior's step, keeping time to the military music. Thus the aged form advanced on one side, and the whole parade of soldiers and magistrates on the other, till, when scarcely twenty yards remained between, the old man grasped his staff by the middle, and held it before him like a leader's truncheon.

"Stand!" cried he.

The eye, the face, and attitude of command, the solemn, yet warlike peal of that voice, fit either to rule a host in the battle-field or be raised to God in prayer, were irresistible. At the old man's word and outstretched arm, the roll of the drum was hushed at once, and the advancing line stood still. A tremulous enthusiasm seized upon the multitude. That stately form, combining the leader and the saint, so gray, so dimly seen, in such an ancient garb, could only belong to some old champion of the righteous cause, whom the oppressor's drum had summoned from his grave. They raised a shout of awe and exultation, and looked for the deliverance of New England.

The Governor, and the gentlemen of his party, perceiving themselves brought to an unexpected stand, rode hastily forward, as if they would have pressed their snorting and affrighted horses right against the hoary apparition. He, however, blenched not a step, but glancing his severe eye round the group, which half encompassed him, at last bent it sternly on Sir Edmund Andros. One would have thought that the dark old man was chief ruler there, and that the Governor and Council, with soldiers at their back, representing the whole power and authority of the Crown, had no alternative but obedience.

"What does this old fellow here?" cried Edward Randolph, fiercely. "On, Sir Edmund! Bid the soldiers forward, and give the dotard the same choice that you give all his countrymen—to stand aside or be trampled on!"

"Nay, nay, let us show respect to the good grandsire," said Bullivant, laughing. "See you not, he is some old roundheaded dignitary, who hath lain asleep these thirty years, and knows

nothing of the change of times? Doubtless, he thinks to put us down with a proclamation in Old Noll's name!"

"Are you mad, old man?" demanded Sir Edmund Andros, in loud and harsh tones. "How dare you stay the march of King James's Governor?"

"I have stayed the march of a king himself, ere now," replied the gray figure, with stern composure. "I am here, Sir Governor, because the cry of an oppressed people hath disturbed me in my secret place; and beseeching this favor earnestly of the Lord, it was vouchsafed me to appear once again on earth, in the good old cause of his saints. And what speak ye of James? There is no longer a tyrant on the throne of England, and by tomorrow noon his name shall be a byword in this very street, where ye would make it a word of terror. Back, thou that wast a Governor, back! With this night thy power is ended—tomorrow, the prison!—back, lest I foretell the scaffold!"

The people had been drawing nearer and nearer, and drinking in the words of their champion, who spoke in accents long disused, like one unaccustomed to converse, except with the dead of many years ago. But his voice stirred their souls. They confronted the soldiers, not wholly without arms, and ready to convert the very stones of the street into deadly weapons. Sir Edmund Andros looked at the old man; then he cast his hard and cruel eye over the multitude, and beheld them burning with that lurid wrath, so difficult to kindle or to quench; and again he fixed his gaze on the aged form, which stood obscurely in an open space, where neither friend nor foe had thrust himself. What were his thoughts, he uttered no word which might discover. But whether the oppressor were overawed by the Gray Champion's look, or perceived his peril in the threatening attitude of the people, it is certain that he gave back, and ordered his soldiers to commence a slow and guarded retreat. Before another sunset, the Governor, and all that rode so proudly with him, were prisoners, and long ere it was known that James had abdicated, King William was proclaimed throughout New England.

But where was the Gray Champion? Some reported, that when the troops had gone from King Street, and the people were

thronging tumultuously in their rear, Bradstreet, the aged Governor, was seen to embrace a form more aged than his own. Others soberly affirmed, that while they marveled at the venerable grandeur of his aspect, the old man had faded from their eyes, melting slowly into the hues of twilight, till, where he stood, there was an empty space. But all agreed that the hoary shape was gone. The men of that generation watched for his reappearance, in sunshine and in twilight, but never saw him more, nor knew when his funeral passed, nor where his gravestone was.

And who was the Gray Champion? Perhaps his name might be found in the records of that stern Court of Justice which passed a sentence, too mighty for the age, but glorious in all after times, for its humbling lesson to the monarch and its high example to the subject. I have heard, that whenever the descendants of the Puritans are to show the spirit of their sires, the old man appears again. When eighty years had passed, he walked once more in King Street. Five years later, in the twilight of an April morning, he stood on the green, beside the meeting-house, at Lexington, where now the obelisk of granite, with a slab of slate inlaid, commemorates the first fallen of the Revolution. And when our fathers were toiling at the breastwork on Bunker's Hill, all through that night the old warrior walked his rounds. Long, long may it be, ere he comes again! His hour is one of darkness, and adversity, and peril. But should domestic tyranny oppress us, or the invader's step pollute our soil, still may the Gray Champion come, for he is the type of New England's hereditary spirit, and his shadowy march, on the eve of danger, must ever be the pledge that New England's sons will vindicate their ancestry.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Historical Note. A tradition handed down from the time of King Philip's war gave Hawthorne the suggestion for this story. In the attack made upon the village of Hadley, Massachusetts, by the Indians in 1675 a venerable man, of stately form, and with flowing white beard, suddenly appeared among the panic-stricken villagers, took command, and helped them put the savages to flight. Then he disappeared as suddenly as he had come. In their wonder, not knowing where he had come from or

where he had gone, many believed he had been sent from Heaven to deliver them.

Their defender was William Goffe, who had been an officer in Cromwell's army, and a member of the court which condemned Charles I to death. (Read the reference to this court in the story.) He was a Puritan, a man of deep religious feeling, whose acts had been governed by the desire to secure his countrymen their liberties. When Charles II succeeded to the English throne, Goffe fled to New England to escape his vengeance. Officers were sent across the ocean in pursuit of him. For this reason he lived in hiding, his name and identity being known only to friends who aided and protected him. He had many narrow escapes, but was never captured. From his hiding place he had seen the Indians stealing upon the people of Hadley and had gone forth to battle against them. After living in exile for the rest of his life, he died about 1679.

In this story Hawthorne altered facts to suit his purpose, making the Gray Champion appear at the time of the Boston Insurrection, in 1689. In this year James II, who had succeeded his brother, Charles II, was dethroned, and fled from his kingdom, and his son-in-law, William III, Prince of Orange, was made King of England.

The Gray Champion is made to typify the Spirit of Liberty—that spirit which animated Goffe as a Puritan soldier under Cromwell and which sent the Pilgrims and Puritans forth to find a home in the New World.

Discussion. 1. Read that part of the story which pictures the conditions of New England under Andros. 2. What were the wrongs under which the people suffered? 3. Did they submit willingly? 4. What rumor gave them hope of a return of "civil and religious rights"? 5. How did this rumor affect the Governor and his councilors? 6. Why was the Guard assembled? 7. What effect upon the people had its appearance at this time? 8. What does Hawthorne call this scene in the street? 9. What does he say is its "moral"? 10. Who came to have the advantage, the Governor and his soldiers, or the people? 11. Read all that accounts for the Champion and his sudden appearance. 12. What great cause did he come to champion? 13. What cause were Andros and his soldiers supporting? 14. Who was victorious? 15. Tell briefly the main incident. 16. Give your opinion as to Hawthorne's purpose in writing this story.

Phrases

mercenary troops, **376**, 14
filial love, **376**, 16
allegiance merely nominal, **376**, 19
civil and religious rights, **376**, 24
sluggish despondency, **376**, 31
severity of mien, **377**, 17
apostolic dignity, **378**, 6
confound the opposite faction, **378**, 20
prelacy and persecution, **379**, 20
leader's truncheon, **381**, 8
hoary apparition, **381**, 24
half encompassed **381**, 25
roundheaded dignitary, **381**, 36
lurid wrath, **382**, 25
obelisk of granite, **383**, 19
vindicate their ancestry, **383**, 28

WARREN'S ADDRESS AT THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

JOHN PIERPONT

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for nire?
Will ye to your *homes* retire?
Look behind you! they're afire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it!—From the vale
On they come!—and will ye quail?—
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must;
But, O where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dews shall shed,
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell?

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. John Pierpont (1785-1866) was a Unitarian clergyman of Connecticut and the author of several volumes of poetry.

Historical Note. General Joseph Warren was one of the generals in command of the patriot army at the Battle of Bunker Hill. His death in this battle, while a great loss to the American forces, inspired the army to heroic efforts. He is considered one of the bravest and most unselfish patriots of the Revolutionary War. Read what your history text says about him.

Discussion. 1. In this poem we have the poet's idea of how General Warren inspired his men. 2. What do you think he did in reality? 3. Read the lines that are an answer to those who still hoped for mercy from the British. 4. What lines show the striking contrast between those who fight for hire and those who fight to protect their homes? 5. Which of the appeals in the first and second stanzas seems most forceful to you? 6. Where have you read of a hero who made an argument similar to the one made in the third stanza? 7. How does the Bunker Hill Monument fulfill the prophecy in the last lines of the poem? 8. Notice the interesting rime-scheme and point out how it increases the effectiveness of the poem.

Phrases

greener graves, **385**, 3
mercy despots feel, **385**, 5
battle peal, **385**, 6
bristling steel, **385**, 7
leaden rain, **385**, 15
iron hail, **385**, 15

LIBERTY OR DEATH

PATRICK HENRY

Mr. President,—No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the House. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen, if, entertaining, as I do, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I shall speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the House is one of awful

moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfill the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offense, I should consider myself as guilty of treason toward my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the Majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British Ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumu-

lation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British Ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be attained—we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means

which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace!—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Historical Note. Patrick Henry (1736-1799) delivered this speech at the Virginia Convention, March 28, 1775. For some years this fiery young orator had been active in Virginia in stirring up resistance to the tyrannical acts of the King. In 1774 the royal governor in that colony reported that every county was arming a company of men for the purpose of protecting their committees, which had been formed, as in the other colonies, to work out a plan of coöperation against the British government. In March, 1775, the second revolutionary convention of Virginia met at Richmond. A resolution was offered to put the colony into a state of defense. Some delegates objected to such radical action, and it is to these men that Henry addressed the opening sentences of his speech.

The resolution was adopted. The chief command of the Virginia forces was offered to Colonel Washington, who accepted with the words, "It is my full intention to devote my life and fortune to the cause in which we are engaged."

Discussion. 1. From reading the first paragraph, what idea do you get of Patrick Henry as an opponent? 2. Do you think Patrick Henry expresses a truth for all time when he says, "In proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate"? 3. Find, in your history, the chief acts of the British Ministry for the ten years prior to 1775. 4. What are the arguments which Patrick Henry uses to convince the delegates of the need of immediate action? 5. What did the next gale sweeping from the north bring to their ears? 6. Notice Patrick Henry's use of figurative language throughout this speech. 7. Pronounce the following: siren; illusion; arduous; solace; insidious; inestimable; formidable.

Phrases

of awful moment, **386**, 8
illusions of hope, **387**, 10
arduous struggle, **387**, 13
temporal salvation, **387**, 16
anguish of spirit, **387**, 17
insidious smile, **387**, 24
implements of war, **387**, 33
martial array, **387**, 34
preserve inviolate, **388**, 22
inestimable privileges, **388**, 22
cope with so formidable, **388**, 29
supinely on our backs, **388**, 35
delusive phantom, **388**, 35
extenuate the matter, **389**, 14

GEORGE WASHINGTON TO HIS WIFE

Philadelphia, 18 June, 1775

My Dearest:

I am now set down to write to you on a subject which fills me with inexpressible concern, and this concern is greatly aggravated and increased when I reflect upon the uneasiness I know it will give you. It has been determined in Congress that the whole army raised for the defense of the American cause shall be put under my care, and that it is necessary for me to proceed immediately to Boston to take upon me the command of it.

You may believe me, my dear Patsy, when I assure you, in the most solemn manner, that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity, and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month

with you at home, than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose. You might, and I suppose did perceive, from the tenor of my letters, that I was apprehensive I could not avoid this appointment, as I did not pretend to intimate when I should return. That was the case. It was utterly out of my power to refuse this appointment, without exposing my character to such censures as would have reflected dishonor upon myself and given pain to my friends. This, I am sure, could not, and ought not, to be pleasing to you, and must have lessened me considerably in my own esteem. I shall rely, therefore, confidently on that Providence which has heretofore preserved and been bountiful to me, not doubting but that I shall return safe to you in the fall. I shall feel no pain from the toil or the danger of the campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from being left alone. I therefore beg that you will summon your whole fortitude and pass your time as agreeably as possible. Nothing will give me so much sincere satisfaction as to hear this, and to hear it from your own pen. My earnest and ardent desire is that you would pursue any plan that is most likely to produce content and a tolerable degree of tranquillity; as it must add greatly to my uneasy feelings to hear that you are dissatisfied or complaining at what I really could not avoid.

As life is always uncertain and common prudence dictates to every man the necessity of settling his temporal concerns while it is in his power, and while the mind is calm and undisturbed, I have, since I came to this place (for I had not time to do it before I left home), got Colonel Pendleton to draft a will for me, by the directions I gave him, which will I now enclose. The provision made for you in case of my death will, I hope, be agreeable.

I shall add nothing more, as I have several letters to write, but to desire that you will remember me to your friends, and to assure you that I am with the most unfeigned regard, my dear Patsy, your affectionate, &c.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Historical Note. George Washington (1732-1799) came from Virginia to attend the second meeting of the Continental Congress held in Philadelphia May 10, 1775. He was at that time commander of the militia of Virginia and sat in Congress in his colonel's uniform. In the name of "The United Colonies" the Congress voted to authorize the enlistment of troops, to build and garrison forts, and to issue notes to the amount of three million dollars, the original "Liberty Loan" in America. There was an army of about ten thousand men encamped around Boston and these Congress adopted as "The Continental Army." John Adams rose in his place and proposed the name of the Virginian, George Washington, to be commander-in-chief of this New England army. "The gentleman," he said, "is among us and is very well known to us all; a gentleman whose skill and experience as an officer, whose independent fortune, great talents, and excellent universal character would command the approbation of all America, and unite the cordial exertions of all the colonies better than any other person in the Union." The pay of the commander-in-chief was fixed at five hundred dollars a month and on June 15 Washington received the unanimous vote for this all-important office. His lofty stature, exceeding six feet, his grave and handsome face, his noble bearing and courtly grace of manner all proclaimed him worthy of the honor. In a brief speech expressive of his high sense of the honor conferred upon him, he said, "I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in this room, that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, that I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with. As to pay, I beg leave to assure the Congress that, as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment, at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit of it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those, I doubt not, they will discharge; and that is all I desire."

As there was no time for a visit to his home, Mt. Vernon, on the Potomac River, Washington was obliged to give his wife this important information by letter. (In 1759 Washington had married Mrs. Martha Custis, the widow of one of the wealthiest planters in the Virginia Colony. She had two beautiful children at the time of her marriage, but when Washington went north to Philadelphia Mrs. Washington was quite alone, for her son was away from home and her daughter had died a few years before.) Later in the year Mrs. Washington went north and spent the winter with her husband at Craigie house, the army headquarters in Cambridge.

Discussion. 1. Name the fine qualities of Washington shown in this letter. 2. Read the sentence that tells briefly what has happened. 3. What do you imagine was Mrs. Washington's reply to this letter?

Phrases

inexpressible concern, **390**, 2
consciousness of a trust, **390**, 13
too great for my capacity, **390**, 13
distant prospect, **390**, 15
perceive, from the tenor, **391**, 4
exposing my character to censures, **391**, 8
summon your fortitude, **391**, 17
ardent desire, **391**, 20
tolerable degree of tranquillity, **391**, 22
prudence dictates, **391**, 25
temporal concerns, **391**, 26
unfeigned regard, **391**, 34

GEORGE WASHINGTON TO GOVERNOR GEORGE CLINTON

Valley Forge, 16 February, 1778

Dear Sir:

It is with great reluctance I trouble you on a subject which does not properly fall within your province; but it is a subject that occasions me more distress than I have felt since the commencement of the war; and which loudly demands the most zealous exertions of every person of weight and authority, who is interested in the success of our affairs; I mean the present dreadful situation of the army, for want of provision, and the miserable prospects before us, with respect to futurity. It is more alarming than you will probably conceive; for, to form a just idea of it, it were necessary to be on the spot. For some days past, there has been little less than a famine in camp. A part of the army has been a week without any kind of flesh, and the rest three or four days. Naked and starving as they are, we cannot enough admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiery, that they have not been, ere this, excited by their suffering to a general mutiny and dispersion. Strong symptoms, however, of discontent have appeared in particular instances; and nothing but the most active efforts, everywhere, can long avert so shocking a catastrophe.

Our present sufferings are not all. There is no foundation laid for any adequate relief hereafter. All the magazines provided in the States of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Mary-

land, and all the immediate additional supplies they seem capable of affording, will not be sufficient to support the army more than a month longer, if so long. Very little has been done at the eastward, and as little to the southward; and whatever we have a right to expect from those quarters must necessarily be very remote, and is, indeed, more precarious than could be wished. When the before-mentioned supplies are exhausted, what a terrible crisis must ensue, unless all the energy of the Continent shall be exerted to provide a timely remedy!

I am etc.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Historical Note. This letter was addressed to George Clinton, governor of New York from 1777-1795. Washington appealed to Clinton because of the abilities and resources of New York and also because the governor's zeal as a patriot was well known. At the same time Washington addressed a similar letter to the inhabitants of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia, urging the farmers to provide cattle for the use of the army. He assures them of a bountiful price as well as the knowledge that they have rendered most essential service to the illustrious cause of their country.

Discussion. 1. Read in your history text what is said about the winter of 1777-1778 at Valley Forge. 2. How do the methods of conserving food for the army in Washington's time compare with those of our own time? 3. How does Washington hope to avert a terrible crisis? 4. Pronounce the following: incomparable; catastrophe; adequate; precarious.

Phrases

fall within your province, **393**, 2
zealous exertions, **393**, 5
with respect to futurity, **393**, 8
incomparable patience, **393**, 14
excited to mutiny and dispersion, **393**, 15
symptoms of discontent, **393**, 16
avert so shocking a catastrophe, **393**, 18
adequate relief hereafter, **393**, 21
the magazines provided, **393**, 21
crisis must ensue, **394**, 7

SONG OF MARION'S MEN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear;
When waking to their tents on fire
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil;
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.

The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly,
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life our fiery barbs to guide
Across the moonlight plains;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts their tossing manes.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs,
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band,
With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
Forever, from our shore.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography, see page 41.

Historical Note. General Francis Marion was a general of the Revolutionary period. He was a leader of a band of men who worried the victorious British troops in the Carolinas in 1780 and 1781 and assisted in driving Cornwallis north, where he surrendered at Yorktown in 1781. Marion and his men in their greenwood fortress remind us of Robin Hood and his merry men.

Discussion. 1. Who is speaking in this poem? 2. What does the word "band" tell you about these men? 3. How do seamen know their way when on the ocean? 4. How do woodsmen know their way in the forest? 5. Read the lines that picture a southern forest. 6. What does the second stanza tell you of Marion's method of attack? 7. Notice in the third stanza how the men spend their leisure time. 8. When did these hours of release occur? 9. Why is the moon called friendly? 10. Which lines show their quickness of movement? 11. For whom are these men fighting?

Phrases

true and tried, **395**, 1
our tent the cypress-tree, **395**, 6
walls of thorny vines, **395**, 9
glades of reedy grass, **395**, 10
dark morass, **395**, 12
hollow wind, **395**, 24
hour that brings release, **395**, 25
battle's spoil, **395**, 28
as if a hunt were up, **396**, 2
fiery barbs, **396**, 13
broad Santee, **396**, 21
smiles like those of summer, **396**, 27

TIMES THAT TRY MEN'S SOULS

THOMAS PAINE

These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly; 'tis dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; it would be strange indeed, if so celestial an article as

freedom should not be highly rated. Britain, with an army to enforce her tyranny, has declared that she has a right, not only to tax, but to "bind us in all cases whatsoever," and if being bound in that manner is not slavery, then is there not such a thing as slavery upon earth. Even the expression is impious, for so unlimited a power can belong only to God.

I have as little superstition in me as any man living, but my secret opinion has been, and still is, that God Almighty will not give up a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupportedly to perish, who have so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war, by every decent method which wisdom could invent.

I once felt all that kind of anger, which a man ought to feel, against the mean principles that are held by the tories: a noted one, who kept a tavern at Amboy, was standing at his door, with as pretty a child in his hand, about eight or nine years old, as I ever saw, and after speaking his mind as freely as he thought was prudent, finished with this unfatherly expression, "Well! give me peace in my day." Not a man lives on the continent but fully believes that a separation must some time or other finally take place, and a generous parent should have said, "If there must be trouble, let it be in my day, that my child may have peace"; and his single reflection, well applied, is sufficient to awaken every man to duty. Not a place upon earth might be so happy as America. Her situation is remote from all the wrangling world, and she has nothing to do but to trade with them. A man can distinguish in himself between temper and principle, and I am as confident, as I am that God governs the world, that America will never be happy till she gets clear of foreign dominion. Wars, without ceasing, will break out till that period arrives, and the continent must in the end be conqueror; for though the flame of liberty may sometimes cease to shine, the coal can never expire.

The heart that feels not now, is dead; the blood of his children will curse his cowardice, who shrinks back at a time when a little might have saved the whole, and made them happy. I love the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from

distress, and grow brave by reflection. 'Tis the business of little minds to shrink; but he whose heart is firm, and whose conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his principles unto death. My own line of reasoning is to myself as straight and clear as a ray of light. Not all the treasures of the world, so far as I believe, could have induced me to support an offensive war, for I think it murder; but if a thief breaks into my house, burns and destroys my property, and kills or threatens to kill me, or those that are in it, and to "bind me in all cases whatsoever" to his absolute will, am I to suffer it? What signifies it to me, whether he who does it is a king or a common man; my countryman or not my countryman; whether it be done by an individual villain, or an army of them? If we reason to the root of things we shall find no difference; neither can any just cause be assigned why we should punish in the one case and pardon in the other.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Historical Note. Thomas Paine (1737-1809), an interesting figure of the Revolutionary period, did much by his writings to help win the war. Franklin on one occasion said, "Where liberty is, there is my home." Whereupon Paine answered, "Where liberty is not, there is my home." He came to America from England in 1774 and fought for America's freedom as a volunteer under Washington. After the Revolution he went to France, where again he fought for liberty in the French Revolution.

This selection is from a pamphlet called "The Crisis," published in 1776 by Paine. Washington had lost the battle of Long Island and had been compelled to retreat from New York toward Philadelphia. In Philadelphia there were many royalists who hoped that England would win the war. Washington's soldiers, who had enlisted for short terms, were encouraged to desert or to resign at the end of their terms. The situation was serious.

Washington ordered that "The Crisis" be read before every company of soldiers in his army.

Discussion. 1. Select from these paragraphs sentences that would make good mottoes. 2. What political and military situation did Paine have in mind in the opening sentences? 3. What do you think of the argument of the tavern-keeper at Amboy as compared with Paine's? 4. What do we think today of our "remoteness from the wrangling world"? 5. What, in the last one hundred years, has brought Europe

and America closer together than they were in Paine's day? 6. Under what conditions does Paine think war is justified?

Phrases

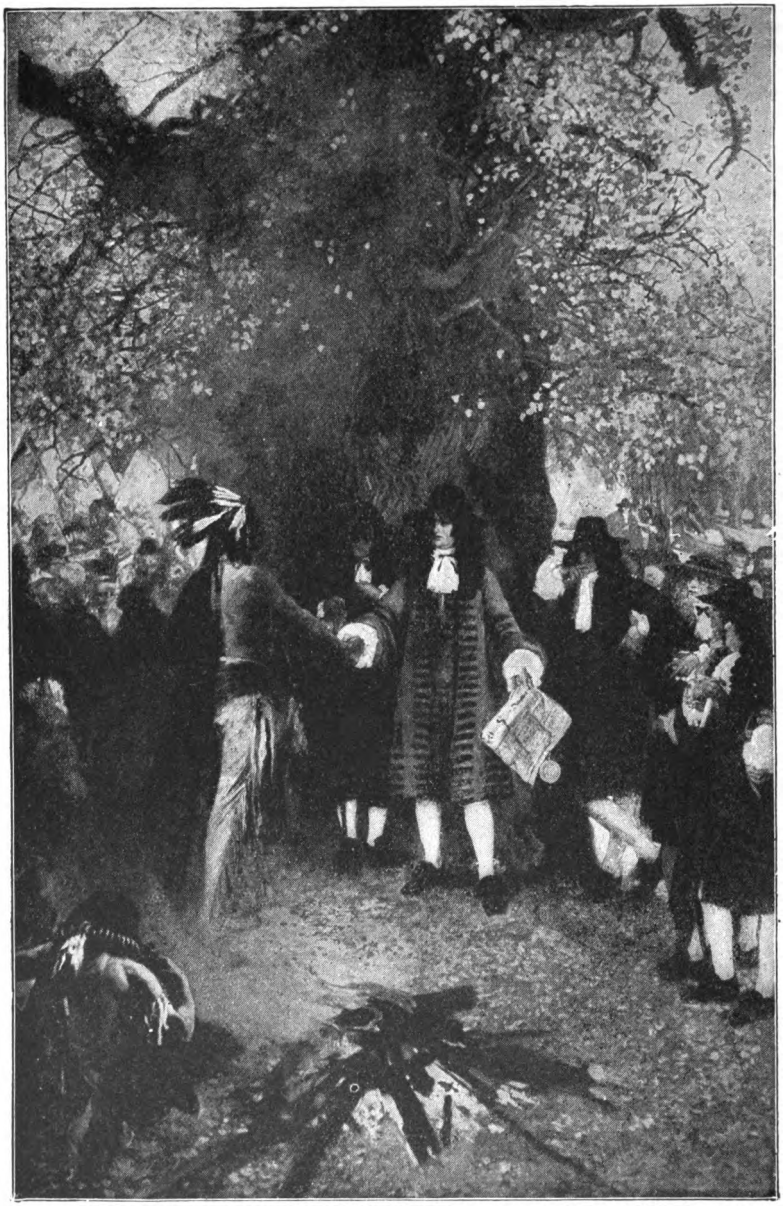
summer soldier, **397**, 1
sunshine patriot, **397**, 2
celestial an article, **397**, 9
expression is impious, **398**, 5
unsupportedly to perish, **398**, 9
calamities of war, **398**, 11
single reflection, **398**, 23
foreign dominion, **398**, 30
pursue his principles, **399**, 3
offensive war, **399**, 6

PART IV

LITERATURE AND LIFE IN THE HOMELAND

"One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One Nation evermore!"

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.



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PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS

LITERATURE AND LIFE IN THE HOMELAND

INTRODUCTION

It is a hard thing to picture to ourselves our Homeland. Is America just a lot of cities and towns and farms, or a collection of so many thousands of square miles of prairies and mountains, the sort of thing one would see from an airplane if one could get up high enough and had good enough eyes? Or is it a collection of states with queer boundary lines that look plainer on a map than they do when we cross them in the train? There are people who try to find America in some motto or symbol. One of our great cities has for its motto the words "I will," and the people who live in that city like to think that the enterprise by which they build great industries and give work to great numbers of people is the expression of their Americanism. And some people see in the Statue of Liberty in the New York harbor, a statue holding aloft a blazing torch to give light to all people, the symbol that best expresses the spirit of America.

Both the motto and the statue help us to see our country as something more than a part of a book called "Geography" or "History." Both of them express what America had always been to its citizens and what it became to the world in 1917. We did not desire to enter the war, but when it became necessary to do so no true American hesitated. There were great difficulties: an army to raise and equip and train so that it could meet an army that had been preparing for forty years to fight the world; an army to be transported over three thousand miles of water, a terrific task even in normal times, but made a hundred-fold harder because of the monsters that lurked under the sea waiting a chance to send a transport to the bottom. And once across, there were docks and railroads to be built and a great industrial organization to be set going. But the will of America was triumphant and the job was done. And the statue, like the "I will," is a symbol of the spirit in America that has helped the spirit of liberty throughout the world, so that we now know the day is

coming when all peoples, everywhere, shall be free. We can make a beginning, therefore, in our effort to form a picture of what America means, by thinking of this Statue of Liberty and of these words of high purpose, "I will."

But we must fill in the picture. No statue will do, for it, after all, is lifeless. No motto will do, for it is only a phrase, an inscription. A photograph on which you have written a date or the record of a happy meeting with your friend, is very interesting indeed, and helps you to call to mind your friend. But in reality the photograph merely suggests to you your friend and your happy times together. Your friend has many moods, now sad, now gay. Your friend looks different at different times. The history of your friendship has many events in it, and all these go together, a thousand details, to make up your own idea "this is my friend." So it is with America. History and legend, the knowledge of past events, must acquaint us with our country as with our friend. Infinite variety of mood she has, now stern and grave like her mountains, now placid like her vast expanse of prairie or her waving fields of grain; now laughing like the waters in the sunlight, or beautiful in anger as mighty storms sweep hill and plain. And infinite, again, are her activities—great factories and mills, lofty office buildings filled with workers, trains speeding like mighty shuttles through vast distances, farms filled with growing food for a world. All these you must bring into your picture, and more, for infinite, also, are the ideals and hopes that go to make up this many-sided personality that we name Our Country.

The selections that follow will help you to make this picture that is to be more to us than a statue or a photograph. Some of them are little views, snapshots of our nation's childhood. Others are pictures of various moods or appearances of the later America. Some show the spirit of laughter in America; others give some of the songs of America; and at the end are a few pictures of America at work. All will help, but they are only an imperfect and brief introduction to a subject that is going to interest you all through your life: What is America to me, and what can I do to make her happy?

EARLY AMERICA

THE CHARACTER OF COLUMBUS

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN

To us it is given to behold in its full splendor what Columbus, like another Moses on the borders of the Land of Promise, could only discern in dim and distant outlines. And, therefore, with Italy, the land of his birth; with Spain, the land of his adoption; with the other nations of the globe who are debtors to his daring, we gladly swell the universal chorus in his honor of praise and of thanksgiving.

In 1792 the ocean separated us by a journey of seventy days from Europe; our self-government was looked upon as a problem still to be solved; at home, facilities of travel and of intercommunication were yet to be provided. More than this, the unworthy innuendoes, the base as well as baseless charges that sought to tarnish the fair fame of Columbus, had not been removed by patient historical research and critical acumen. Fortunately, these clouds that gathered around the exploits of the great discoverer have been almost entirely dispelled, thanks especially to the initiative of a son of our Empire State, the immortal Washington Irving.

I beg to present Columbus as a man of science and a man of

faith. As a scientist, considering the time in which he lived, he eminently deserves our respect. Both in theory and in practice he was one of the best geographers and cosmographers of the age. According to reliable historians, before he set out to discover new seas, he had navigated the whole extent of those already known. Moreover, he had studied so many authors and to such advantage that Alexander von Humboldt affirmed: "When we consider his life we must feel astonishment at the extent of his literary acquaintance."

Columbus took nothing for granted. While he bowed reverently to the teachings of his faith, he brushed away as cobwebs certain interpretations of Scripture more fanciful than real, and calmly maintained that the Word of God cannot be in conflict with scientific truth. The project of bearing Christ over the waters sank deeply into his heart. Time and again he alludes to it as the main object of his researches and the aim of his labors. Other motives of action undoubtedly he had, but they were a means to an end.

Moreover, may we not reasonably assume that the great navigator, after all, was a willing instrument in the hands of God? The old order was changing. Three great inventions, already beginning to exert a most potent influence, were destined to revolutionize the world—the printing-press, which led to the revival of learning; the use of gun-powder, which changed the methods of warfare; the mariner's compass, which permitted the sailor to tempt boldly even unknown seas.

These three great factors of civilization, each in its own way, so stimulated human thought that the discovery of America was plainly in the designs of that Providence which "reacheth from end to end mightily and ordereth all things sweetly."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Michael Augustine Corrigan (1839-1902) was born in Newark, New Jersey. He became Archbishop of New York and was a distinguished Prelate. This selection is taken from a Columbus Day address he gave in Chicago in 1892.

Discussion. 1. Explain the comparison found in the second line. 2. What claims does the author make for Columbus as a scientific man?

3. What great inventions occurred previous to Columbus's voyage that affected his discovery of America? 4. Do you think the spirit of adventure had something to do with Columbus's discovery? Pronounce the following: government; acumen; exploits; geographers; alludes.

Phrases

unworthy innuendoes, **405**, 11
critical acumen, **405**, 14
potent influence, **406**, 22
factors of civilization, **406**, 27

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

FELICIA HEMANS

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
  Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had *they* come to wither there,
  Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
  Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
  And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
  Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
  They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
  The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there they found—
  Freedom to worship God.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Felicia Hemans (1793-1835), an English poet, was born in Liverpool. She began to write poetry when young, and in 1819 won a prize of £50 offered for the best poem on "The Meeting of Wallace and Bruce on the Banks of the Carron." She is best known by her short poems, some of which have become standard English lyrics, such as "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," "Treasures of the Deep," and "Casabianca."

Discussion. 1. What picture do the first two stanzas give you? 2. Compare the coming of a conqueror with the coming of these early settlers. 3. What different kinds of persons composed the "pilgrim band"? 4. Why did they come to this new country? 5. Why does the poet say "holy ground"? 6. What legacy have the Pilgrims left us?

Phrases

hung dark, **407**, 5
stirring drums, **407**, 11
hoary hair, **408**, 1
pilgrim band, **408**, 2
spoils of war, **408**, 11
faith's pure shrine, **408**, 12

PHILIP OF POKANOKET

WASHINGTON IRVING

AN INDIAN MEMOIR

As monumental bronze unchanged his look;
A soul that pity touch'd but never shook;
Train'd from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier,
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.

CAMPBELL.

It is to be regretted that those early writers, who treated of the discovery and settlement of America, have not given us more particular and candid accounts of the remarkable characters that flourished in savage life. The scanty anecdotes which have reached us are full of peculiarity and interest; they furnish us with nearer glimpses of human nature, and show what man is in a comparatively primitive state, and what he owes to civilization. There is something of the charm of discovery in lighting upon these wild and unexplored tracts of human nature; in witnessing, as it were, the native growth of moral sentiment, and perceiving those generous and romantic qualities which have been artificially cultivated by society, vegetating in spontaneous hardihood and rude magnificence.

In civilized life, where the happiness, and indeed almost the existence, of man depends so much upon the opinion of his fellow-men, he is constantly acting a studied part. The bold and peculiar traits of native character are refined away, or softened down by the leveling influence of what is termed good-breeding; and he practices so many petty deceptions, and affects so many generous sentiments, for the purposes of popularity, that it is difficult to distinguish his real from his artificial character. The Indian, on the contrary, free from the restraints and refinements of polished

life, and, in a great degree, a solitary and independent being, obeys the impulses of his inclination or the dictates of his judgment; and thus the attributes of his nature, being freely indulged, grow singly great and striking. Society is like a lawn, where every roughness is smoothed, every bramble eradicated, and where the eye is delighted by the smiling verdure of a velvet surface; he, however, who would study nature in its wildness and variety, must plunge into the forest, must explore the glen, must stem the torrent, and dare the precipice.

These reflections arose on casually looking through a volume of early colonial history, wherein are recorded, with great bitterness, the outrages of the Indians, and their wars with the settlers of New England. It is painful to perceive even from these partial narratives, how the footsteps of civilization may be traced in the blood of the aborigines; how easily the colonists were moved to hostility by the lust of conquest; how merciless and exterminating was their warfare. The imagination shrinks at the idea, how many intellectual beings were hunted from the earth, how many brave and noble hearts, of nature's sterling coinage, were broken down and trampled in the dust!

Such was the fate of Philip of Pokanoket, an Indian warrior, whose name was once a terror throughout Massachusetts and Connecticut. He was the most distinguished of a number of contemporary Sachems who reigned over the Pequods, the Narragansets, the Wampanoags, and the other eastern tribes, at the time of the first settlement of New England; a band of native untaught heroes, who made the most generous struggle of which human nature is capable; fighting to the last gasp in the cause of their country, without a hope of victory or a thought of renown. Worthy of an age of poetry, and fit subjects for local story and romantic fiction, they have left scarcely any authentic traces on the page of history, but stalk, like gigantic shadows, in the dim twilight of tradition.

When the pilgrims, as the Plymouth settlers are called by their descendants, first took refuge on the shores of the New World, from the religious persecutions of the Old, their situation was to the last degree gloomy and disheartening. Few in num-

ber, and that number rapidly perishing away through sickness and hardships; surrounded by a howling wilderness and savage tribes; exposed to the rigors of an almost arctic winter, and the vicissitudes of an ever-shifting climate; their minds were filled with doleful forebodings, and nothing preserved them from sinking into despondency but the strong excitement of religious enthusiasm. In this forlorn situation they were visited by Massasoit, chief Sagamore of the Wampanoags, a powerful chief, who reigned over a great extent of country. Instead of taking advantage of the scanty number of the strangers, and expelling them from his territories, into which they had intruded, he seemed at once to conceive for them a generous friendship, and extended toward them the rites of primitive hospitality. He came early in the spring to their settlement of New Plymouth, attended by a mere handful of followers, entered into a solemn league of peace and amity; sold them a portion of the soil, and promised to secure for them the good-will of his savage allies. Whatever may be said of Indian perfidy, it is certain that the integrity and good faith of Massasoit have never been impeached. He continued a firm and magnanimous friend of the white men; suffering them to extend their possessions, and to strengthen themselves in the land; and betraying no jealousy of their increasing power and prosperity. Shortly before his death he came once more to New Plymouth, with his son Alexander, for the purpose of renewing the covenant of peace, and of securing it to his posterity.

At this conference he endeavored to protect the religion of his forefathers from the encroaching zeal of the missionaries; and stipulated that no further attempt should be made to draw off his people from their ancient faith; but, finding the English obstinately opposed to any such condition, he mildly relinquished the demand. Almost the last act of his life was to bring his two sons, Alexander and Philip (as they had been named by the English), to the residence of a principal settler, recommending mutual kindness and confidence; and entreating that the same love and amity which had existed between the white men and himself might be continued afterwards with his children. The good old Sachem died in peace, and was happily gathered to his fathers

before sorrow came upon his tribe; his children remained behind to experience the ingratitude of white men.

His eldest son, Alexander, succeeded him. He was of a quick and impetuous temper, and proudly tenacious of his hereditary rights and dignity. The intrusive policy and dictatorial conduct of the strangers excited his indignation; and he beheld with uneasiness their exterminating wars with the neighboring tribes. He was doomed soon to incur their hostility, being accused of plotting with the Narragansets to rise against the English and drive them from the land. It is impossible to say whether this accusation was warranted by facts or was grounded on mere suspicion. It is evident, however, by the violent and overbearing measures of the settlers, that they had by this time begun to feel conscious of the rapid increase of their power, and to grow harsh and inconsiderate in their treatment of the natives. They despatched an armed force to seize upon Alexander, and to bring him before their courts. He was traced to his woodland haunts, and surprised at a hunting house, where he was reposing with a band of his followers, unarmed, after the toils of the chase. The suddenness of his arrest, and the outrage offered to his sovereign dignity, so preyed upon the irascible feelings of this proud savage, as to throw him into a raging fever. He was permitted to return home, on condition of sending his son as a pledge for his reappearance; but the blow he had received was fatal, and before he had reached his home he fell a victim to the agonies of a wounded spirit.

The successor of Alexander was Metacomet, or King Philip, as he was called by the settlers, on account of his lofty spirit and ambitious temper. These, together with his well-known energy and enterprise, had rendered him an object of great jealousy and apprehension, and he was accused of having always cherished a secret and implacable hostility toward the whites. Such may very probably, and very naturally, have been the case. He considered them as originally but mere intruders into the country, who had presumed upon indulgence, and were extending an influence baneful to savage life. He saw the whole race of his countrymen melting before them from the face of the earth; their terri-

tories slipping from their hands, and their tribes becoming feeble, scattered, and dependent. It may be said that the soil was originally purchased by the settlers; but who does not know the nature of Indian purchases, in the early periods of colonization? The Europeans always made thrifty bargains through their superior adroitness in traffic; and they gained vast accessions of territory by easily provoked hostilities. An uncultivated savage is never a nice inquirer into the refinements of law, by which an injury may be gradually and legally inflicted. Leading facts are all by which he judges; and it was enough for Philip to know that before the intrusion of the Europeans his countrymen were lords of the soil, and that now they were becoming vagabonds in the land of their fathers.

But whatever may have been his feelings of general hostility, and his particular indignation at the treatment of his brother, he suppressed them for the present, renewed the contract with the settlers, and resided peaceably for many years at Pokanoket, or, as it was called by the English, Mount Hope, the ancient seat of dominion of his tribe. Suspicions, however, which were at first but vague and indefinite, began to acquire form and substance; and he was at length charged with attempting to instigate the various Eastern tribes to rise at once, and, by a simultaneous effort, to throw off the yoke of their oppressors. It is difficult at this distant period to assign the proper credit due to these early accusations against the Indians. There was a proneness to suspicion, and an aptness to acts of violence, on the part of the whites, that gave weight and importance to every idle tale. Informers abounded where talebearing met with countenance and reward; and the sword was readily unsheathed when its success was certain, and it carved out empire.

The only positive evidence on record against Philip is the accusation of one Sausaman, a renegado Indian, whose natural cunning had been quickened by a partial education which he had received among the settlers. He changed his faith and his allegiance two or three times, with a facility that evinced the looseness of his principles. He had acted for some time as Philip's confidential secretary and counselor and had enjoyed his bounty

and protection. Finding, however, that the clouds of adversity were gathering round his patron, he abandoned his service and went over to the whites; and, in order to gain their favor, charged his former benefactor with plotting against their safety. A rigorous investigation took place. Philip and several of his subjects submitted to be examined, but nothing was proved against them. The settlers, however, had now gone too far to retract; they had previously determined that Philip was a dangerous neighbor; they had publicly evinced their distrust; and had done enough to insure his hostility; according, therefore, to the usual mode of reasoning in these cases, his destruction had become necessary to their security. Sausaman, the treacherous informer, was shortly afterwards found dead in a pond, having fallen a victim to the vengeance of his tribe. Three Indians, one of whom was a friend and counselor of Philip, were apprehended and tried, and, on the testimony of one very questionable witness, were condemned and executed as murderers.

This treatment of his subjects, and ignominious punishment of his friend, outraged the pride and exasperated the passions of Philip. The bolt which had fallen thus at his very feet awakened him to the gathering storm, and he determined to trust himself no longer in the power of the white men. The fate of his insulted and broken-hearted brother still rankled in his mind and he had a further warning in the tragical story of Miantonimo, a great Sachem of the Narragansets, who, after manfully facing his accusers before a tribunal of the colonists, exculpating himself from a charge of conspiracy, and receiving assurances of amity, had been perfidiously despatched at their instigation. Philip, therefore, gathered his fighting men about him; persuaded all strangers that he could, to join his cause; sent the women and children to the Narragansets for safety; and, wherever he appeared, was continually surrounded by armed warriors.

When the two parties were thus in a state of distrust and irritation, the least spark was sufficient to set them in a flame. The Indians, having weapons in their hands, grew mischievous, and committed various petty depredations. In one of their maraudings a warrior was fired on and killed by a settler. This was the

signal for open hostilities; the Indians pressed to revenge the death of their comrade, and the alarm of war resounded through the Plymouth colony.

In the early chronicles of these dark and melancholy times we meet with many indications of the diseased state of the public mind. The gloom of religious abstraction, and the wildness of their situation, among trackless forests and savage tribes, had disposed the colonists to superstitious fancies, and had filled their imaginations with the frightful chimeras of witchcraft and spectrology. They were much given also to a belief in omens. The troubles with Philip and his Indians were preceded, we are told, by a variety of those awful warnings which forerun great and public calamities. The perfect form of an Indian bow appeared in the air at New Plymouth, which was looked upon by the inhabitants as a "prodigious apparition." At Hadley, Northampton, and other towns in their neighborhood, "was heard the report of a great piece of ordnance, with a shaking of the earth and a considerable echo." Others were alarmed on a still, sunshiny morning, by the discharge of guns and muskets; bullets seemed to whistle past them, and the noise of drums resounded in the air, seeming to pass away to the westward; others fancied that they heard the galloping of horses over their heads; and certain monstrous births, which took place about the time, filled the superstitious in some towns with doleful forebodings. Many of these portentous sights and sounds may be ascribed to natural phenomena: to the northern lights which occur vividly in those latitudes; the meteors which explode in the air; the casual rushing of a blast through the top branches of the forest; the crash of fallen trees or disrupted rocks; and to those other uncouth sounds and echoes which will sometimes strike the ear so strangely amidst the profound stillness of woodland solitudes. These may have startled some melancholy imaginations, may have been exaggerated by the love of the marvelous, and listened to with that avidity with which we devour whatever is fearful and mysterious. The universal currency of these superstitious fancies, and the grave record made of them by one of the learned men of the day, are strongly characteristic of the times.

The nature of the contest that ensued was such as too often distinguishes the warfare between civilized men and savages. On the part of the whites it was conducted with superior skill and success; but with a wastefulness of the blood, and a disregard of the natural rights of their antagonists; on the part of the Indians it was waged with the desperation of men fearless of death, and who had nothing to expect from peace, but humiliation, dependence, and decay.

The events of the war are transmitted to us by a worthy clergyman of the time, who dwells with horror and indignation on every hostile act of the Indians, however justifiable, whilst he mentions with applause the most sanguinary atrocities of the whites. Philip is reviled as a murderer and a traitor, without considering that he was a true born prince, gallantly fighting at the head of his subjects to avenge the wrongs of his family, to retrieve the tottering power of his line, and to deliver his native land from the oppression of usurping strangers.

The project of a wide and simultaneous revolt, if such had really been formed, was worthy of a capacious mind, and, had it not been prematurely discovered, might have been overwhelming in its consequences. The war that actually broke out was but a war of detail, a mere succession of casual exploits and unconnected enterprises. Still it sets forth the military genius and daring prowess of Philip; and wherever, in the prejudiced and passionate narrations that have been given of it, we can arrive at simple facts, we find him displaying a vigorous mind, a fertility of expedients, a contempt of suffering and hardship, and an unconquerable resolution, that command our sympathy and applause.

Driven from his paternal domains at Mount Hope, he threw himself into the depths of those vast and trackless forests that skirted the settlements, and were almost impervious to anything but a wild beast or an Indian. Here he gathered together his forces, like the storm accumulating its stores of mischief in the bosom of the thunder cloud, and would suddenly emerge at a time and place least expected, carrying havoc and dismay into the villages. There were now and then indications of these impend-

ing ravages, that filled the minds of the colonists with awe and apprehension. The report of a distant gun would perhaps be heard from the solitary woodlands, where there was known to be no white man; the cattle which had been wandering in the woods would sometimes return home wounded; or an Indian or two would be seen lurking about the skirts of the forests, and suddenly disappearing; as the lightning will sometimes be seen playing silently about the edge of the cloud that is brewing up the tempest.

Though sometimes pursued and even surrounded by the settlers, yet Philip as often escaped almost miraculously from their toils, and, plunging into the wilderness, would be lost to all search or inquiry, until he again emerged at some far distant quarter, laying the country desolate. Among his strongholds were the great swamps or morasses, which extend in some parts of New England; composed of loose bogs of deep black mud; perplexed with thickets, brambles, rank weeds, the shattered and moldering trunks of fallen trees, overshadowed by lugubrious hemlocks. The uncertain footing and the tangled mazes of these shaggy wilds rendered them almost impracticable to the white man, though the Indian could thread their labyrinths with the agility of a deer. Into one of these, the great swamp of Pocasset Neck, was Philip once driven with a band of his followers. The English did not dare to pursue him, fearing to venture into these dark and frightful recesses, where they might perish in fens and miry pits, or be shot down by lurking foes. They therefore invested the entrance to the Neck, and began to build a fort, with the thought of starving out the foe; but Philip and his warriors wafted themselves on a raft over an arm of the sea, in the dead of the night, leaving the women and children behind; and escaped away to the westward, kindling the flames of war among the tribes of Massachusetts and the Nipmuck country, and threatening the colony of Connecticut.

In this way Philip became a theme of universal apprehension. The mystery in which he was enveloped exaggerated his real terrors. He was an evil that walked in darkness; whose coming none could foresee, and against which none knew when to be on

the alert. The whole country abounded with rumors and alarms. Philip seemed almost possessed of ubiquity; for, in whatever part of the widely-extended frontier an irruption from the forest took place, Philip was said to be its leader. Many superstitious notions also were circulated concerning him. He was said to deal in necromancy, and to be attended by an old Indian witch or prophetess, whom he consulted, and who assisted him by her charms and incantations. This indeed was frequently the case with Indian chiefs; either through their own credulity, or to act upon that of their followers; and the influence of the prophet and the dreamer over Indian superstition has been fully evidenced in recent instances of savage warfare.

At the time that Philip effected his escape from Pocasset, his fortunes were in a desperate condition. His forces had been thinned by repeated fights, and he had lost almost the whole of his resources. In this time of adversity he found a faithful friend in Canonchet, chief Sachem of all the Narragansets. He was the son and heir of Miantonimo, the great Sachem, who, as already mentioned, after an honorable acquittal of the charge of conspiracy, had been privately put to death at the perfidious instigations of the settlers. "He was the heir," says the old chronicler, "of all his father's pride and insolence, as well as of his malice toward the English";—he certainly was the heir of his insults and injuries, and the legitimate avenger of his murder. Though he had forborne to take an active part in this hopeless war, yet he received Philip and his broken forces with open arms; and gave them the most generous countenance and support. This at once drew upon him the hostility of the English; and it was determined to strike a signal blow that should involve both the Sachems in one common ruin. A great force was, therefore, gathered together from Massachusetts, Plymouth, and Connecticut, and was sent into the Narraganset country in the depth of winter, when the swamps, being frozen and leafless, could be traversed with comparative facility, and would no longer afford dark and impenetrable fastnesses to the Indians.

Apprehensive of attack, Canonchet had conveyed the greater part of his stores, together with the old, the infirm, the women

and children of his tribe, to a strong fortress; where he and Philip had likewise drawn up the flower of their forces. This fortress, deemed by the Indians impregnable, was situated upon a rising mound or kind of island, of five or six acres, in the midst of a swamp; it was constructed with a degree of judgment and skill vastly superior to what is usually displayed in Indian fortification, and indicative of the martial genius of these two chieftains.

Guided by a renegado Indian, the English penetrated, through December snows, to this stronghold, and came upon the garrison by surprise. The fight was fierce and tumultuous. The assailants were repulsed in their first attack, and several of their bravest officers were shot down in the act of storming the fortress sword in hand. The assault was renewed with greater success. A lodgment was effected. The Indians were driven from one post to another. They disputed their ground inch by inch, fighting with the fury of despair. Most of their veterans were cut to pieces; and after a long and bloody battle, Philip and Canonchet, with a handful of surviving warriors, retreated from the fort, and took refuge in the thickets of the surrounding forest.

The victors set fire to the wigwams and the fort; the whole was soon in a blaze; many of the old men, the women, and the children perished in the flames. This last outrage overcame even the stoicism of the savage. The neighboring woods resounded with the yells of rage and despair, uttered by the fugitive warriors, as they beheld the destruction of their dwellings, and heard the agonizing cries of their wives and offspring. "The burning of the wigwams," says a contemporary writer, "the shrieks and cries of the women and children, and the yelling of the warriors, exhibited a most horrible and affecting scene, so that it greatly moved some of the soldiers." The same writer cautiously adds, "They were in *much doubt* then, and afterwards seriously inquired, whether burning their enemies alive could be consistent with humanity, and the benevolent principles of the Gospel.

The fate of the brave and generous Canonchet is worthy of particular mention: the last scene of his life is one of the noblest instances on record of Indian magnanimity.

Broken down in his power and resources by this signal defeat,

yet faithful to his ally, and to the hapless cause which he had espoused, he rejected all overtures of peace, offered on condition of betraying Philip and his followers, and declared that "he would fight it out to the last man, rather than become a servant to the English." His home being destroyed, his country harassed and laid waste by the incursions of the conquerors, he was obliged to wander away to the banks of the Connecticut; where he formed a rallying point to the whole body of western Indians, and laid waste several of the English settlements.

Early in the spring he departed on a hazardous expedition, with only thirty chosen men, to penetrate to Seaconck, in the vicinity of Mount Hope, and to procure seed corn to plant for the sustenance of his troops. This little band of adventurers had passed safely through the Pequod country, and were in the center of the Narraganset, resting at some wigwams near Pawtucket River, when an alarm was given of an approaching enemy. Having but seven men by him at the time, Canonchet dispatched two of them to the top of a neighboring hill, to bring intelligence of the foe.

Panic-struck by the appearance of a troop of English and Indians rapidly advancing, they fled in breathless terror past their chieftain, without stopping to inform him of the danger. Canonchet sent another scout, who did the same. He then sent two more, one of whom, hurrying back in confusion and affright, told him that the whole British army was at hand. Canonchet saw there was no choice but immediate flight. He attempted to escape round the hill, but was perceived and hotly pursued by the hostile Indians and a few of the fleetest of the English. Finding the swiftest pursuer close upon his heels, he threw off, first his blanket, then his silver-laced coat and belt of peag, by which his enemies knew him to be Canonchet, and redoubled the eagerness of pursuit.

At length, in dashing through the river, his foot slipped upon a stone, and he fell so deep as to wet his gun. This accident so struck him with despair, that, as he afterwards confessed, "his heart and his bowels turned within him, and he became like a rotten stick, void of strength."

To such a degree was he unnerved that, being seized by a

Pequod Indian within a short distance of the river, he made no resistance, though a man of great vigor of body and boldness of heart. But on being made prisoner the whole pride of his spirit arose within him; and from that moment we find, in the anecdotes given by his enemies, nothing but repeated flashes of elevated and prince-like heroism. Being questioned by one of the English who first came up with him, and who had not attained his twenty-second year, the proud-hearted warrior, looking with lofty contempt upon his youthful countenance, replied, "You are a child—you cannot understand matters of war—let your brother or your chief come—him will I answer."

Though repeated offers were made to him of his life, on condition of submitting with his nation to the English, yet he rejected them with disdain, and refused to send any proposals of the kind to the great body of his subjects; saying that he knew none of them would comply. Being reproached with his breach of faith toward the whites, his boast that he would not deliver up a Wampanoag nor the paring of a Wampanoag's nail, and his threat that he would burn the English alive in their houses, he disdained to justify himself, haughtily answering that others were as forward for the war as himself, and he desired to hear no more thereof.

So noble and unshaken a spirit, so true a fidelity to his cause and his friend, might have touched the feelings of the generous and the brave; but Canonchet was an Indian, a being toward whom war had no courtesy, humanity no law, religion no compassion—he was condemned to die. The last words of him that are recorded are worthy the greatness of his soul. When sentence of death was passed upon him, he observed that he liked it well, for he should die before his heart was soft, or he had spoken any thing unworthy of himself. His enemies gave him the death of a soldier, for he was shot at Stoningham, by three young Sachems of his own rank.

The defeat at the Narraganset fortress, and the death of Canonchet, were fatal blows to the fortunes of King Philip. He made an ineffectual attempt to raise a head of war, by stirring up the Mohawks to take arms; but though possessed of the native

talents of a statesman, his arts were counteracted by the superior arts of his enlightened enemies, and the terror of their warlike skill began to subdue the resolution of the neighboring tribes. The unfortunate chieftain saw himself daily stripped of power, and his ranks rapidly thinning around him. Some were suborned by the whites; others fell victims to hunger and fatigue, and to the frequent attacks by which they were harassed. His stores were all captured; his chosen friends were swept away from before his eyes; his uncle was shot down by his side; his sister was carried into captivity; and in one of his narrow escapes he was compelled to leave his beloved wife and only son to the mercy of the enemy. "His ruin," says the historian, "being thus gradually carried on, his misery was not prevented, but augmented thereby; being himself made acquainted with the sense and experimental feeling of the captivity of his children, loss of friends, slaughter of his subjects, bereavement of all family relations, and being stripped of all outward comforts, before his own life should be taken away."

To fill up the measure of his misfortunes, his own followers began to plot against his life, that by sacrificing him they might purchase dishonorable safety. Through treachery a number of his faithful adherents, the subjects of Wetamoe, an Indian princess of Pocasset, a near kinswoman and confederate of Philip, were betrayed into the hands of the enemy. Wetamoe was among them at the time, and attempted to make her escape by crossing a neighboring river; either exhausted by swimming, or starved by cold and hunger, she was found dead and naked near the water side.

However Philip had borne up against the complicated miseries and misfortunes that surrounded him, the treachery of his followers seemed to wring his heart and reduce him to despondency. It is said that "he never rejoiced afterwards, nor had success in any of his designs." The spring of hope was broken —the ardor of enterprise was extinguished—he looked around, and all was danger and darkness; there was no eye to pity, nor any arm that could bring deliverance. With a scanty band of followers, who still remained true to his desperate fortunes, the

unhappy Philip wandered back to the vicinity of Mount Hope, the ancient dwelling of his fathers. Here he lurked about, like a specter, among the scenes of former power and prosperity, now bereft of home, of family, and friend. There needs no better picture of his destitute and piteous situation than that furnished by the homely pen of the chronicler, who is unwarily enlisting the feelings of the reader in favor of the hapless warrior whom he reviles. "Philip," he says, "like a savage wild beast, having been hunted by the English forces through the woods, above a hundred miles backward and forward, at last was driven to his own den upon Mount Hope, where he retired, with a few of his best friends, into a swamp, which proved but a prison to keep him fast till the messengers of death came by divine permission to execute vengeance upon him."

Even in this last refuge of desperation and despair, a sullen grandeur gathers round his memory. We picture him to ourselves seated among his careworn followers, brooding in silence over his blasted fortunes, and acquiring a savage sublimity from the wildness and dreariness of his lurking-place. Defeated, but not dismayed—crushed to the earth, but not humiliated—he seemed to grow more haughty beneath disaster, and to experience a fierce satisfaction in draining the last dregs of bitterness. Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above it. The very idea of submission awakened the fury of Philip, and he smote to death one of his followers, who proposed an expedient of peace. The brother of the victim made his escape, and in revenge betrayed the retreat of his chieftain. A body of white men and Indians were immediately dispatched to the swamp where Philip lay crouched, glaring with fury and despair. Before he was aware of their approach, they had begun to surround him. In a little while he saw five of his trustiest followers laid dead at his feet; all resistance was vain; he rushed forth from his covert, and made a headlong attempt to escape, but was shot through the heart by a renegado Indian of his own nation.

Such is the scanty story of the brave but unfortunate King Philip; persecuted while living, slandered and dishonored when dead. If, however, we consider even the prejudiced anecdotes

furnished us by his enemies, we may perceive in them traces of amiable and lofty character sufficient to awaken sympathy for his fate and respect for his memory. We find that, amidst all the harassing cares and ferocious passions of constant warfare, he was alive to the softer feelings of connubial love and paternal tenderness, and to the generous sentiment of friendship. The captivity of his "beloved wife and only son" are mentioned with exultation as causing him poignant misery; the death of any near friend is triumphantly recorded as a new blow on his sensibilities; but the treachery and desertion of many of his followers, in whose affections he had confided, is said to have desolated his heart, and to have bereaved him of all further comfort. He was a patriot attached to his native soil—a prince true to his subjects, and indignant of their wrongs—a soldier, daring in battle, firm in adversity, patient of fatigue, of hunger, of every variety of bodily suffering, and ready to perish in the cause he had espoused. Proud of heart, and with an untamable love of natural liberty, he preferred to enjoy it among the beasts of the forests or in the dismal and famished recesses of swamps and morasses, rather than bow his haughty spirit to submission, and live dependent and despised in the ease and luxury of the settlements. With heroic qualities and bold achievements that would have graced a civilized warrior and have rendered him the theme of the poet and the historian, he lived a wanderer and a fugitive in his native land, and went down, like a lonely bark foundering amid darkness and tempest —without a pitying eye to weep his fall or a friendly hand to record his struggle.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Washington Irving (1783-1859) was born in New York City in the very year in which the Treaty of Peace that ended the Revolutionary War was signed. He was destined to do for American literature what the War had already done for the American government and people—make it respected among all nations. Irving's mother said, "Washington's great work is done; let us name our boy Washington," little dreaming when thus naming him after the Father of his Country that he should one day come to be called the "Father of American Letters."

On April 30, 1789, when this little boy was six years old, his father took him to Federal Hall in Wall Street, to witness Washington's inauguration as the first president of the United States. It is told that President Washington laid his hand kindly on the head of his little namesake and gave him his blessing.

Young Washington Irving led a happy life, rambling in his boyhood about every nook and corner of the city and the adjacent woods, which at that time were not very far to seek, idling about the busy wharves, making occasional trips up the lordly Hudson, roaming, gun in hand, along its banks and over the neighboring Kaatskills, listening to the tales of old Dutch landlords and gossipy old Dutch housewives. When he became a young man he wove these old tales, scenes, experiences, and much more that his imagination and his merry humor added, into some of the most rollicking, mirthful stories that had been read in many a day. The first of these was a burlesque *History of New York,* purporting to have been found among the papers of a certain old Dutch burgher by the name of Diedrich Knickerbocker (1809). This may be said to have been his first important work. It made him instantly famous. But better than that, it silenced the sneers of the English critics who, up to that time, had been asking contemptuously, "Who reads an American book?" and set them all to reading and laughing over it with the rest of the world. It also showed to Americans as well as to foreigners what wealth of literary material this new country already possessed in its local legends and history.

Ten years later, during his residence in England (1819-20), Irving published *The Sketch Book,* containing the inimitable "Rip van Winkle" and the delightful "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." This may be said to mark the real beginning of American literature.

A visit to Spain resulted in *The Alhambra* and *The Life of Columbus,* descriptive and historical works in which Irving won as great success as he had attained with his humorous tales. Then followed some years of quiet life at his beautiful home, Sunnyside, near Tarrytown on the Hudson, in the midst of the favorite haunts of his boyhood days and the scenes which his pen had immortalized. He was not idle, however, for a half-dozen works appeared during these stay-at-home years, some of them growing out of his travels through our then rapidly expanding West. Only once more did he leave his native shores, when he served as Minister to Spain (1842-46). But through all his life he seems to have cherished a patriotic reverence for the great American whose name he bore, and now, as the crowning work of his ripe old age, he devoted his last years to completing his *Life of Washington,* the fifth and final volume of which appeared but a few months before his death on November 28, 1859. His genial, cheerful nature shines through all his works and makes him still, as his friend Thackeray said of him in his lifetime, "beloved of all the world."

Discussion. 1. What effect does Irving say civilized life has upon

traits of native character? 2. Explain the comparison, "Society is like a lawn." 3. Who was Philip of Pokanoket? 4. What "league of peace" did Massasoit make with the Plymouth settlers? 5. Give an account of Alexander's career as Sachem. 6. What was the attitude of the white settlers toward Philip? 7. What evidence of friendliness toward the settlers did he give? 8. What omens disturbed the Indians? 9. What natural explanation can you give for these "awful warnings"? 10. Give a brief account of the Indian war that followed. 11. Describe the death of King Philip. 12. Point out evidences of military ability on the part of King Philip. 13. What traces of lofty character does Philip show in the face of persecution? 14. Read passages that show his courage. 15. Does Irving give you the impression that the white settlers may have been partly responsible for the conflict with King Philip and his followers? 16. Other interesting books dealing with Indian life are Cooper's *Leather Stocking Tales* and his *The Last of the Mohicans;* have you read these? 17. Pronounce the following: attributes; aborigines; Sachem; amity; tenacious; haunts; implacable; simultaneous; patron; mischievous; revolt; indicative; harassed.

Phrases

artificially cultivated, **409**, 11
vegetating in spontaneous hardihood, **409**, 12
petty deceptions, **409**, 19
affects so many generous sentiments, **409**, 19
impulses of his inclination, **410**, 2
dictates of his judgment, **410**, 2
smiling verdure, **410**, 6
footsteps of civilization, **410**, 14
sterling coinage, **410**, 19
any authentic traces, **410**, 31
dim twilight of tradition, **410**, 32
doleful forebodings, **411**, 5
rites of primitive hospitality, **411**, 13
encroaching zeal, **411**, 27
proudly tenacious, **412**, 4
hereditary rights and dignity, **412**, 4
intrusive policy, **412**, 5
after the toils of the chase, **412**, 19
sovereign dignity, **412**, 20
implacable hostility, **412**, 32
superior adroitness, **413**, 5
easily provoked hostilities, **413**, 7
proneness to suspicion, **413**, 25
ignominious punishment, **414**, 18
exasperated the passions, **414**, 19
perfidiously despatched, **414**, 28
religious abstraction, **415**, 6
superstitious fancies, **415**, 8
frightful chimeras of witchcraft, **415**, 9
portentous sights and sounds, **415**, 25
capacious mind, **416**, 19
casual exploits, **416**, 22
fertility of expedients, **416**, 26
impending ravages, **416**, 37
lugubrious hemlocks, **417**, 18
possessed of ubiquity, **418**, 2
perfidious instigations, **418**, 20
legitimate avenger, **418**, 24
comparative facility, **418**, 34
incursions of the conquerors, **420**, 6
subdue the resolution, **422**, 3
suborned by the whites, **422**, 5
sullen grandeur, **423**, 15
savage sublimity, **423**, 18
graced a civilized warrior, **424**, 22

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

MILES STANDISH

In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the Puritan Captain.
Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him, and pausing
Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber—
Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus,
Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence,
While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket, and matchlock.
Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron;
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.
Near him was seated John Alden, his friend, and household companion,
Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window;
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives
Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angles but Angels."
Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the May Flower.
Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting,

Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth.
"Look at these arms," he said, "the warlike weapons that hang here,
Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection!
This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders; this breastplate,
Well I remember the day! once saved my life in a skirmish;
Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet
Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero.
Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of Miles Standish
Would at this moment be mold, in their grave in the Flemish morasses."
Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up from his writing:
"Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed of the bullet;
He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our weapon!"
Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the stripling:
"See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal hanging;
That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to others.
Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage;
So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your inkhorn.
Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible army,
Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and his matchlock,
Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and pillage,
And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each of my soldiers!"
This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the sunbeams
Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a moment.
Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued:
"Look! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted
High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the purpose,
Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic,
Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen.

Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians;
Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the better—
Let them come if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or pow-wow,
Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamon!"

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the landscape,
Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath of the east wind,
Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the ocean,
Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sunshine.
Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the landscape,
Gloom intermingled with light; and his voice was subdued with emotion,
Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded:
"Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose Standish;
Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside!
She was the first to die of all who came in the May Flower!
Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there,
Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people,
Lest they should count them and see how many already have perished!"
Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down, and was thoughtful.

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and among them
Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding;
Bariffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries of Cæsar,
Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London,
And, as if guarded by these, between them was standing the Bible.
Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish paused, as if doubtful
Which of the three he should choose for his consolation and comfort,
Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous campaigns of the Romans,
Or the Artillery practice, designed for belligerent Christians.
Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponderous Roman,

Seated himself at the window, and opened the book, and in silence
Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-marks thick on the margin,
Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest.
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,
Busily writing epistles important, to go by the May Flower,
Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest, God willing!
Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible winter,
Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla,
Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla!

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,
Or an occasional sigh from the laboring heart of the Captain,
Reading the marvelous words and achievements of Julius Cæsar.
After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hands, palm downwards,
Heavily on the page: "A wonderful man was this Cæsar!
You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow
Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skillful!"
Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the comely, the youthful:
"Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen and his weapons.
Somewhere have I read, but where I forget, he could dictate
Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his memoirs."
"Truly," continued the Captain, not heeding or hearing the other,
"Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar!
Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village,
Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right when he said it.
Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many times after;
Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities he conquered;
He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded;
Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus!

Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders,
When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too,
And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together
There was no room for their swords? Why, he seized a shield from a soldier,
Putting himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the captains,
Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns;
Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their weapons;
So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other.
That's what I always say: if you wish a thing to be well done,
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"

All was silent again; the Captain continued his reading.
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling
Writing epistles important to go next day by the May Flower,
Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla;
Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla,
Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret,
Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of Priscilla!
Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover,
Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his musket,
Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth:
"When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you.
Be not however in haste; I can wait; I shall not be impatient!"
Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters,
Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention:
"Speak; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen,
Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish."
Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and culling his phrases:
" 'Tis not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures.

This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it;
Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it.
Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary;
Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship.
Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla.
She is alone in the world; her father and mother and brother
Died in the winter together; I saw her going and coming,
Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying,
Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself, that if ever
There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven,
Two have I seen and known; and the angel whose name is Priscilla
Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned.
Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared to reveal it,
Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most part.
Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,
Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions,
Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier.
Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning;
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.
You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language,
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers,
Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden."

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired, taciturn stripling,
All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered,
Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with lightness,
Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his bosom,
Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by lightning,
Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than answered:
"Such a message as that I am sure I should mangle and mar it;
If you would have it well done—I am only repeating your maxim—
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"

But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose,
Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth:
"Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it;
But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing.
Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.
I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender,
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.
I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,
But of a thundering 'No!' point-blank from the mouth of a woman,
That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it!
So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar,
Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases."
Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and doubtful,
Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added:
"Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that prompts me;
Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship!"
Then made answer John Alden: "The name of friendship is sacred;
What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you!"
So the strong will prevailed, subduing and molding the gentler,
Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand.

THE LOVER'S ERRAND

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand,
Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest,
Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins were building
Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure,
Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom.
All around him was calm, but within him commotion and conflict,
Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse.
To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing,
As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel,

Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean!
"Must I relinquish it all," he cried with a wild lamentation,
"Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion?
Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshiped in silence?
Was it for this I have followed the flying fleet and the shadow
Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New England?
Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption
Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion;
Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan.
All is clear to me now; I feel it, I see it distinctly!
This is the hand of the Lord; it is laid upon me in anger,
For I have followed too much the heart's desires and devices,
Worshiping Astaroth blindly, and impious idols of Baal.
This is the cross I must bear; the sin and the swift retribution."

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and shallow,
Gathering still, as he went, the May-flowers blooming around him,
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness,
Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber.
"Puritan flowers," he said, "and the type of Puritan maidens,
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla!
So I will take them to her; to Priscilla the May-flower of Plymouth,
Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take them;
Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither and perish,
Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver."
So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean,
Sailless, somber, and cold with the comfortless breath of the east-wind;
Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow;
Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla

Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,
Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many.
Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-drift
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.
Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth,
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.
Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem,
She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
Making the humble house and the modest apparel of home-spun
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being!
Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and relentless,
Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe of his errand;
All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had vanished,
All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,
Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.
Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,
"Let not him that putteth his hand to the plow look backwards;
Though the plowshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains,
Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearts of the living,
It is the will of the Lord; and his mercy endureth forever!"

So he entered the house; and the hum of the wheel and the singing
Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the threshold,

Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of welcome,
Saying, "I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the passage;
For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning."
Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had been mingled
Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the maiden,
Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an answer,
Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that day in the winter,
After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the village,
Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered the doorway,
Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and Priscilla
Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside,
Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snow-storm.
Had he but spoken then! perhaps not in vain had he spoken;
Now it was all too late; the golden moment had vanished!
So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful Springtime,
Talked of their friends at home, and the May Flower that sailed on the morrow.
"I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden,
"Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedge-rows of England—
They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden;
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet,
Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,
And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy
Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard.
Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion;

Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England.
You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it; I almost
Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched."

Thereupon answered the youth:—"Indeed I do not condemn you;
Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter.
Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on;
So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage
Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth!"

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters—
Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases,
But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a schoolboy;
Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly.
Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden
Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,
Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless;
Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence:
"If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me?
If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!"
Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,
Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy—
Had no time for such things;—such things! the words grating harshly
Fell on the ear of Priscilla; and swift as a flash she made answer:
"Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,
Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding?
That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you cannot.
When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,
Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,

Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal,
And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman
Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,
Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.
This is not right nor just; for surely a woman's affection
Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.
When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.
Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me,
Even this Captain of yours—who knows?—at last might have won me,
Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen."

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla,
Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding;
Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders,
How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction,
How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth;
He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England,
Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de Standish;
Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded,
Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock argent
Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon.
He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature;
Though he was rough, he was kindly; she knew how during the winter
He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's;
Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and headstrong,
Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable always,
Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little of stature;
For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous;
Any woman in Plymouth, nay any woman in England,
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish!

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

JOHN ALDEN

Into the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered,
Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the seaside;
Paced up and down the sands, and bared his head to the east wind,
Cooling his heated brow, and the fire and fever within him.
Slowly as out of the heavens, with apocalyptical splendors,
Sank the City of God, in the vision of John the Apostle,
So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and sapphire,
Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets uplifted
Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who measured the city.

"Welcome, O wind of the East!" he exclaimed in his wild exultation,
"Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of the misty Atlantic!
Blowing o'er fields of dulse, and measureless meadows of sea-grass,
Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottoes and gardens of ocean!
Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead, and wrap me
Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever within me!"

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moaning and tossing,
Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of the seashore.
Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of passions contending;
Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship wounded and bleeding,
Passionate cries of desire, and importunate pleadings of duty!
"Is it my fault," he said, "that the maiden has chosen between us?

Is it my fault that he failed—my fault that I am the victor?"
Then within him there thundered a voice, like the voice of the Prophet:
"It hath displeased the Lord!"—and he thought of David's transgression,
Bathsheba's beautiful face, and his friend in the front of the battle!
Shame and confusion of guilt, and abasement and self-condemnation,
Overwhelmed him at once; and he cried in the deepest contrition:
"It hath displeased the Lord! It is the temptation of Satan!"

Then, uplifting his head, he looked at the sea, and beheld there
Dimly the shadowy form of the May Flower riding at anchor,
Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to sail on the morrow;
Heard the voices of men through the mist, the rattle of cordage
Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate, and the sailors' "Ay, ay, sir!"
Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the dripping air of the twilight.
Still for a moment he stood, and listened, and stared at the vessel,
Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing a phantom,
Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the beckoning shadow.
"Yes, it is plain to me now," he murmured; "the hand of the Lord is
Leading me out of the land of darkness, the bondage of error,
Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of its waters around me,
Hiding me, cutting me off, from the cruel thoughts that pursue me.
Back will I go o'er the ocean, this dreary land will abandon,
Her whom I may not love, and him whom my heart has offended.
Better to be in my grave in the green old churchyard in England,
Close by my mother's side, and among the dust of my kindred;
Better be dead and forgotten, than living in shame and dishonor!
Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of the narrow chamber
With me my secret shall lie, like a buried jewel that glimmers
Bright on the hand that is dust, in the chambers of silence and darkness—
Yes, as the marriage ring of the great espousal hereafter!"

Thus as he spake, he turned, in the strength of his strong resolution,
Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried along in the twilight,
Through the congenial gloom of the forest silent and somber,
Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Plymouth,
Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of the evening.
Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable Captain
Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages of Cæsar,
Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Brabant or Flanders.
"Long have you been on your errand," he said with a cheery demeanor,
Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears not the issue.
"Not far off is the house, although the woods are between us;
But you have lingered so long, that while you were going and coming
I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a city.
Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has happened."

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous adventure,
From beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened;
How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped in his courtship,
Only smoothing a little, and softening down her refusal.
But when he came at length to the words Priscilla had spoken,
Words so tender and cruel: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"
Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped on the floor, till his armor
Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound of sinister omen.
All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion,
Even as a hand-grenade, that scatters destruction around it.
Wildly he shouted, and loud: "John Alden! you have betrayed me!
Me, Miles Standish, your friend! have supplanted, defrauded, betrayed me!
One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart of Wat Tyler;
Who shall prevent me from running my own through the heart of a traitor?

Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason to friendship!
You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and loved as a brother;
You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup, to whose keeping
I have intrusted my honor, my thoughts the most sacred and secret—
You too, Brutus! ah woe to the name of friendship hereafter!
Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine, but henceforward
Let there be nothing between us save war, and implacable hatred!"

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode about in the chamber,
Chafing and choking with rage; like cords were the veins on his temples.
But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at the doorway,
Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent importance,
Rumors of danger and war and hostile incursions of Indians!
Straightway the Captain paused, and, without further question or parley,
Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its scabbard of iron,
Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning fiercely, departed.
Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the scabbard
Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the distance.
Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth into the darkness,
Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot with the insult,
Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his hands as in childhood,
Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who seeth in secret.

Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful away to the council,
Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting his coming;
Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in deportment,
Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to heaven,
Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of Plymouth.
God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting,

Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation;
So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the people!
Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern and defiant,
Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in aspect;
While on the table before them was lying unopened a Bible,
Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in Holland,
And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattlesnake glittered,
Filled, like a quiver, with arrows; a signal and challenge of warfare,
Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues of defiance.
This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and heard them debating
What were an answer befitting the hostile message and menace,
Talking of this and that, contriving, suggesting, objecting;
One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the Elder,
Judging it wise and well that some at least were converted,
Rather than any were slain, for this was but Christian behavior!
Then outspoke Miles Standish, the stalwart Captain of Plymouth,
Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was husky with anger:
"What! do you mean to make war with milk and the water of roses?
Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted
There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils?
Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage
Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the cannon!"
Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of Plymouth,
Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent language:
"Not so thought St. Paul, nor yet the other Apostles;
Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire they spake with!"
But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain,
Who had advanced to the table, and thus continued discoursing:
"Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth.
War is a terrible trade; but in the cause that is righteous,
Sweet is the smell of powder; and thus I answer the challenge!"

Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden, contemptuous gesture,
Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets
Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage,
Saying, in thundering tones: "Here, take it! this is your answer!"
Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage,
Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent,
Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest.

THE SAILING OF THE MAY FLOWER

Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from the meadows,
There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village of Plymouth;
Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order imperative, "Forward!"
Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then silence.
Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the village.
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous army,
Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of the white men,
Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the savage.
Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men of King David;
Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the Bible—
Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and Philistines.
Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morning;
Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows, advancing,
Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated.
Many a mile had they marched, when at length the village of Plymouth
Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold labors.
Sweet was the air and soft, and slowly the smoke from the chimneys
Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily eastward;
Men came forth from the doors, and paused and talked of the weather,
Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair for the May Flower;

Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the dangers that menaced,
He being gone, the town, and what should be done in his absence.
Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women
Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the household.
Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at his coming;
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountains;
Beautiful on the sails of the May Flower riding at anchor,
Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the winter.
Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapping her canvas,
Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands of the sailors.
Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean,
Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward; anon rang
Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and the echoes
Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of departure!
Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people!
Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible,
Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent entreaty!
Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth,
Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the seashore,
Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the May Flower,
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in the desert.

Foremost among them was Alden. All night he had lain without slumber,
Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of his fever.
He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late from the council,
Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and murmur;
Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it sounded like swearing.
Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a moment in silence;
Then he had turned away, and said: "I will not awake him;
Let him sleep on, it is best; for what is the use of more talking!"
Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself down on his pallet,

Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break of the morning—
Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his campaigns in Flanders—
Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready for action.
But with the dawn he arose; in the twilight Alden beheld him
Put on his corselet of steel, and all the rest of his armor,
Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damascus,
Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out of the chamber.
Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned to embrace him,
Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for pardon,
All the old friendship came back, with its tender and grateful emotions.
But his pride overmastered the noble nature within him—
Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning fire of the insult.
So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spake not,
Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and he spake not!
Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the people were saying,
Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and Richard and Gilbert,
Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of Scripture,
And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down to the sea-shore,
Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a doorstep
Into a world unknown—the corner-stone of a nation!

There with his boat was the Master, already a little impatient
Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift to the eastward,
Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor of ocean about him,
Speaking with this one and that, and cramming letters and parcels
Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled together
Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly bewildered.
Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed on the gunwale,

One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with the sailors,
Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager for starting.
He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his anguish,
Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is or canvas,
Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise and pursue him.
But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of Priscilla
Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that was passing.
Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention,
Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and patient,
That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its purpose,
As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is destruction.
Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious instincts!
Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,
Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adamantine!
"Here I remain!" he exclaimed, as he looked at the heavens above him,
Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist and the madness,
Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering headlong.
"Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether above me,
Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning over the ocean.
There is another hand, that is not so spectral and ghost-like,
Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine for protection.
Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the ether!
Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me; I heed not
Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil!
There is no land so sacred, nor air so pure and so wholesome,
As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by her footsteps.
Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence
Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting her weakness;
Yes! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the landing,
So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leaving!"

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and important,
Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the weather,
Walked about on the sands; and the people crowded around him
Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remembrance.
Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller,
Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel,
Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry,
Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel!
Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims.
O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the May Flower!
No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this plowing!

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors
Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor.
Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the west-wind,
Blowing steady and strong; and the May Flower sailed from the harbor,
Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to the southward
Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter,
Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic,
Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
Much endeared to them all, as something living and human;
Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Said, "Let us pray!" and they prayed and thanked the Lord and took courage.
Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them
Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred
Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered.

Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard;
Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping.
Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an Indian,
Watching them from the hill; but while they spake with each other,
Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying, "Look!" he had vanished.
So they returned to their homes; but Alden lingered a little,
Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows
Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine,
Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.

PRISCILLA

Thus for a while he stood, and mused by the shore of the ocean,
Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla;
And as if thought had the power to draw to itself, like the loadstone,
Whatsoever it touches, by subtle laws of its nature,
Lo! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing beside him.

"Are you so much offended you will not speak to me?" said she.
"Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, when you were pleading
Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive and wayward,
Pleaded your own, and spake out, forgetful perhaps of decorum?
Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for saying
What I ought not to have said, yet now I can never unsay it;
For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion,
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret,
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together.
Yesterday I was shocked, when I heard you speak of Miles Standish,
Praising his virtues, transforming his very defects into virtues,
Praising his courage and strength, and even his fighting in Flanders,

As if by fighting alone you could win the heart of a woman,
Quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in exalting your hero.
Therefore I spake as I did, by an irresistible impulse.
You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friendship between us,
Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken!"
Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the friend of Miles Standish:
"I was not angry with you, with myself alone I was angry,
Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my keeping."
"No!" interrupted the maiden, with answer prompt and decisive;
"No; you are angry with me, for speaking so frankly and freely.
It was wrong, I acknowledge; for it is the fate of a woman
Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless,
Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence.
Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women
Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers
Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen, and unfruitful,
Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and profitless murmurs."
Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man, the lover of women:
"Heaven forbid it, Priscilla; and truly they seem to me always
More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden of Eden,
More like the river Euphrates, through deserts of Havilah flowing,
Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet of the garden!"
"Ah, by these words, I can see," again interrupted the maiden,
"How very little you prize me, or care for what I am saying.
When from the depths of my heart, in pain and with secret misgiving,
Frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only and kindness,
Straightway you take up my words, that are plain and direct and in earnest,
Turn them away from their meaning, and answer with flattering phrases.

This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best that is in you;
For I know and esteem you, and feel that your nature is noble,
Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level.
Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it perhaps the more keenly
If you say aught that implies I am only as one among many,
If you make use of those common and complimentary phrases
Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking with women,
But which women reject as insipid, if not as insulting."

Mute and amazed was Alden; and listened and looked at Priscilla,
Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more divine in her beauty.
He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the cause of another,
Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking in vain for an answer.
So the maiden went on, and little divined or imagined
What was at work in his heart, that made him so awkward and speechless.
"Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship.
It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare it:
I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with you always.
So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted to hear you
Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the Captain Miles Standish.
For I must tell you the truth: much more to me is your friendship
Than all the love he could give, were he twice the hero you think him."
Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who eagerly grasped it,
Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and bleeding so sorely,
Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said, with a voice full of feeling:

"Yes, we must ever be friends; and of all who offer you friendship
Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest!"

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of the May Flower,
Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the horizon,
Homeward together they walked, with a strange, indefinite feeling,
That all the rest had departed and left them alone in the desert.
But, as they went through the fields in the blessing and smile of the sunshine,
Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said very archly:
"Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit of the Indians,
Where he is happier far than he would be commanding a household,
You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that happened between you,
When you returned last night, and said how ungrateful you found me."
Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the whole of the story—
Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath of Miles Standish.
Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between laughing and earnest,
"He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment!"
But as he gently rebuked her, and told her how much he had suffered—
How he had even determined to sail that day in the May Flower,
And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers that threatened—
All her manner was changed, and she said with a faltering accent,
"Truly I thank you for this; how good you have been to me always!"

Thus, as a pilgrim devout, who toward Jerusalem journeys,
Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly backward,
Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by pangs of contrition;

Slowly but steadily onward, receding yet ever advancing,
Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land of his longings,
Urged by the fervor of love, and withheld by remorseful misgivings.

THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH

Meanwhile the stalwart Miles Standish was marching steadily northward,
Winding through forest and swamp, and along the trend of the seashore,
All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his anger
Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous odor of powder
Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the scents of the forest.
Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved his discomfort;
He who was used to success, and to easy victories always,
Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn by a maiden,
Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom most he had trusted!
Ah! 't was too much to be borne, and he fretted and chafed in his armor!

"I alone am to blame," he muttered, "for mine was the folly.
What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray in the harness,
Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing of maidens?
'T was but a dream—let it pass—let it vanish like so many others!
What I thought was a flower, is only a weed, and is worthless;
Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it away, and henceforward
Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of dangers!"
Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat and discomfort,
While he was marching by day or lying at night in the forest,
Looking up at the trees, and the constellations beyond them.

After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment
Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the forest;

Women at work by the tents, and the warriors, horrid with war-paint,
Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together;
Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men,
Saw the flash of the sun on breast-plate and saber and musket,
Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing,
Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present;
Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.
Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers gigantic in stature,
Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of Bashan;
One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wattawamat.
Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of wampum,
Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a needle.
Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty.
"Welcome, English!" they said—these words they had learned from the traders
Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltries.
Then in their native tongue they began to parley with Standish,
Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend of the white man,
Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets and powder,
Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the plague, in his cellars,
Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red man!
But when Standish refused, and said he would give them the Bible,
Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to bluster.
Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of the other,
And, with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly spake to the Captain:
"Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the Captain,
Angry is he in his heart; but the heart of the brave Wattawamat
Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of a woman,
But on a mountain, at night, from an oak-tree riven by lightning,

Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons about him,
Shouting, 'Who is there here to fight with the brave Wattawamat?' "
Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade on his left hand,
Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle,
Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning:
"I have another at home, with the face of a man on the handle;
By and by they shall marry; and there will be plenty of children!"

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting Miles Standish;
While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at his bosom,
Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as he muttered:
"By and by it shall see; it shall eat; ah, ha! but shall speak not!
This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to destroy us!
He is a little man; let him go and work with the women!"
Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of Indians
Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest,
Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bow-strings,
Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their ambush.
But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated them smoothly;
So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of the fathers.
But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt, and the insult,
All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston de Standish,
Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his temples.
Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching his knife from its scabbard,
Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the savage
Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierceness upon it.
Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound of the war-whoop,

And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of December,
Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery arrows.
Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the lightning,
Out of the lightning thunder; and death unseen ran before it.
Frightened, the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket.
Hotly pursued and beset; but their sachem, the brave Wattawamat,
Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet
Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands clutching the greensward,
Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers.

There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors lay, and above them,
Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the white man.
Smiling at length, he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain of Plymouth:
"Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his strength, and his stature—
Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man; but I see now
Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you!"

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles Standish.
When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of Plymouth,
And as a trophy of war the head of the brave Wattawamat
Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was a church and a fortress,
All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and took courage.
Only Priscilla averted her face from this specter of terror,
Thanking God in her heart that she had not married Miles Standish;
Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming home from his battles,
He should lay claim to her hand, as the prize and reward of his valor.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL

Month after month passed away, and in autumn the ships of the merchants
Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn for the Pilgrims.
All in the village was peace; the men were intent on their labors,
Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and with merestead,
Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing the grass in the meadows,
Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in the forest.
All in the village was peace; but at times the rumor of warfare
Filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension of danger.
Bravely the stalwart Miles Standish was scouring the land with his forces,
Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien armies,
Till his name had become a sound of fear to the nations.
Anger was still in his heart, but at times the remorse and contrition
Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate outbreak,
Came like a rising tide, that encounters the rush of a river,
Staying its current awhile, but making it bitter and brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new habitation,
Solid, substantial, of timber roughhewn from the firs of the forest.
Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was covered with rushes;
Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were of paper,
Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded.
There too he dug a well, and around it planted an orchard:
Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the orchard.
Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and secure from annoyance,
Raghorn, the snow-white bull, that had fallen to Alden's allotment

In the division of cattle, might ruminate in the night-time
Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet penny-royal.

Oft when his labor was finished, with eager feet would the dreamer
Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the house of Priscilla,
Led by illusions romantic and subtle deceptions of fancy,
Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance of friendship.
Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls of his dwelling;
Ever of her he thought, when he delved in the soil of his garden;
Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on Sunday
Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the Proverbs—
How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her always,
How all the days of her life she will do him good, and not evil,
How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with gladness,
How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the distaff,
How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her household,
Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of her weaving!

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the Autumn,
Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous fingers,
As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and his fortune,
After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of the spindle.
"Truly, Priscilla," he said, "when I see you spinning and spinning,
Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others,
Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a moment;
You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner."
Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter; the spindle

Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in her fingers;
While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief, continued:
"You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of Helvetia;
She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of Southampton,
Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley and meadow and mountain,
Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle.
She was so thrifty and good that her name passed into a proverb.
So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel shall no longer
Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with music.
Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in their childhood,
Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the spinner!"
Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden,
Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise was the sweetest,
Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spinning,
Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering phrases of Alden:
"Come, you must not be idle; if I am a pattern for housewives,
Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands.
Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it, ready for knitting;
Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have changed and the manners,
Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John Alden!"
Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she adjusted,
He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended before him,
She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from his fingers,
Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding,
Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly

Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares—for how could she help it?—
Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body.

Lo! in the midst of this scene, a breathless messenger entered,
Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the village.
Yes; Miles Standish was dead!—an Indian had brought them the tidings—
Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front of the battle,
Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the whole of his forces;
All the town would be burned, and all the people be murdered!
Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the hearts of the hearers.
Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face looking backward
Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted in horror;
But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of the arrow
Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own, and had sundered
Once and forever the bonds that held him bound as a captive,
Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight of his freedom,
Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what he was doing.
Clasped, almost with a groan, the motionless form of Priscilla,
Pressing her close to his heart, as forever his own, and exclaiming:
"Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put them asunder!"

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,
Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing
Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest;
So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,
Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder,
Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.

THE WEDDING DAY

Forth from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple and scarlet,

Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his garments resplendent,
Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his forehead,
Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pomegranates.
Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor beneath him
Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was a laver!

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan maiden.
Friends were assembled together; the Elder and Magistrate also
Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law and the Gospel,
One with the sanction of earth and one with the blessing of heaven.
Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth and of Boaz.
Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal,
Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's presence,
After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland.
Fervently then, and devoutly, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were founded that day in affection,
Speaking of life and of death, and imploring divine benedictions.

Lo! when the service was ended, a form appeared on the threshold,
Clad in armor of steel, a somber and sorrowful figure!
Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange apparition?
Why does the bride turn pale, and hide her face on his shoulder?
Is it a phantom of air—a bodiless spectral illusion?
Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come to forbid the betrothal?
Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited, unwelcomed;
Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an expression
Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart hidden beneath them,
As when across the sky the driving rack of the rain-cloud
Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its brightness.

Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips, but was silent,
As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting intention.
But when were ended the troth and the prayer and the last benediction,
Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with amazement
Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth!
Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion, "Forgive me!
I have been angry and hurt—too long have I cherished the feeling;
I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God! it is ended.
Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of Hugh Standish,
Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error.
Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend of John Alden."
Thereupon answered the bridegroom: "Let all be forgotten between us—
All save the dear old friendship, and that shall grow older and dearer!"
Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted Priscilla,
Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry in England,
Something of camp and of court, of town and of country, commingled,
Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding her husband.
Then he said with a smile: "I should have remembered the adage—
If you would be well served, you must serve yourself; and moreover,
No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas!"

Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet their rejoicing,
Thus to behold once more the sunburnt face of their Captain,

Whom they had mourned as dead; and they gathered and crowded about him,
Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride and of bridegroom,
Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupting the other,
Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpowered and bewildered,
He had rather by far break into an Indian encampment,
Than come again to a wedding to which he had not been invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride at the doorway,
Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning.
Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine,
Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation;
There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste of the seashore,
There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the meadows;
But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the Garden of Eden,
Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound of the ocean.

Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and stir of departure,
Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of longer delaying,
Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was left uncompleted.
Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder,
Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla,
Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand of its master,
Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,
Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle.
She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noon-day;
Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant.
Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others,

Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband,
Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.
"Nothing is wanting now," he said, with a smile, "but the distaff;
Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha!"

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,
Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.
Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest,
Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love through its bosom,
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses.
Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendors,
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended,
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir-tree,
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eshcol.
Like a picture it seemed of the primitive pastoral ages,
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

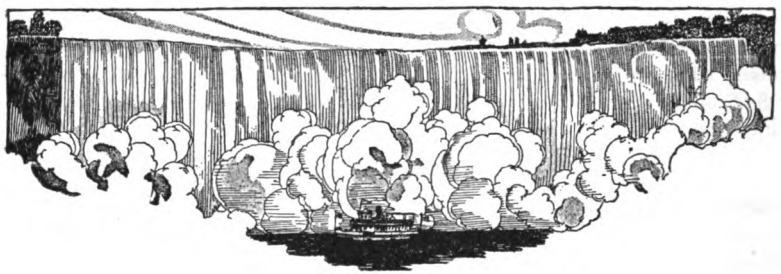
For Biography, see page 80.

Discussion. 1. Read the history of the Pilgrims' settlement at Plymouth. 2. Describe the Plymouth of the first year of the settlement. 3. How long had the Pilgrims been in their new home at the time this story opens? 4. What tells you this? 5. Find lines that tell how hard the first winter had been. 6. What tells you that the Captain had read his Caesar many times? 7. What principle of conduct did he learn from Caesar's victories? 8. When did he entirely disregard this principle? 9. What excuse did he give for not acting upon it? 10. Read the words in which

John Alden tells why he will undertake the Captain's errand. 11. What ideal of friendship had he? 12. What do you think of Alden's description of his friend's character? 13. Read the lines in which Priscilla shows her love of truth and loyalty. 14. When does Miles Standish show himself most noble? 15. Who is the real hero of this poem? 16. Commit to memory lines which seem to you to express the moral truths and the high ideals which the poem puts before us. 17. Make a brief outline of the story. 18. Pronounce the following: athletic; sinews; memoirs; taciturn; aerial; impious; capacious; stalwart; subtle; hearth.

Phrases

corselet of steel, **427**, 8
mystical Arabic sentence, **427**, 9
Spanish arcabucero, **428**, 7
Flemish morasses, **428**, 9
brazen howitzer, **428**, 25
irresistible logic, **428**, 27
belligerent Christians, **429**, 27
Iberian village, **430**, 23
grounding his musket, **431**, 19
culling his phrases, **431**, 27
taciturn stripling, **432**, 23
mask his dismay, **432**, 25
aerial cities, **433**, 25
misty phantoms, **434**, 8
swift retribution, **434**, 14
ravenous spindle, **435**, 6
embellish the theme, **437**, 10
dilated with wonder, **437**, 14
apocalyptical splendors, **439**, 9
fields of dulse, **439**, 16
mutable sands, **439**, 21
importunate pleadings, **439**, 24
rattle of cordage, **440**, 11
bondage of error, **440**, 18
congenial gloom, **441**, 3
sacked and demolished, **441**, 13
sound of sinister omen, **441**, 22
hand-grenade, **441**, 24
implacable hatred, **442**, 7
hostile incursions, **442**, 12
choleric Captain, **442**, 22
sinuous way, **444**, 7
serried billows, **444**, 20
dangers that menaced, **445**, 1
lose the tide, **446**, 22
on the thwarts, **447**, 2
divined his intention, **447**, 8
wall adamantine, **447**, 14
grasping a tiller, **448**, 5
heaving the windlass round, **448**, 14
yards were braced, **448**, 15
irresistible impulse, **450**, 3
subterranean rivers, **450**, 15
a more ethereal level, **451**, 3
sacred professions, **451**, 16
urged by importunate zeal, **452**, 24
withheld by remorseful misgivings, **453**, 3
to be flouted, **453**, 11
scabbards of wampum, **454**, 11
trenchant knives, **454**, 12
chaffer for peltries, **454**, 15
sinister meaning, **455**, 5
breaking the glebe, **457**, 5
apprehension of danger, **457**, 8
timber roughhewn, **457**, 17
Alden's allotment, **457**, 24
led by illusions, **458**, 5
subtle deceptions of fancy, **458**, 5
into an ambush beguiled, **460**, 7
trysting-place, **460**, 23
sanction of earth, **461**, 9
a bodiless spectral illusion, **461**, 21
driving rack, **461**, 26
atoning for error, **462**, 10
azure abysses, **464**, 9



MY VISIT TO NIAGARA

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Never did a pilgrim approach Niagara with deeper enthusiasm than mine. I had lingered away from it, and wandered to other scenes, because my treasury of anticipated enjoyments, comprising all the wonders of the world, had nothing else so magnificent, and I was loath to exchange the pleasures of hope for those of memory so soon. At length the day came. The stage-coach, with a Frenchman and myself on the back seat, had already left Lewiston, and in less than an hour would set us down in Manchester. I began to listen for the roar of the cataract, and trembled with a sensation like dread, as the moment drew nigh, when its voice of ages must roll, for the first time, on my ear. The French gentleman stretched himself from the window, and expressed loud admiration, while, by a sudden impulse, I threw myself back and closed my eyes. When the scene shut in, I was glad to think, that for me the whole burst of Niagara was yet in futurity. We rolled on, and entered the village of Manchester, bordering on the falls.

I am quite ashamed of myself here. Not that I ran like a madman to the falls, and plunged into the thickest of the spray—never stopping to breathe, till breathing was impossible; not that

I committed this, or any other suitable extravagance. On the contrary, I alighted with perfect decency and composure, gave my cloak to the black waiter, pointed out my baggage, and inquired, not the nearest way to the cataract, but about the dinner-hour. The interval was spent in arranging my dress. Within the last fifteen minutes, my mind had grown strangely benumbed, and my spirits apathetic, with a slight depression, not decided enough to be termed sadness. My enthusiasm was in a deathlike slumber. Without aspiring to immortality, as he did, I could have imitated that English traveler who turned back from the point where he first heard the thunder of Niagara, after crossing the ocean to behold it. Many a Western trader, by the by, has performed a similar act of heroism with more heroic simplicity, deeming it no such wonderful feat to dine at the hotel and resume his route to Buffalo or Lewiston, while the cataract was roaring unseen.

Such has often been my apathy, when objects, long sought, and earnestly desired, were placed within my reach. After dinner—at which an unwonted and perverse epicurism detained me longer than usual—I lighted a cigar and paced the piazza, minutely attentive to the aspect and business of a very ordinary village. Finally, with reluctant step, and the feeling of an intruder, I walked toward Goat Island. At the toll-house, there were further excuses for delaying the inevitable moment. My signature was required in a huge ledger, containing similar records innumerable, many of which I read. The skin of a great sturgeon, and other fishes, beasts, and reptiles; a collection of minerals, such as lie in heaps near the falls; some Indian moccasins, and other trifles, made of deer-skin and embroidered with beads; several newspapers, from Montreal, New York, and Boston—all attracted me in turn. Out of a number of twisted sticks, the manufacture of a Tuscarora Indian, I selected one of curled maple, curiously convoluted, and adorned with the carved images of a snake and a fish. Using this as my pilgrim's staff, I crossed the bridge. Above and below me were the rapids, a river of impetuous snow, with here and there a dark rock amid its whiteness, resisting all the physical fury, as any cold spirit did the moral influences of the scene. On reaching Goat Island, which separates the two great segments of

the falls, I chose the right-hand path, and followed it to the edge of the American cascade. There, while the falling sheet was yet invisible, I saw the vapor that never vanishes, and the Eternal Rainbow of Niagara.

It was an afternoon of glorious sunshine, without a cloud, save those of the cataracts. I gained an insulated rock, and beheld a broad sheet of brilliant and unbroken foam, not shooting in a curved line from the top of the precipice, but falling headlong down from height to depth. A narrow stream diverged from the main branch, and hurried over the crag by a channel of its own, leaving a little pine-clad island and a streak of precipice between itself and the larger sheet. Below arose the mist, on which was painted a dazzling sunbow with two concentric shadows—one, almost as perfect as the original brightness; and the other, drawn faintly round the broken edge of the cloud.

Still I had not half seen Niagara. Following the verge of the island, the path led me to the Horseshoe, where the real, broad St. Lawrence, rushing along on a level with its banks, pours its whole breadth over a concave line of precipice, and thence pursues its course between lofty crags toward Ontario. A sort of bridge, two or three feet wide, stretches out along the edge of the descending sheet, and hangs upon the rising mist, as if that were the foundation of the frail structure. Here I stationed myself in the blast of wind, which the rushing river bore along with it. The bridge was tremulous beneath me, and marked the tremor of the solid earth. I looked along the whitening rapids, and endeavored to distinguish a mass of water far above the falls, to follow it to their verge, and go down with it, in fancy, to the abyss of clouds and storm. Casting my eyes across the river, and every side, I took in the whole scene at a glance, and tried to comprehend it in one vast idea. After an hour thus spent, I left the bridge, and by a staircase, winding almost interminably round a post, descended to the base of the precipice. From that point, my path lay over slippery stones, and among great fragments of the cliff, to the edge of the cataract, where the wind at once enveloped me in spray, and perhaps dashed the rainbow round me. Were my long desires fulfilled? And had I seen Niagara?

Oh, that I had never heard of Niagara till I beheld it! Blessed were the wanderers of old, who heard its deep roar, sounding through the woods, as the summons to an unknown wonder, and approached its awful brink, in all the freshness of native feeling. Had its own mysterious voice been the first to warn me of its existence, then, indeed, I might have knelt down and worshiped. But I had come thither, haunted with a vision of foam and fury, and dizzy cliffs, and an ocean tumbling down out of the sky—a scene, in short, which nature had too much good taste and calm simplicity to realize. My mind had struggled to adapt these false conceptions to the reality, and finding the effort vain, a wretched sense of disappointment weighed me down. I climbed the precipice, and threw myself on the earth, feeling that I was unworthy to look at the Great Falls, and careless about beholding them again.

All that night, as there has been and will be for ages past and to come, a rushing sound was heard, as if a great tempest were sweeping through the air. It mingled with my dreams, and made them full of storm and whirlwind. Whenever I awoke, and heard this dread sound in the air, and the windows rattling as with a mighty blast, I could not rest again, till looking forth, I saw how bright the stars were, and that every leaf in the garden was motionless. Never was a summer night more calm to the eye, nor a gale of autumn louder to the ear. The rushing sound proceeds from the rapids, and the rattling of the casements is but an effect of the vibration of the whole house, shaken by the jar of the cataract. The noise of the rapids draws the attention from the true voice of Niagara, which is a dull, muffled thunder, resounding between the cliffs. I spent a wakeful hour at midnight, in distinguishing its reverberations, and rejoiced to find that my former awe and enthusiasm were reviving.

Gradually, and after much contemplation, I came to know, by my own feelings, that Niagara is indeed a wonder of the world, and not the less wonderful, because time and thought must be employed in comprehending it. Casting aside all preconceived notions, and preparation to be dire-struck or delighted, the beholder must stand beside it in the simplicity of his heart, suffer-

ing the mighty scene to work its own impression. Night after night I dreamed of it, and was gladdened every morning by the consciousness of a growing capacity to enjoy it. Yet I will not pretend to the all-absorbing enthusiasm of some more fortunate spectators, nor deny that very trifling causes would draw my eyes and thoughts from the cataract.

The last day that I was to spend at Niagara, before my departure for the Far West, I sat upon the Table Rock. This celebrated station did not now, as of old, project fifty feet beyond the line of the precipice, but was shattered by the fall of an immense fragment, which lay distant on the shore below. Still, on the utmost verge of the rock, with my feet hanging over it, I felt as if suspended in the open air. Never before had my mind been in such perfect unison with the scene. There were intervals when I was conscious of nothing but the great river, rolling calmly into the abyss, rather descending than precipitating itself, and acquiring tenfold majesty from its unhurried motion. It came like the march of Destiny. It was not taken by surprise, but seemed to have anticipated, in all its course through the broad lakes, that it must pour their collected waters down this height. The perfect foam of the river, after its descent, and the ever-varying shapes of mist, rising up, to become clouds in the sky, would be the very picture of confusion, were it merely transient, like the rage of a tempest. But when the beholder has stood awhile, and perceives no lull in the storm, and considers that the vapor and the foam are as everlasting as the rocks which produce them, all this turmoil assumes a sort of calmness. It soothes, while it awes the mind.

Leaning over the cliff, I saw the guide conducting two adventurers behind the falls. It was pleasant, from that high seat in the sunshine, to observe them struggling against the eternal storm of the lower regions, with heads bent down, now faltering, now pressing forward, and finally swallowed up in their victory. After their disappearance, a blast rushed out with an old hat, which it had swept from one of their heads. The rock, to which they were directing their unseen course, is marked, at a fearful distance on the exterior of the sheet, by a jet of foam. The attempt to reach

it appears both poetical and perilous to a looker-on, but may be accomplished without much more difficulty or hazard than in stemming a violent northeaster. In a few moments, forth came the children of the mist. Dripping and breathless, they crept along the base of the cliff, ascended to the guide's cottage, and received, I presume, a certificate of their achievement, with three verses of sublime poetry on the back.

My contemplations were often interrupted by strangers who came down from Forsyth's to take their first view of the falls. A short, ruddy, middle-aged gentleman, fresh from Old England, peeped over the rock, and evinced his approbation by a broad grin. His spouse, a very robust lady, afforded a sweet example of maternal solicitude, being so intent on the safety of her little boy that she did not even glance at Niagara. As for the child, he gave himself wholly to the enjoyment of a stick of candy. Another traveler, a native American, and no rare character among us, produced a volume of Captain Hall's tour, and labored earnestly to adjust Niagara to the captain's description, departing, at last, without one new idea or sensation of his own. The next comer was provided, not with a printed book, but with a blank sheet of foolscap, from top to bottom of which, by means of an ever-pointed pencil, the cataract was made to thunder. In a little talk which we had together, he awarded his approbation to the general view, but censured the position of Goat Island, observing that it should have been thrown farther to the right, so as to widen the American falls, and contract those of the Horseshoe. Next appeared two traders of Michigan, who declared, that, upon the whole, the sight was worth looking at; there certainly was an immense water-power here; but that, after all, they would go twice as far to see the noble stone-works of Lockport, where the Grand Canal is locked down a descent of sixty feet. They were succeeded by a young fellow, in a homespun cotton dress, with a staff in his hand, and a pack over his shoulders. He advanced close to the edge of the rock, where his attention, at first wavering among the different components of the scene, finally became fixed in the angle of the Horseshoe falls, which is indeed the central point of interest. His whole soul seemed to go forth and be transported thither, till

the staff slipped from his relaxed grasp, and falling down—down—down—struck upon the fragment of the Table Rock.

In this manner I spent some hours, watching the varied impression made by the cataract on those who disturbed me, and returning to unwearied contemplation, when left alone. At length my time came to depart. There is a grassy footpath through the woods, along the summit of the bank, to a point whence a causeway, hewn in the side of the precipice, goes winding down to the Ferry, about half a mile below the Table Rock. The sun was near setting, when I emerged from the shadow of the trees, and began the descent. The indirectness of my downward road continually changed the point of view, and showed me, in rich and repeated succession, now, the whitening rapids and majestic leap of the main river, which appeared more deeply massive as the light departed; now, the lovelier picture, yet still sublime, of Goat Island, with its rocks and grove, and the lesser falls, tumbling over the right bank of the St. Lawrence, like a tributary stream; now, the long vista of the river, as it eddied and whirled between the cliffs, to pass through Ontario toward the sea, and everywhere to be wondered at, for this one unrivaled scene. The golden sunshine tinged the sheet of the American cascade, and painted on its heaving spray the broken semi-circle of a rainbow, heaven's own beauty crowning earth's sublimity. My steps were slow, and I paused long at every turn of the descent, as one lingers and pauses who discerns a brighter and brightening excellence in what he must soon behold no more. The solitude of the old wilderness now reigned over the whole vicinity of the falls. My enjoyment became the more rapturous, because no poet shared it, nor wretch devoid of poetry profaned it; but the spot so famous through the world was all my own!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography, see page 348.

Discussion. 1. Why was Hawthorne at first disappointed in Niagara? 2. How did he finally come to know that it is one of the world's wonders? 3. What feelings did Niagara produce in Hawthorne? 4. What effect on the reader did he seek to produce? 5. What does Hawthorne say is neces-

sary in order to appreciate nature? 6. Account for the fact that Niagara *grew* on Hawthorne. 7. What comments of other observers does Hawthorne give? 8. What do you think determines the kind of response an observer gives to a wonderful scene in nature, such as Niagara? 9. Pronounce the following: loath; heroism; route; unwonted; minutely; reptiles; tremor; abyss; tour; idea.

Phrases

anticipated enjoyments, **466**, 3
suitable extravagance, **467**, 1
perverse epicurism, **467**, 18
impetuous snow, **467**, 34
Eternal Rainbow, **468**, 3
insulated rock, **468**, 6
abyss of clouds, **468**, 28
native feeling, **469**, 4
eddied and whirled, **472**, 21
unrivaled scene, **472**, 23
tributary stream, **472**, 22
brightening excellence **472**, 25

FROM MORN TILL NIGHT ON A FLORIDA RIVER

SIDNEY LANIER

For a perfect journey God gave us a perfect day. The little Ocklawaha steamboat Marion had started on her voyage some hours before daylight. She had taken on her passengers the night previous. By seven o'clock on such a May morning as no words could describe we had made twenty-five miles up the St. Johns. At this point the Ocklawaha flows into the St. Johns, one hundred miles above Jacksonville.

Presently we abandoned the broad highway of the St. Johns, and turned off to the right into the narrow lane of the Ocklawaha. This is the sweetest water-lane in the world, a lane which runs for more than one hundred and fifty miles of pure delight betwixt hedge-rows of oaks and cypresses and palms and magnolias and mosses and vines; a lane clean to travel, for there is never a speck of dust in it save the blue dust and gold dust which the wind blows out of the flags and lilies.

As we advanced up the stream our wee craft seemed to emit her steam in leisurely whiffs, as one puffs one's cigar in a contemplative walk through the forest. Dick, the pole-man, lay asleep on

the guards, in great peril of rolling into the river over the three inches between his length and the edge; the people of the boat moved not, and spoke not; the white crane, the curlew, the heron, the water-turkey, were scarcely disturbed in their quiet avocations as we passed, and quickly succeeded in persuading themselves after each momentary excitement of our gliding by, that we were really no monster, but only some day-dream of a monster.

"Look at that snake in the water!" said a gentleman, as we sat on deck with the engineer, just come up from his watch.

The engineer smiled. "Sir, it is a water-turkey," he said, gently.

The water-turkey is the most preposterous bird within the range of ornithology. He is not a bird; he is a neck with such subordinate rights, members, belongings, and heirlooms as seem necessary to that end. He has just enough stomach to arrange nourishment for his neck, just enough wings to fly painfully along with his neck, and just big enough legs to keep his neck from dragging on the ground; and his neck is light-colored, while the rest of him is black. When he saw us he jumped up on a limb and stared. Then suddenly he dropped into the water, sank like a leaden ball out of sight, and made us think he was drowned. Presently the tip of his beak appeared, then the length of his neck lay along the surface of the water. In this position, with his body submerged, he shot out his neck, drew it back, wriggled it, twisted it, twiddled it, and poked it spirally into the east, the west, the north, and the south, round and round with a violence and energy that made one think in the same breath of corkscrews and of lightnings. But what nonsense! All that labor and perilous contortion for a beggarly sprat or a couple of inches of water-snake.

Some twenty miles from the mouth of the Ocklawaha, at the right-hand edge of the stream, is the handsomest residence in America. It belongs to a certain alligator of my acquaintance, a very honest and worthy reptile of good repute. A little cove of water, dark-green under the overhanging leaves, placid and clear, curves round at the river edge into the flags and lilies, with a curve just heart-breaking for its pure beauty. This house of the alligator is divided into apartments, little bays which are scalloped out by

the lily-pads, according to the winding fancies of their growth. My reptile, when he desires to sleep, has but to lie down anywhere; he will find marvelous mosses for his mattress beneath him; his sheets will be white lily-petals; and the green disks of the lily-pads will straightway embroider themselves together above him for his coverlet. He never quarrels with his cook, he is not the slave of a kitchen, and his one house-maid—the stream—forever sweeps his chambers clean. His conservatories there under the glass of that water are ever, without labor, filled with the enchantments of under-water growths.

His parks and his pleasure-grounds are larger than any king's. Upon my saurian's house the winds have no power, the rains are only a new delight to him, and the snows he will never see. Regarding fire, as he does not use it as a slave, so he does not fear it as a tyrant.

Thus all the elements are the friends of my alligator's house. While he sleeps he is being bathed. What glory to awake sweetened and freshened by the sole, careless act of sleep!

Lastly, my saurian has unnumbered mansions, and can change his dwelling as no human house-holder may; it is but a flip of his tail, and lo! he is established in another place as good as the last, ready furnished to his liking.

On and on up the river! We find it a river without banks. The swift, deep current meanders between tall lines of trees; beyond these, on either side, there is water also—a thousand shallow rivulets lapsing past the bases of a multitude of trees.

Along the edges of the stream every tree-trunk, sapling, and stump is wrapped about with a close-growing vine. The edges of the stream are also defined by flowers and water-leaves. The tall blue flags, the lilies sitting on their round lily-pads like white queens on green thrones, the tiny stars and long ribbons of the water-grasses—all these border the river in an infinite variety of adornment.

And now, after this day of glory, came a night of glory. Deep down in these shaded lanes it was dark indeed as the night drew on. The stream which had been all day a girdle of beauty, blue or green, now became a black band of mystery.

But presently a brilliant flame flares out overhead: They have lighted the pine-knots on top of the pilot-house. The fire advances up these dark windings like a brilliant god.

The startled birds suddenly flutter into the light and after an instant of illuminated flight melt into the darkness. From the perfect silence of these short flights one derives a certain sense of awe.

Now there is a mighty crack and crash: limbs and leaves scrape and scrub along the deck; a little bell tinkles; we stop. In turning a short curve, the boat has run her nose smack into the right bank, and a projecting stump has thrust itself sheer through the starboard side. Out, Dick! Out, Henry! Dick and Henry shuffle forward to the bow, thrust forth their long white pole against a tree-trunk, strain and push and bend to the deck as if they were salaaming the god of night and adversity. Our bow slowly rounds into the stream, the wheel turns and we puff quietly along.

And now it is bed-time. Let me tell you how to sleep on an Ocklawaha steamer in May. With a small bribe persuade Jim, the steward, to take the mattress out of your berth and lay it slanting just along the railing that encloses the lower part of the deck in front and to the left of the pilot-house. Lie flat on your back down on the mattress, draw your blanket over you, put your cap on your head, on account of the night air, fold your arms, say some little prayer or other, and fall asleep with a star looking right down on your eye. When you wake in the morning you will feel as new as Adam.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Sidney Lanier (1842-1881) was a native of Georgia. When a mere lad, just out of college, he entered the Confederate army and faithfully devoted the most precious years of his life to that service. While in a military prison he contracted the dread "White Plague," and during his few remaining years he struggled constantly with disease and poverty. He was a talented musician and often found it necessary to supplement the earnings of his pen by playing in an orchestra. His thorough knowledge and fine sense of music also appear in his masterly treatise on the "Science of English Verse." During his last years he held a lectureship on English

Literature in Johns Hopkins University, at Baltimore. He has often been compared with Poe in the exquisite melody of his verse, while in unaffected simplicity and in truthfulness to nature he is not surpassed by Bryant or Whittier. His prose as well as his poetry breathes the very spirit of his sunny southland. In the "Song of the Chattahoochee", "The Marshes of Glynn," and "On a Florida River," one scents the balsam of the Georgia pines among which he lived, and the odor of magnolia groves, jessamine, and wild honey-suckle.

Discussion. 1. From this selection what do you think of the author's power of description? 2. Mention instances in which he makes use of humor to add to his descriptive power. 3. Quote his words describing the Ocklawaha. 4. What does the author mean by saying, "We find it a river without banks"? 5. In your own words, give a description of the alligator's home. 6. Make a list of things Lanier saw on this trip that he would not see on a trip down a river in New England. 7. What gives melody to this piece of prose? 8. What comparison do you find in lines 31 and 32, page 475? 9. Point out some examples of alliteration; for what purpose does the author use alliteration? 10. Pronounce the following: palms; leisurely; infinite.

Phrases

quiet avocations, **474**, 5
day-dream of a monster, **474**, 8
subordinate rights, **474**, 15
perilous contortion, **474**, 29
reptile of good repute, **474**, 34
infinite variety, **475**, 32
girdle of beauty, **475**, 36
band of mystery, **475**, 37
brilliant flame flares, **476**, 1
sense of awe, **476**, 6

I SIGH FOR THE LAND OF THE CYPRESS AND PINE

SAMUEL HENRY DICKSON

I sigh for the land of the cypress and pine;
Where the jessamine blooms, and the gay woodbine;
Where the moss droops low from the green oak tree—
Oh, that sun-bright land is the land for me!

The snowy flower of the orange there
Sheds its sweet fragrance through the air;
And the Indian rose delights to twine
Its branches with the laughing vine.

There the deer leaps light through the open glade,
Or hides him far in the forest shade,
When the woods resound in the dewy morn
With the clang of the merry hunter's horn.

There the humming-bird, of rainbow plume,
Hangs over the scarlet creeper's bloom;
While 'midst the leaves his varying dyes
Sparkle like half-seen fairy eyes.

There the echoes ring through the livelong day
With the mock-bird's changeful roundelay;
And at night, when the scene is calm and still,
With the moan of the plaintive whip-poor-will.

Oh! I sigh for the land of the cypress and pine,
Of the laurel, the rose, and the gay woodbine,
Where the long, gray moss decks the rugged oak tree,—
That sun-bright land is the land for me.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Samuel Henry Dickson (1798-1872) was born in Charleston, South Carolina. He was graduated at Yale College in 1814, and afterward took a course in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Dickson was professor of medicine successively at the medical school at Charleston, at the University of the City of New York, and at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia. He wrote several books on medicine. His love for his native sun-bright southland is beautifully expressed in this poem.

Discussion. 1. What part of the country does the poet mean when he refers to the "land of cyprus and pine"? 2. Mention the beautiful things named in the first stanza which characterize this land. 3. Have you ever seen the moss "which droops low from the green oak tree"? Where? 4. What birds does the poet mention in this selection? 5. Do you think these birds would be found in the woods of Maine or Wisconsin? 6. Note the changes of the time of day throughout the poem. In which stanza is the "morn" spoken of? The "livelong day"? The night? 7. Have you ever heard "the moan of the plaintive whip-poor-will? 8. Do you think the poet was right in calling its note a "moan"? Do you know how this bird got its name? 9. Does the poet convince you that this is a land worth sighing for?

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

WASHINGTON IRVING

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer sky.

—CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

THE VALLEY AND ITS SUPERSTITIONS

In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail, and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market-town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it, for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon time, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the Sabbath stillness around, and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a

retreat, whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of Sleepy Hollow, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his pow-wows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvelous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions; and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the nightmare, with her whole nine fold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball, in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary war; and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk, hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this specter, allege that the body of the trooper having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of

battle in nightly quest of his head; and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the specter is known, at all the country firesides, by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative—to dream dreams, and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New York, that population, manners, and customs remain fixed; while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream; where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

ICHABOD CRANE AND KATRINA VAN TASSEL

In this by-place of nature, there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane; who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a State which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of

frontier woodsmen and country school-masters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weather-cock, perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His schoolhouse was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of old copy-books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours, by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window shutters; so that, though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out; an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eel-pot. The schoolhouse stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a bee-hive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, and ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."—Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school, who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity, taking the burthen off the backs of the weak and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny

stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little, tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty by their parents," and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that "he would remember it, and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

When school hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and, though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time; thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms; helped to make hay; mended the fences; took the horses to water; drove the cows from pasture; and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers, by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilom so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him, on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill-pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little makeshifts in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of headwork, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood, being considered a kind of idle gentlemanlike personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea table of a farmhouse, and the addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver teapot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard, between services on Sundays! gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overran the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering, with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent mill-pond; while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

From his half itinerant life, also, he was a kind of traveling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house; so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and

was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's history of New England Witchcraft, in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvelous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spellbound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover, bordering the little brook that whimpered by his schoolhouse, and there con over old Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of the evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way, by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farmhouse where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination: the moan of the whippoorwill from the hill-side; the boding cry of the tree-toad, that harbinger of storm; the dreary hooting of the screech-owl, or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fire-flies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if, by chance, a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought, or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm tunes; and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe, at hearing his nasal melody, "in linkèd sweetness long drawn out," floating from the distant hill, or along the dusky road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and listen to their marvelous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or

galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them woefully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars; and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy!

But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood fire, and where, of course, no specter dared to show his face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night!—With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window!—How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which, like a sheeted specter, beset his very path!—How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet; and dread to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him!—and how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind that walk in darkness; and though he had seen many specters in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was—a woman.

Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch

farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy cheeked as one of her father's peaches; and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold, which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam; the tempting stomacher of the olden time; and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart toward the sex; and it is not to be wondered at that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes, more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within those every thing was snug, happy, and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks, in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm-tree spread its broad branches over it; at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well, formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that bubbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farmhouse was a vast barn, that might have served for a church; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings or buried in their bosoms, and others swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek unwieldy porkers were grunting in

the repose and abundance of their pens, whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farmyard, and guinea fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings, and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart—sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered, as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye he pictured to himself every roasting-pig running about with a pudding in his belly, and an apple in his mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cozily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon, and juicy relishing ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back, in a side-dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow-lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchards burthened with ruddy fruit which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea, how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land, and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household

trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee, or the Lord knows where.

When he entered the house the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farmhouses, with high-ridged, but lowly-sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers; the low projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning-wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wondering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the center of the mansion and the place of usual residence. Here rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool ready to be spun; in another a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs and dark mahogany tables shone like mirrors; and irons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock-oranges and conch-shells decorated the mantelpiece; strings of various colored birds' eggs were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the center of the room; and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant of yore, who seldom had anything but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such like easily-conquered adversaries, to contend with; and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass, and

walls of adamant, to the castle keep, where the lady of his heart was confined, all which he achieved as easily as a man would carve his way to the center of a Christmas pie; and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette, beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices, which were forever presenting new difficulties and impediments; and he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers, who beset every portal to her heart; keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

BROM BONES

Among these the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roystering blade, of the name of Abraham, or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short curly black hair, and a bluff but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of BROM BONES, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar. He was foremost at all races and cock-fights; and, with the ascendency which bodily strength acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone admitting of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic; but had more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and, with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of waggish good humor at bottom. He had three or four boon companions, who regarded him as their model, and at the head of whom he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles round. In cold weather he was distinguished by a fur cap, surmounted with a flaunting fox's tail; and when the folks at a country gathering descried this well-known crest at a distance, whisking about among a squad of hard riders, they

always stood by for a squall. Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along past the farmhouses at midnight, with whoop and halloo, like a troop of Don Cossacks; and the old dames, startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment till the hurry-scurry had clattered by, and then exclaim, "Ay, there goes Brom Bones and his gang!" The neighbors looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration, and good will; and when any mad-cap prank or rustic brawl occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads, and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

This rantipole hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries, and though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is, his advances were signals for rival candidates to retire, who felt no inclination to cross a lion in his amours; insomuch, that when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's paling, on a Sunday night, a sure sign that his master was courting, or, as it is termed, "sparking," within, all other suitors passed by in despair, and carried the war into other quarters.

Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and, considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature; he was in form and spirit like a supple-jack—yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet, the moment it was away—jerk! he was as erect, and carried his head as high as ever.

To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours, any more than that stormy lover, Achilles. Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently-insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing-master, he made frequent visits at the farmhouse; not that he had anything to apprehend from the meddlesome interference of parents, which is so often a stumbling-block in the path of lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an

easy, indulgent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and, like a reasonable man and an excellent father, let her have her way in everything. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and manage her poultry; for, as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things, and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus while the busy dame bustled about the house, or plied her spinning-wheel at one end of the piazza, honest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior, who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle of the barn. In the meantime, Ichabod would carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or sauntering along in the twilight, that hour so favorable to the lover's eloquence.

I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point, or door of access; while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter, for the man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He who wins a thousand common hearts is therefore entitled to some renown; but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette is indeed a hero. Certain it is, this was not the case with the redoubtable Brom Bones; and from the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of the former evidently declined; his horse was no longer seen tied at the palings on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud gradually arose between him and the preceptor of Sleepy Hollow.

Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare, and have settled their pretensions to the lady, according to the mode of those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore—by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him; he had overheard a boast of Bones, that he would "double the schoolmaster up, and

lay him on a shelf of his own schoolhouse"; and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggery in his disposition, and to play off boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones and his gang of rough riders. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains; smoked out his singing school, by stopping up the chimney; broke into the schoolhouse at night, in spite of its formidable fastenings of withe and window stakes, and turned everything topsy-turvy; so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches of the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom took all opportunities of turning him into ridicule in presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ludicrous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod's to instruct her in psalmody.

THE QUILTING FROLIC

In this way matters went on for some time, without producing any material effect on the relative situation of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferrule, that scepter of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails, behind the throne, a constant terror to evil doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins; such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper game-cocks. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master; and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the schoolroom. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro, in tow-cloth jacket and trousers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back

of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's; and having delivered his message with that air of importance, and effort at fine language, which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet schoolroom. The scholars were hurried through their lessons, without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy had a smart application now and then in the rear to quicken their speed or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves, inkstands were over-turned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green, in joy of their early emancipation.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and indeed only, suit of rusty black, and arranging his locks by a bit of broken looking-glass, that hung up in the schoolhouse. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciled, a choleric old Dutchman, of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and, thus gallantly mounted, issued forth, like a knight-errant, in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plow-horse, that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burs; one eye had lost its pupil and was glaring and spectral; but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from the name he bore of Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a

favorite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken-down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a scepter, and, as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called; and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed, as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day, the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubble-field.

The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fullness of their revelry they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush, and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cock-robin, the favorite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud querulous note, and the twittering blackbirds flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget, and splendid plumage; and the cedar bird, with its red-tipt wings and yellow-tipt tail, and its little montero cap of feathers; and the blue-jay, that noisy coxcomb, in his

gay light-blue coat and white underclothes, screaming and chattering, nodding and bobbing and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast store of apples; some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees; some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market; others heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odor of the bee-hive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slapjacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the west. The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glassy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark-gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast, and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Heer Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride

and flower of the adjacent country. Old farmers, a spare, leathern-faced race, in homespun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles. Their brisk withered little dames, in close crimped caps, long waisted short-gowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pincushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside. Buxom lasses, almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine ribbon, or perhaps a white frock, gave symptoms of city innovation. The sons, in short square-skirted coats with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times, especially if they could procure an eel-skin for the purpose, it being esteemed throughout the country, as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favorite steed, Daredevil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks, which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck, for he held a tractable well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero, as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white; but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty doughnut, the tenderer oly koek, and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple pies and peach pies and pumpkin pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and moreover delectable dishes of preserved plums, and peaches, and pears, and quinces, not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens; together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly teapot sending up its clouds of vapor from the

midst—Heaven bless the mark! I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty.

He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer; and whose spirits rose with eating as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor. Then, he thought, how soon he'd turn his back upon the old schoolhouse, snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper, and every other niggardly patron, and kick any itinerant pedagogue out of doors that should dare to call him comrade.

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good humor, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to fall to, and help themselves.

And now the sound of the music from the common room, or hall, summoned to the dance. The musician was an old gray-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head, bowing almost to the ground, and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fiber about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought Saint Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes, who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and

window, gazing with delight at the scene, rolling their white eyeballs, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? The lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who, with old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawing out long stories about the war.

This neighborhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly-favored places which abound with chronicle and great men. The British and American line had run near it during the war; it had, therefore, been the scene of marauding, and infested with refugees, cowboys, and all kinds of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each story-teller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction, and, in the indistinctness of his recollection, to make himself the hero of every exploit.

There was the story of Doffue Martling, a large blue-bearded Dutchman, who had nearly taken a British frigate with an old iron nine-pounder from a mud breastwork, only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge. And there was an old gentleman who shall be nameless, being too rich a mynheer to be lightly mentioned, who, in the battle of Whiteplains, being an excellent master of defense, parried a musket ball with a small sword, insomuch that he absolutely felt it whiz around the blade, and glance off at the hilt; in proof of which he was ready at any time to show the sword with the hilt a little bent. There were several more that had been equally great in the field, not one of whom but was persuaded that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to a happy termination.

But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighborhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered long-settled retreats, but are trampled under

foot by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country places. Besides, there is no encouragement for ghosts in most of our villages, for they have scarcely had time to finish their first nap, and turn themselves in their graves, before their surviving friends have traveled away from the neighborhood; so that when they turn out at night to walk their rounds they have no acquaintance left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so seldom hear of ghosts except in our long-established Dutch communities.

The immediate cause, however, of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was a contagion in the very air that blew from that haunted region; it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André was taken, and which stood in the neighborhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white, that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite specter of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country; and, it was said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust-trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken

rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it, even in the daytime; but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. This was one of the favorite haunts of the headless horseman and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the horseman returning from his foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge, when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree-tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvelous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed that, on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it, too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but, just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted, and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sank deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvelous events that had taken place in his native State of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and

fainter until they gradually died away—and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a tête-a-tête with the heiress, fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however. I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chop-fallen.—Oh, these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks?—Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival?—Heaven only knows, not I!—Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a hen-roost rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth, on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks, roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

ICHABOD'S TERRIFYING EXPERIENCES

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crestfallen, pursued his travel homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him, the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight, he could even hear the barking of the watch dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farmhouse away among the hills—but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the

guttural twang of a bull-frog, from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the center of the road stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled, and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by, and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle; he thought his whistle was answered—it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree—he paused and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan—his teeth chattered and his knees smote against the saddle; it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grapevines, threw a cavernous

gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side and kicked lustily with the contrary foot; it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffing and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents—"Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and, with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and

dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind—the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveler in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror struck, on perceiving that he was headless! —but his horror was still more increased, on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle; his terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip—but the specter started full jump with him. Away then they dashed through thick and thin; stones flying, and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskillful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half way through the hollow the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind—for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches; and (unskillful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's back-bone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones's ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash—he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at

breakfast—dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the schoolhouse, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook, but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half; two stocks for the neck; a pair or two of worsted stockings; an old pair of corduroy small-clothes; a rusty razor; a book of psalm tunes, full of dogs' ears; and a broken pitchpipe. As to the books and furniture of the schoolhouse, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's History of Witchcraft, a New England Almanac, and a book of dreams and fortune-telling; in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted in several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper, who from that time forward determined to send his children no more to school, observing that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed, and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before, he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared

them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him. The school was removed to a different quarter of the hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true, an old farmer, who had been down to New York, on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood, partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time, had been admitted to the bar, turned politician, electioneered, written for the newspapers, and finally had been made a justice of the Ten Pound Court. Brom Bones, too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin, which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means; and it is a favorite story often told about the neighborhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe, and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the mill-pond. The schoolhouse being deserted soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue; and the plowboy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography, see page 424.

Discussion. 1. What was the situation of Sleepy Hollow? 2. Read all the names Irving applies to this valley. 3. What impression do these names help to give? 4. What effect upon the inhabitants had the situation of the valley? 5. In describing this effect, what comparison does Irving use? 6. Why does Irving exaggerate Ichabod's peculiarities? 7. What stories did Ichabod enjoy? 8. What effect did these have upon him? 9. For what is the author preparing the reader when he tells this? 10. How do you account for Ichabod's disappearance? 11. Read all the hints throughout the story which helped you to come to this conclusion. 12. Read lines which show Irving's humor. 13. What is the spirit of this humor? 14. Read lines which show Irving's power to describe nature. 15. What do you think is the finest description in the tale? 16. Pronounce the following: inapplicable; genius; formidable; patrons; grievous; elm; Herculean; alternative; horizon; hospitable.

Phrases

spacious coves, **479**, 1
inveterate propensity, **479**, 9
precise and authentic, **479**, 12
prolonged and reverberated, **479**, 24
pow-wows, **480**, 13
legendary superstition, **481**, 5
great torrent of migration, **481**, 19
genius of famine, **482**, 11
cruel potentates, **482**, 34
comforts of the cupboard, **483**, 13
dilating powers of an anaconda, **483**, 18
legitimately descended, **484**, 11
direful omens, **486**, 3
curdling awe, **486**, 19
sumptuous promise, **488**, 13
utensils of husbandry, **489**, 9
labyrinth of whims, **490**, 6
rantipole hero, **491**, 10
obstinately pacific system, **493**, 3
early emancipation, **494**, 19
culinary abundance, **496**, 5
sequestered situation, **500**, 27
ill-starred, **503**, 18
diligent investigation, **507**, 5
forthwith consigned, **507**, 25

THE GREAT STONE FACE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

One afternoon, when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

And what was the Great Stone Face?

Embosomed amongst a family of lofty mountains, there was a valley so spacious that it contained many thousand inhabitants. Some of these good people dwelt in log-huts, with the black forest all around them, on the steep and difficult hillsides. Others had their homes in comfortable farmhouses, and cultivated the rich soil on the gentle slopes or level surfaces of the valley. Others, again, were congregated into populous villages, where some wild, highland rivulet, tumbling down from its birthplace in the upper mountain region, had been caught and tamed by human cunning, and compelled to turn the machinery of cotton-factories. The inhabitants of this valley, in short, were numerous, and of many modes of life. But all of them, grown people and children, had a kind of familiarity with the Great Stone Face, although some possessed the gift of distinguishing this grand natural phenomenon more perfectly than many of their neighbors.

The Great Stone Face, then, was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the

other. True it is, that if the spectator approached too near, he lost the outline of the gigantic visage, and could discern only a heap of ponderous and gigantic rocks, piled in chaotic ruin one upon another. Retracing his steps, however, the wondrous features would again be seen; and the farther he withdrew from them, the more like a human face, with all its original divinity intact, did they appear; until, as it grew dim in the distance, with the clouds and glorified vapor of the mountains clustering about it, the Great Stone Face seemed positively to be alive.

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more. It was an education only to look at it. According to the belief of many people, the valley owed much of its fertility to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over it, illuminating the clouds, and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage-door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

"Mother," said he, while the Titanic visage smiled on him, "I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that."

"What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me all about it!"

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a story, nevertheless, so very old, that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree-tops.

The purport was, that, at some future day, a child should be born hereabouts, who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face. Not a few old-fashioned people, and young ones likewise, in the ardor of their hopes, still cherished an enduring faith in this old prophecy. But others, who had seen more of the world, had watched and waited till they were weary, and had beheld no man with such a face, nor any man that proved to be much greater or nobler than his neighbors, concluded it to be nothing but an idle tale. At all events, the great man of the prophecy had not yet appeared.

"O mother, dear mother!" cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, "I do hope that I shall live to see him!"

His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the generous hopes of her little boy. So she only said to him, "Perhaps you may."

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. It was always in his mind, whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log-cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother, and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands, and more with his loving heart. In this manner, from a happy yet often pensive child, he grew up to be a mild, quiet, unobtrusive boy, and sun-browned with labor in the fields, but with more intelligence brightening his aspect than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement, responsive to his own look of veneration. We must not take upon us to affirm that this was a mistake, although the Face may have looked no more kindly at Ernest than at all the world besides. But the secret was that the boy's tender and confiding simplicity discerned what other people could not see; and thus the love, which was meant for all, became his peculiar portion.

About this time there went a rumor throughout the valley, that

the great man, foretold from ages long ago, who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face, had appeared at last. It seems that, many years before, a young man had migrated from the valley and settled at a distant seaport, where, after getting together a little money, he had set up as a shopkeeper. His name —but I could never learn whether it was his real one, or a nickname that had grown out of his habits and success in life—was Gathergold. Being shrewd and active, and endowed by Providence with that inscrutable faculty which develops itself in what the world calls luck, he became an exceedingly rich merchant, and owner of a whole fleet of bulky-bottomed ships. All the countries of the globe appeared to join hands for the mere purpose of adding heap after heap to the mountainous accumulation of this one man's wealth. The cold regions of the north, almost within the gloom and shadow of the Arctic Circle, sent him their tribute in the shape of furs; hot Africa sifted for him the golden sands of her rivers, and gathered up the ivory tusks of her great elephants out of the forests; the East came bringing him the rich shawls, and spices, and teas, and the effulgence of diamonds, and the gleaming purity of large pearls. The ocean, not to be behindhand with the earth, yielded up her mighty whales, that Mr. Gathergold might sell their oil, and make a profit on it. Be the original commodity what it might, it was gold within his grasp. It might be said of him, as of Midas in the fable, that whatever he touched with his finger immediately glistened, and grew yellow, and was changed at once into sterling metal, or, which suited him still better, into piles of coin. And, when Mr. Gathergold had become so very rich that it would have taken him a hundred years only to count his wealth, he bethought himself of his native valley, and resolved to go back thither, and end his days where he was born. With this purpose in view, he sent a skillful architect to build him such a palace as should be fit for a man of his vast wealth to live in.

As I have said above, it had already been rumored in the valley that Mr. Gathergold had turned out to be the prophetic personage so long and vainly looked for, and that his visage was the perfect and undeniable similitude of the Great Stone Face.

People were the more ready to believe that this must needs be the fact, when they beheld the splendid edifice that rose, as if by enchantment, on the site of his father's old weatherbeaten farmhouse. The exterior was of marble, so dazzlingly white that it seemed as though the whole structure might melt away in the sunshine, like those humbler ones which Mr. Gathergold, in his young play-days, before his fingers were gifted with the touch of transmutation, had been accustomed to build of snow. It had a richly ornamented portico, supported by tall pillars, beneath which was a lofty door, studded with silver knobs, and made of a kind of variegated wood that had been brought from beyond the sea. The windows, from the floor to the ceiling of each stately apartment, were composed, respectively, of but one enormous pane of glass, so transparently pure that it was said to be a finer medium than even the vacant atmosphere. Hardly anybody had been permitted to see the interior of this palace; but it was reported, and with good semblance of truth, to be far more gorgeous than the outside, insomuch that whatever was iron or brass in other houses was silver or gold in this; and Mr. Gathergold's bedchamber, especially, made such a glittering appearance that no ordinary man would have been able to close his eyes there. But, on the other hand, Mr. Gathergold was now so inured to wealth, that perhaps he could not have closed his eyes unless where the gleam of it was certain to find its way beneath his eyelids.

In due time, the mansion was finished; next came the upholsterers, with magnificent furniture; then, a whole troop of black and white servants, the harbingers of Mr. Gathergold, who, in his own majestic person, was expected to arrive at sunset. Our friend Ernest, meanwhile, had been deeply stirred by the idea that the great man, the noble man, the man of prophecy, after so many ages of delay, was at length to be made manifest to his native valley. He knew, boy as he was, that there were a thousand ways in which Mr. Gathergold, with his vast wealth, might transform himself into an angel of beneficence, and assume a control over human affairs as wide and benignant as the smile of the Great Stone Face. Full of faith and hope, Ernest doubted not that what the people said was true, and that now he was to behold

the living likeness of those wondrous features on the mountain-side. While the boy was still gazing up the valley, and fancying, as he always did, that the Great Stone Face returned his gaze and looked kindly at him, the rumbling of wheels was heard, approaching swiftly along the winding road.

"Here he comes!" cried a group of people who were assembled to witness the arrival. "Here comes the great Mr. Gathergold!"

A carriage, drawn by four horses, dashed round the turn of the road. Within it, thrust partly out of the window, appeared the physiognomy of the old man, with a skin as yellow as if his own Midas-hand had transmuted it. He had a low forehead, small, sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable wrinkles, and very thin lips, which he made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together.

"The very image of the Great Stone Face!" shouted the people. "Sure enough, the old prophecy is true; and here we have the great man come, at last!"

And, what greatly perplexed Ernest, they seemed actually to believe that here was the likeness which they spoke of. By the roadside there chanced to be an old beggar-woman and two little beggar-children, stragglers from some far-off region, who, as the carriage rolled onward, held out their hands and lifted up their doleful voices, most piteously beseeching charity. A yellow claw —the very same that had clawed together so much wealth—poked itself out of the coach-window, and dropped some copper coins upon the ground; so that, though the great man's name seems to have been Gathergold, he might just as suitably have been nicknamed Scattercopper. Still, nevertheless, with an earnest shout, and with as much good faith as ever, the people bellowed—

"He is the very image of the Great Stone Face!"

But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that sordid visage, and gazed up the valley, where, amid a gathering mist, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had impressed themselves into his soul. Their aspect cheered him. What did the benign lips seem to say?

"He will come! Fear not, Ernest; the man will come!"

The years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy. He had grown to be a young man now. He attracted little notice from the other inhabitants of the valley; for they saw nothing remarkable in his way of life, save that, when the labor of the day was over, he still loved to go apart and gaze and meditate upon the Great Stone Face. According to their idea of the matter, it was a folly, indeed, but pardonable, inasmuch as Ernest was industrious, kind, and neighborly, and neglected no duty for the sake of indulging this idle habit. They knew not that the Great Stone Face had become a teacher to him, and that the sentiment which was expressed in it would enlarge the young man's heart, and fill it with wider and deeper sympathies than other hearts. They knew not that thence would come a better wisdom than could be learned from books, and a better life than could be molded on the defaced example of other human lives. Neither did Ernest know that the thoughts and affections which came to him so naturally, in the fields and at the fireside, and wherever he communed with himself, were of a higher tone than those which all men shared with him. A simple soul—simple as when his mother first taught him the old prophecy—he beheld the marvelous features beaming adown the valley, and still wondered that their human counterpart was so long in making his appearance.

By this time poor Mr. Gathergold was dead and buried; and the oddest part of the matter was that his wealth, which was the body and spirit of his existence, had disappeared before his death, leaving nothing of him but a living skeleton, covered over with a wrinkled, yellow skin. Since the melting away of his gold, it had been very generally conceded that there was no such striking resemblance, after all, betwixt the ignoble features of the ruined merchant and that majestic face upon the mountain-side. So the people ceased to honor him during his lifetime, and quietly consigned him to forgetfulness after his decease. Once in a while, it is true, his memory was brought up in connection with the magnificent palace which he had built, and which had long ago been turned into a hotel for the accommodation of strangers, multitudes of whom came, every summer, to visit that famous natural curiosity, the Great Stone Face. Thus, Mr. Gathergold being dis-

credited and thrown into the shade, the man of prophecy was yet to come.

It so happened that a native-born son of the valley, many years before, had enlisted as a soldier, and, after a great deal of hard fighting, had now become an illustrious commander. Whatever he may be called in history, he was known in camps and on the battlefield under the nickname of Old Blood-and-Thunder. This war-worn veteran, being now infirm with age and wounds, and weary of the turmoil of a military life, and of the roll of the drum and the clangor of the trumpet, that had so long been ringing in his ears, had lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley, hoping to find repose where he remembered to have left it. The inhabitants, his old neighbors and their grown-up children, were resolved to welcome the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and a public dinner; and all the more enthusiastically, it being affirmed that now, at last, the likeness of the Great Stone Face had actually appeared. An aid-de-camp of Old Blood-and-Thunder, traveling through the valley, was said to have been struck with the resemblance. Moreover the schoolmates and early acquaintances of the general were ready to testify, on oath, that, to the best of their recollection, the aforesaid general had been exceedingly like the majestic image, even when a boy, only that the idea had never occurred to them at that period. Great, therefore, was the excitement throughout the valley; and many people, who had never once thought of glancing at the Great Stone Face for years before, now spent their time in gazing at it, for the sake of knowing exactly how General Blood-and-Thunder looked.

On the day of the great festival, Ernest and all the other people of the valley left their work, and proceeded to the spot where the sylvan banquet was prepared. As he approached, the loud voice of the Rev. Dr. Battleblast was heard, beseeching a blessing on the good things set before them, and on the distinguished friend of peace in whose honor they were assembled. The tables were arranged in a cleared space of the woods, shut in by the surrounding trees, except where a vista opened eastward, and afforded a distant view of the Great Stone Face. Over the general's

chair, which was a relic from the home of Washington, there was an arch of verdant boughs, with the laurel profusely intermixed, and surmounted by his country's banner, beneath which he had won his victories. Our friend Ernest raised himself on his tip-toes, in hopes to get a glimpse of the celebrated guest; but there was a mighty crowd about the tables anxious to hear the toasts and speeches, and to catch any word that might fall from the general in reply; and a volunteer company, doing duty as a guard, pricked ruthlessly with their bayonets at any particularly quiet person among the throng. So Ernest, being of an unobtrusive character, was thrust quite into the background, where he could see no more of Old Blood-and-Thunder's physiognomy than if it had been still blazing on the battlefield. To console himself, he turned towards the Great Stone Face, which, like a faithful and long-remembered friend, looked back and smiled upon him through the vista of the forest. Meanwhile, however, he could overhear the remarks of various individuals, who were comparing the features of the hero with the face on the distant mountain-side.

"'Tis the same face, to a hair!" cried one man, cutting a caper for joy.

"Wonderfully like, that's a fact!" responded another.

"Like! why, I call it Old Blood-and-Thunder himself, in a monstrous looking-glass!" cried a third. "And why not? He's the greatest man of this or any other age, beyond a doubt."

And then all three of the speakers gave a great shout, which communicated electricity to the crowd, and called forth a roar from a thousand voices, that went reverberating for miles among the mountains, until you might have supposed that the Great Stone Face had poured its thunder-breath into the cry. All these comments, and this vast enthusiasm, served the more to interest our friend; nor did he think of questioning that now, at length, the mountain-visage had found its human counterpart. It is true, Ernest had imagined that this long-looked-for personage would appear in the character of a man of peace, uttering wisdom, and doing good, and making people happy. But, taking an habitual breadth of view, with all his simplicity, he contended that Provi-

dence should choose its own method of blessing mankind, and could conceive that this great end might be effected even by a warrior and a bloody sword, should inscrutable wisdom see fit to order matters so.

"The general! the general!" was now the cry. "Hush! silence! Old Blood-and-Thunder's going to make a speech."

Even so; for, the cloth being removed, the general's health had been drunk, amid shouts of applause, and he now stood upon his feet to thank the company. Ernest saw him. There he was, over the shoulders of the crowd, from the two glittering epaulets and embroidered collar upward, beneath the arch of green boughs with intertwined laurel, and the banner drooping as if to shade his brow! And there, too, visible in the same glance, through the vista of the forest, appeared the Great Stone Face! And was there, indeed, such a resemblance as the crowd had testified? Alas, Ernest could not recognize it! He beheld a war-worn and weatherbeaten countenance, full of energy, and expressive of an iron will; but the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies, were altogether wanting in Old Blood-and-Thunder's visage; and even if the Great Stone Face had assumed his look of stern command, the milder traits would still have tempered it.

"This is not the man of prophecy," sighed Ernest to himself, as he made his way out of the throng. "And must the world wait longer yet?"

The mists had congregated about the distant mountain-side, and there were seen the grand and awful features of the Great Stone Face, awful but benignant, as if a mighty angel were sitting among the hills, and enrobing himself in a cloud-vesture of gold and purple. As he looked, Ernest could hardly believe but that a smile beamed over the whole visage, with a radiance still brightening, although without motion of the lips. It was probably the effect of the western sunshine, melting through the thinly diffused vapors that had swept between him and the object that he gazed at. But—as it always did—the aspect of his marvelous friend made Ernest as hopeful as if he had never hoped in vain.

"Fear not, Ernest," said his heart, even as if the Great Face were whispering him—"fear not, Ernest; he will come."

More years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dwelt in his native valley, and was now a man of middle age. By imperceptible degrees, he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he labored for his bread, and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been. But he had thought and felt so much, he had given so many of the best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good to mankind, that it seemed as though he had been talking with the angels, and had imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares. It was visible in the calm and well-considered beneficence of his daily life, the quiet stream of which had made a wide green margin all along its course. Not a day passed by, that the world was not the better because this man, humble as he was, had lived. He never stepped aside from his own path, yet would always reach a blessing to his neighbor. Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher. The pure and high simplicity of his thought, which, as one of its manifestations, took shape in the good deeds that dropped silently from his hand, flowed also forth in speech. He uttered truths that wrought upon and molded the lives of those who heard him. His auditors, it may be, never suspected that Ernest, their own neighbor and familiar friend, was more than an ordinary man; least of all did Ernest himself suspect it; but, inevitably as the murmur of a rivulet, came thoughts out of his mouth that no other human lips had spoken.

When the people's minds had had a little time to cool, they were ready enough to acknowledge their mistake in imagining a similarity between General Blood-and-Thunder's truculent physiognomy and the benign visage on the mountain-side. But now, again, there were reports and many paragraphs in the newspapers, affirming that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of a certain eminent statesman. He, like Mr. Gathergold and Old Blood-and-Thunder, was a native of the valley, but had left it in his early days, and taken up the trades of law and politics. Instead of the rich man's wealth and the warrior's sword, he had but a tongue, and it was mightier than both together. So wonderfully eloquent was he, that whatever he might choose to say, his auditors had no choice but to believe

him; wrong looked like right, and right like wrong; for when it pleased him, he could make a kind of illuminated fog with his mere breath, and obscure the natural daylight with it. His tongue, indeed, was a magic instrument: sometimes it rumbled like the thunder; sometimes it warbled like the sweetest music. It was the blast of war—the song of peace; and it seemed to have a heart in it, when there was no such matter. In good truth, he was a wondrous man; and when his tongue had acquired him all other imaginable success—when it had been heard in halls of state, and in the courts of princes and potentates—after it had made him known all over the world, even as a voice crying from shore to shore—it finally persuaded his countrymen to select him for the Presidency. Before this time—indeed, as soon as he began to grow celebrated—his admirers had found out the resemblance between him and the Great Stone Face; and so much were they struck by it, that throughout the country this distinguished gentleman was known by the name of Old Stony Phiz. The phrase was considered as giving a highly favorable aspect to his political prospects; for, as is likewise the case with the Popedom, nobody ever becomes President without taking a name other than his own.

While his friends were doing their best to make him President, Old Stony Phiz, as he was called, set out on a visit to the valley where he was born. Of course, he had no other object than to shake hands with his fellow-citizens, and neither thought nor cared about any effect which his progress through the country might have upon the election. Magnificent preparations were made to receive the illustrious statesman; a cavalcade of horsemen set forth to meet him at the boundary line of the State, and all the people left their business and gathered along the wayside to see him pass. Among these was Ernest. Though more than once disappointed, as we have seen, he had such a hopeful and confiding nature that he was always ready to believe in whatever seemed beautiful and good. He kept his heart continually open, and thus was sure to catch the blessing from on high when it should come. So now again, as buoyantly as ever, he went forth to behold the likeness of the Great Stone Face.

The cavalcade came prancing along the road, with a great

clattering of hoofs and a mighty cloud of dust, which rose up so dense and high that the visage of the mountain-side was completely hidden from Ernest's eyes. All the great men of the neighborhood were there on horseback; militia officers, in uniform; the member of Congress; the sheriff of the county; the editors of newspapers; and many a farmer, too, had mounted his patient steed, with his Sunday coat upon his back. It really was a very brilliant spectacle, especially as there were numerous banners flaunting over the cavalcade, on some of which were gorgeous portraits of the illustrious statesman and the Great Stone Face, smiling familiarly at one another, like two brothers. If the pictures were to be trusted, the mutual resemblance, it must be confessed, was marvelous. We must not forget to mention that there was a band of music, which made the echoes of the mountains ring and reverberate with the loud triumph of its strains; so that airy and soul-thrilling melodies broke out among all the heights and hollows, as if every nook of his native valley had found a voice, to welcome the distinguished guest. But the grandest effect was when the far-off mountain precipice flung back the music; for then the Great Stone Face itself seemed to be swelling the triumphant chorus, in acknowledgment that, at length, the man of prophecy was come.

All this while the people were throwing up their hats and shouting with enthusiasm so contagious that the heart of Ernest kindled up, and he likewise threw up his hat, and shouted, as loudly as the loudest, "Huzza for the great man! Huzza for Old Stony Phiz!" But as yet he had not seen him.

"Here he is, now!" cried those who stood near Ernest. "There! There! Look at Old Stony Phiz and then at the Old Man of the Mountain, and see if they are not as like as two twin-brothers!"

In the midst of all this gallant array came an open barouche, drawn by four white horses; and in the barouche, with his massive head uncovered, sat the illustrious statesman, Old Stony Phiz himself.

"Confess it," said one of Ernest's neighbors to him, "the Great Stone Face has met its match at last!"

Now, it must be owned that, at his first glimpse of the coun-

tenance which was bowing and smiling from the barouche, Ernest did fancy that there was a resemblance between it and the old familiar face upon the mountain-side. The brow, with its massive depth and loftiness, and all the other features, indeed, were boldly and strongly hewn, as if in emulation of a more than heroic, of a Titanic model. But the sublimity and stateliness, the grand expression of a divine sympathy, that illuminated the mountain visage and etherealized its ponderous granite substance into spirit, might here be sought in vain. Something had been originally left out, or had departed. And therefore the marvelously gifted statesman had always a weary gloom in the deep caverns of his eyes, as of a child that has outgrown its playthings or a man of mighty faculties and little aims, whose life, with all its high performances, was vague and empty, because no high purpose had endowed it with reality.

Still, Ernest's neighbor was thrusting his elbow into his side, and pressing him for an answer.

"Confess! confess! Is not he the very picture of your Old Man of the Mountain?"

"No!" said Ernest, bluntly, "I see little or no likeness."

"Then so much the worse for the Great Stone Face!" answered his neighbor; and again he set up a shout for Old Stony Phiz.

But Ernest turned away, melancholy, and almost despondent; for this was the saddest of his disappointments, to behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy, and had not willed to do so. Meantime, the cavalcade, the banners, the music, and the barouches swept past him, with the vociferous crowd in the rear, leaving the dust to settle down, and the Great Stone Face to be revealed again, with the grandeur that it had worn for untold centuries.

"Lo, here I am, Ernest!" the benign lips seemed to say. "I have waited longer than thou, and am not yet weary. Fear not; the man will come."

The years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another's heels. And now they began to bring white hairs, and scatter them over the head of Ernest; they made reverend wrinkles across his forehead, and furrows in his cheeks. He was an aged

man. But not in vain had he grown old: more than the white hairs on his head were the sage thoughts in his mind; his wrinkles and furrows were inscriptions that Time had graved, and in which he had written legends of wisdom that had been tested by the tenor of a life. And Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world, beyond the limits of the valley in which he had dwelt so quietly. College professors, and even the active men of cities, came from far to see and converse with Ernest; for the report had gone abroad that this simple husbandman had ideas unlike those of other men, not gained from books, but of a higher tone—a tranquil and familiar majesty, as if he had been talking with the angels as his daily friends. Whether it were sage, statesman, or philanthropist, Ernest received these visitors with the gentle sincerity that had characterized him from boyhood, and spoke freely with them of whatever came uppermost, or lay deepest in his heart or their own. While they talked together, his face would kindle, unawares, and shine upon them, as with a mild evening light. Pensive with the fulness of such discourse, his guests took leave and went their way; and passing up the valley, paused to look at the Great Stone Face, imagining that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this earth. He, likewise, was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life at a distance from that romantic region, pouring out his sweet music amid the bustle and din of cities. Often, however, did the mountains which had been familiar to him in his childhood lift their snowy peaks into the clear atmosphere of his poetry. Neither was the Great Stone Face forgotten, for the poet had celebrated it in an ode, which was grand enough to have been uttered by its own majestic lips. This man of genius, we may say, had come down from heaven with wonderful endowments. If he sang of a mountain, the eyes of all mankind beheld a mightier grandeur reposing on its breast, or soaring to its summit, than had before been seen there. If his theme were a lovely lake, a celestial smile

had now been thrown over it, to gleam forever on its surface. If it were the vast old sea, even the deep immensity of its dread bosom seemed to swell the higher, as if moved by the emotions of the song. Thus the world assumed another and a better aspect from the hour that the poet blessed it with his happy eyes. The Creator had bestowed him, as the last best touch to his own handiwork. Creation was not finished till the poet came to interpret, and so complete it.

The effect was no less high and beautiful, when his human brethren were the subject of his verse. The man or woman, sordid with the common dust of life, who crossed his daily path, and the little child who played in it, were glorified if he beheld them in his mood of poetic faith. He showed the golden links of the great chain that intertwined them with an angelic kindred; he brought out the hidden traits of a celestial birth that made them worthy of such kin. Some, indeed, there were, who thought to show the soundness of their judgment by affirming that all the beauty and dignity of the natural world existed only in the poet's fancy. Let such men speak for themselves, who undoubtedly appear to have been spawned forth by Nature with a contemptuous bitterness; she having plastered them up out of her refuse stuff, after all the swine were made. As respects all things else, the poet's ideal was the truest truth.

The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. He read them after his customary toil, seated on the bench before his cottage-door, where for such a length of time he had filled his repose with thought, by gazing at the Great Stone Face. And now as he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.

"O majestic friend," he murmured, addressing the Great Stone Face, "is not this man worthy to resemble thee?"

The Face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

Now it happened that the poet, though he dwelt so far away, had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man, whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning, therefore, he took

passage by the railroad, and, in the decline of the afternoon, alighted from the cars at no great distance from Ernest's cottage. The great hotel, which had formerly been the palace of Mr. Gathergold, was close at hand, but the poet, with his carpetbag on his arm, inquired at once where Ernest dwelt, and was resolved to be accepted as his guest.

Approaching the door, he there found the good old man, holding a volume in his hand, which alternately he read, and then, with a finger between the leaves, looked lovingly at the Great Stone Face.

"Good evening," said the poet. "Can you give a traveler a night's lodging?"

"Willingly," answered Ernest; and then he added, smiling, "Methinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger."

The poet sat down on the bench beside him, and he and Ernest talked together. Often had the poet held intercourse with the wittiest and the wisest but never before with a man like Ernest, whose thoughts and feelings gushed up with such a natural freedom, and who made great truths so familiar by his simple utterance of them. Angels, as had been so often said, seemed to have wrought with him at his labor in the fields; angels seemed to have sat with him by the fireside; and, dwelling with angels as friend with friends, he had imbibed the sublimity of their ideas, and imbued it with the sweet and lowly charm of household words. So thought the poet. And Ernest, on the other hand, was moved and agitated by the living images which the poet flung out of his mind, and which peopled all the air about the cottage-door with shapes of beauty, both gay and pensive. The sympathies of these two men instructed them with a profounder sense than either could have attained alone. Their minds accorded into one strain, and made delightful music which neither of them could have claimed as all his own, nor distinguished his own share from the other's. They led one another, as it were, into a high pavilion of their thoughts, so remote, and hitherto so dim, that they had never entered it before, and so beautiful that they desired to be there always.

As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen too. He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

"Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" he said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading.

"You have read these poems," said he. "You know me, then, for I wrote them."

Again, and still more earnestly than before, Ernest examined the poet's features; then turned towards the Great Stone Face; then back, with an uncertain aspect, to his guest. But his countenance fell; he shook his head, and sighed.

"Wherefore are you sad?" inquired the poet.

"Because," replied Ernest, "all through life I have awaited the fulfilment of a prophecy; and, when I read these poems, I hoped that it might be fulfilled in you."

"You hoped," answered the poet, faintly smiling, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face. And you are disappointed, as formerly with Mr. Gathergold, and Old Blood-and-Thunder, and Old Stony Phiz. Yes, Ernest, it is my doom. You must add my name to the illustrious three, and record another failure of your hopes. For—in shame and sadness do I speak it, Ernest—I am not worthy to be typified by yonder benign and majestic image."

"And why?" asked Ernest. He pointed to the volume. "Are not those thoughts divine?"

"They have a strain of the Divinity," replied the poet. "You can hear in them the far-off echo of a heavenly song. But my life, dear Ernest, has not corresponded with my thought. I have had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived—and that, too, by my own choice—among poor and mean realities. Sometimes even—shall I dare to say it?—I lack faith in the grandeur, the beauty, and the goodness, which my own works are said to have made more evident in nature and in human life. Why, then, pure seeker of the good and true, shouldst thou hope to find me, in yonder image of the divine?"

The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to discourse to an assemblage of the neighboring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants that made a tapestry for the naked rock, by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles. At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure, with freedom for such gestures as spontaneously accompany earnest thought and genuine emotion. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended, and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience. They stood, or sat, or reclined upon the grass, as seemed good to each, with the departing sunshine falling obliquely over them, and mingling its subdued cheerfulness with the solemnity of a grove of ancient trees, beneath and amid the boughs of which the golden rays were constrained to pass. In another direction was seen the Great Stone Face, with the same cheer, combined with the same solemnity, in its benignant aspect.

Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. It was not mere breath that this preacher uttered; they were the words of life, because a life of good deeds and holy love was melted into them. Pearls, pure and rich, had been dissolved into this precious draught. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverentially at the venerable man, and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance, with the glory of white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone

Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace the world.

At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression, so imbued with benevolence, that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft, and shouted—

"Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!"

Then all the people looked, and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

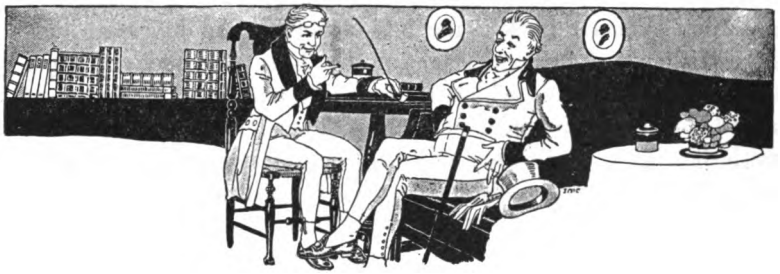
For Biography, see page 348.

Discussion. 1. What old prophecy did Ernest hope to see fulfilled? 2. What did he see in the Great Stone Face that influenced him? 3. What did Gathergold care most for? 4. For what did he use his wealth? 5. How did Ernest know this? 6. What qualities had won the soldier his fame? 7. What qualities did he lack? 8. How were his characteristics revealed? 9. In what way did the statesman fail to meet comparison with the Great Stone Face? The poet? 10. Which failure disappointed Ernest most? Why? 11. How do you account for Ernest's likeness to the Great Stone Face? 12. How was it that the poet could see the likeness when everyone else had failed to do so? 13. What may influence anyone as the Great Stone Face influenced Ernest? 14. If Gathergold represents riches, what is each of the other great men intended to represent? 15. Which of the things thus represented is the greatest? 16. What does Ernest represent? 17. What does the Great Stone Face represent? 18. Contrast Gathergold's treatment of the beggars with the way Ernest felt the Great Stone Face would have treated them. 19. Apply the principle, that the life we live is reflected in our features, spirit, and actions, to Washington and Lincoln. 20. Can you tell Hawthorne's purpose in writing this story? 21. Pronounce the following: harbingers; benign; wounds; beneficence; buoyantly; obliquely; draught.

Phrases

embosomed amongst, **510**, 7
majestic playfulness, **510**, 23
chaotic ruin, **511**, 3
original divinity intact, **511**, 6
benign aspect, **511**, 16
peculiar portion, **512**, 36
mountainous accumulation, **513**, 13
touch of transmutation, **514**, 7
sylvan banquet, **517**, 31
angelic kindred, **525**, 14

AMERICAN LITERATURE OF LIGHTER VEIN



THE CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG

MARK TWAIN

In compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, *Leonidas W.* Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that *Leonidas W.* Smiley is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that, if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous *Jim* Smiley, and he would go to work and bore me nearly to death with some infernal reminiscence of him as long and tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it certainly succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the old, dilapidated tavern in the ancient mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up and gave me good-day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named *Leonidas W.* Smiley—*Rev. Leonidas W.* Smiley—a young minister of the Gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident

of Angel's Camp. I added that, if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat me down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned the initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse*. To me, the spectacle of a man drifting serenely along through such a queer yarn without ever smiling, was exquisitely absurd. As I said before, I asked him to tell me what he knew of Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, and he replied as follows. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once:

There was a feller here once by the name of *Jim* Smiley, in the winter of '49—or maybe it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume wasn't finished when he first came to the camp; but any way, he was the curiosest man about always betting on any thing that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't, he'd change sides. Any way that suited the other man would suit him—any way just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solitry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse-race, you'd find him flush or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-

meeting, he would be there reg'lar, to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was, too, and a good man. If he even seen a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get to wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him*—he would bet on *any* thing—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley asked how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for his inf'nit mercy—and coming on so smart that, with the blessing of Prov'dence, she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, "Well, I'll risk two-and-a-half that she don't, any way."

Thish-yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust, and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.

And he had a little small bull pup, that to look at him you'd think he wan't worth a cent, but to set around and look ornery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him, he was a different dog; his underjaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover, and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him, and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over

his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what *he* was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chaw, you understand, but only jest grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off by a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had been in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius—I know it, because he hadn't had no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances, if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken cocks, and tom-cats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'klated to edercate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all

right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most any thing—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies!" and quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up, and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of that frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywheres, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come across him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it an't—it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "He's good enough for *one* thing, I should judge—he can outjump ary frog in Calaveras county."

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"Maybe you don't," Smiley says. "Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you an't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion, and I'll risk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his forepaws just even with Dan'l, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One—two—three—jump!" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it wan't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulders—this way—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, "Well, *I* don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for—I wonder if there an't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow."

And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and lifted him up and says, "Why, blame my cats, if he don't weigh five pound!" and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And—

[Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.] And turning to me as he moved away, he said, "Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy—I ain't going to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond *Jim* Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. *Leonidas W.* Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he buttonholed me and recommenced:

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yaller one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only jest a short stump like a bannanner, and—"

"Oh, hang Smiley and his afflicted cow!" I muttered, good-naturedly, and bidding the old gentleman good-day, I departed.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Samuel Langhorne Clemens (1835-1910), better known by his pen name Mark Twain, is America's greatest humorous writer. Like Walt Whitman he was of humble parentage. He was born in the village of Florida, Missouri, and at the age of four years, moved with his parents to the river town of Hannibal, which he immortalized in his two most popular books, *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn.* He became a printer and later a pilot on a Mississippi steamboat. For a few years he served as assistant to his brother who was secretary of the Territory of Nevada. This brought him in touch with the gold fields of the West, and he set out to make his fortune in a mining camp. He found only a very small amount of gold, but his wonderful experiences in the West furnish the basis of some of his most popular stories and books, such as "The Celebrated Jumping Frog" and *Roughing It.* As a newspaper reporter he chose the pen name Mark Twain, an old river expression, meaning the mark that registers two (twain) fathoms (twelve feet) of water. His start to literary fame came with the publication of the story "The Celebrated Jumping Frog." Later he traveled through Europe and the Holy Land, paying his expenses

by means of a series of letters describing his trip, written for a San Francisco newspaper. These letters were afterward collected in a book called *The Innocents Abroad,* a delightfully humorous collection of descriptive sketches. For a time he was part owner and associate editor of the *Buffalo Express,* but the investment was not profitable and he spent much of his time on the lecture platform. He died at Redding, Connecticut, in his seventy-fifth year.

Discussion. 1. What paragraphs in this selection relate the circumstances under which Simon Wheeler's reminiscences of Jim Smiley were told? 2. What were these circumstances? 3. Are all parts of these introductory paragraphs to be taken seriously? 4. Does Mark Twain intend to convince his readers that they will find Simon Wheeler's narrative "monotonous" and "interminable"? 5. Why does he call it so? 6. What paragraphs in these reminiscences lead up to the story of the jumping frog? 7. In whom do these paragraphs serve to interest the reader? 8. What is this person's most marked characteristic? 9. What illustrations of this characteristic are given? 10. Did you enjoy reading this selection? 11. Can you tell what made it enjoyable? 12. Pronounce the following: infamous; inquiries; exquisitely; fellow; amateur.

Phrases

in compliance, **531**, 1
hereunto append, **531**, 4
initial sentence, **532**, 8
slightest suspicion of enthusiasm, **532**, 9
transcendent genius of *finesse,* **532**, 14
cavorting and straddling up, **533**, 25
lattice box, **535**, 21
anchored out **536**, 26

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

I wrote some lines once on a time
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;
How kind it was of him
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb!

"These to the printer," I exclaimed.
And, in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest),
"There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth; he broke into a roar;
The fifth; his waistband split;
The sixth; he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894) was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the son of a Congregational minister. He attended Phillips Exeter Academy and was graduated from Harvard College in the famous class of 1829. After studying medicine and anatomy in Paris, he began practicing in Boston. Later he was made professor of anatomy and physiology at Dartmouth College, and afterwards at Harvard. In 1850

he wrote the poem "Old Ironsides" as a protest against the dismantling of the historic battleship *Constitution* which lay in the harbor. It stirred the entire country so that the Secretary of the Navy found it advisable to recall the order he had issued. Like Bryant, Holmes was a poet on occasion, not by profession. For more than forty years after he entered on his duties at Harvard he delivered his four lectures a week eight months of the year, and President Eliot bore witness that he was not less skillful with the scalpel and the microscope than with the pen.

When Lowell was offered the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*, he made it a condition of his acceptance that Holmes should be a contributor. The result was a series of articles entitled *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.* Among his poems, the best known are his "Chambered Nautilus," "The Height of the Ridiculous", "The Deacon's Masterpiece" (The One Hoss Shay), and short poems in celebration of various occasions. Among these are some forty poems read at anniversaries of his college class, notably the one beginning: "Has any old fellow got mixed with the boys?" In this he refers playfully to the author of "America" as one whom "Fate tried to conceal by naming him Smith."

He wrote several novels, but it is as the author of the *Autocrat* series and by his humorous poems that he will be best remembered by his readers. By his personal associates he was most fondly remembered for his sunny, cheerful disposition and his witty conversation.

Discussion. 1. What is it that is described by the poet as being the "height of the ridiculous"? 2. What incidents are related that seem to show him to be right in this estimate? 3. What opinion of the poet does the poem give you? 4. In what state of mind do you think of him as writing it? 5. What is the "trifling jest" referred to in stanza 4? 6. What have the humorists done for the world? 7. Of what use is a poem like this?

Phrases

the height of the ridiculous, **538** (title)
albeit, in the general way, **538**, 7
a trifling jest, **539**, 7
a chuckling noise, **539**, 15

THE GIFT OF THE MAGI

O. HENRY

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at $8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid $30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to $20, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the

powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a gray cat walking a gray fence in a gray backyard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only $1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only $1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling—something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an $8 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat.

With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out of the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped, the sign read: "Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practiced hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain, simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation—as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value—the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends—a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant school-

boy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do—oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?"

At 7 o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two—and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't live through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again—you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas,' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice—what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet, even after the hardest mental labor.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you—sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year—what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs—the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshiped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jeweled rims—just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able

to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. William Sidney Porter (1862-1910), better known by his pen name, O. Henry, was born in Greensboro, North Carolina. His teacher was his aunt, who encouraged his love of stories and story-telling. As a boy he read widely and showed a natural gift for sketching. When a mere boy, he went to Texas where he spent two years on a sheep ranch. He became a reporter for the *Daily Post* of Houston, Texas, and later he wrote extensively for the leading magazines. In 1902 he went to New York City to live and from this time on he devoted himself almost exclusively

to short-story writing. He holds a prominent place among the world's greatest short-story writers. His best known books are *The Four Million,* from which "The Gift of the Magi" is taken, *Whirligigs,* and *Heart of the West,* portraying life in Texas. His stories are drawn from real situations and picture the various types found in ordinary American life. They are noted for their surprising endings and for their warm human sympathy.

Discussion. 1. Has this story an interesting beginning? 2. What does it make you curious about? 3. Throughout the story find other instances where the author arouses your curiosity, but does not immediately tell you what you wish to know. 4. When did a plan for obtaining money first suggest itself to Della? 5. Where do you first begin to suspect what the plan is? 6. Does Jim's behavior, when he is told that Della has cut off her hair, puzzle you as well as Della? 7. Where do you learn why he was so bewildered? 8. O. Henry's stories usually have a surprise at the end; is there a surprise in this one? 9. What reason do you see for calling Jim and Della "the magi"?

Phrases

imputation of parsimony, **541**, 4
instigates the moral reflection, **541**, 9
beggar description, **541**, 14
mendicancy squad, **541**, 15
appertaining thereunto, **541**, 19
a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, **542**, 14
just to depreciate, **542**, 26
meretricious ornamentation, **543**, 22
repairing the ravages, **543**, 33
immovable as a setter, **544**, 20
patent fact, **544**, 36
inconsequential object, **545**, 13
case of duplication, **546**, 21

WOUTER VAN TWILLER

WASHINGTON IRVING

It was in the year of our Lord 1629 that Mynheer Wouter Van Twiller was appointed governor of the province of Nieuw-Nederlandts, under the commission and control of their High Mightinesses, the Lords States General of the United Netherlands, and the privileged West India Company.

This renowned old gentleman arrived at New-Amsterdam in the merry month of June, the sweetest month in all the year;

when Dan Apollo seems to dance up the transparent firmament —when the robin, the thrush, and a thousand other wanton songsters made the woods resound with amorous ditties, and the luxurious little boblincon revels among the clover blossoms of the meadows—all which happy coincidence persuaded the old dames of New-Amsterdam, who were skilled in the art of foretelling events, that this was to be a happy and prosperous administration.

The renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam; and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety, that they were never either heard or talked of—which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all sage magistrates and rulers.

There are two opposite ways by which some men get into notice—one by talking a vast deal and thinking a little, and the other by holding their tongues, and not thinking at all. By the first, many a vaporing, superficial pretender acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts—by the other, many a vacant dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be complimented by a discerning world with all the attributes of wisdom. This, by the way, is a mere casual remark, which I would not for the universe have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. On the contrary, he was a very wise Dutchman, for he never said a foolish thing—and of such invincible gravity, that he was never known to laugh, or even to smile, through the course of a long and prosperous life. Certain, however, it is, there never was a matter proposed, however simple, and on which your common narrow-minded mortals would rashly determine at the first glance, but what the renowned Wouter put on a mighty, mysterious, vacant kind of look, shook his capacious head, and, having smoked for five minutes with redoubled earnestness, sagely observed that he had his doubts about the matter—which in process of time gained him the character of a man slow in belief, and not easily imposed on.

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was as regularly

formed and nobly proportioned, as though it had been molded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions that Dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his backbone, just between the shoulders. His body was of an oblong form, particularly capacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs, though exceeding short, were sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a robustious beer-barrel, standing on skids. His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, perfectly unfurrowed or deformed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in the hazy firmament; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a Spitzenberg apple.

His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four and twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller—a true philosopher, for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories, by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

In his council he presided with great state and solemnity.

He sat in a huge chair of solid oak, hewn in the celebrated forest of the Hague, fabricated by an experienced timmerman of Amsterdam, and curiously carved about the arms and feet, into exact imitations of gigantic eagle's claws. Instead of a scepter, he swayed a long Turkish pipe, wrought with jasmine and amber, which had been presented to a Stadtholder of Holland, at the conclusion of a treaty with one of the petty Barbary powers. In this stately chair would he sit, and this magnificent pipe would he smoke, shaking his right knee with a constant motion, and fixing his eye for hours together upon a little print of Amsterdam, which hung in a black frame against the opposite wall of the council chamber. Nay, it has even been said, that when any deliberation of extraordinary length and intricacy was on the carpet, the renowned Wouter would absolutely shut his eyes for full two hours at a time, that he might not be disturbed by external objects—and at such times the internal commotion of his mind was evinced by certain regular guttural sounds, which his admirers declared were merely the noise of conflict, made by his contending doubts and opinions.

It is with infinite difficulty I have been enabled to collect these biographical anecdotes of the great man under consideration. The facts respecting him were so scattered and vague, and divers of them so questionable in point of authenticity, that I have had to give up the search after many, and decline the admission of still more, which would have tended to heighten the coloring of his portrait.

I have been the more anxious to delineate fully the person and habits of the renowned Van Twiller, from the consideration that he was not only the first, but also the best governor that ever presided over this ancient and respectable province; and so tranquil and benevolent was his reign, that I do not find throughout the whole of it, a single instance of any offender being brought to punishment—a most indubitable sign of a merciful governor, and a case unparalleled, excepting in the reign of the illustrious King Log, from whom, it is hinted, the renowned Van Twiller was a lineal descendant.

The very outset of the career of this excellent magistrate was

distinguished by an example of legal acumen, that gave flattering presage of a wise and equitable administration. The morning after he had been solemnly installed in office, and at the moment that he was making his breakfast, from a prodigious earthen dish, filled with milk and Indian pudding, he was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of one Wandle Schoonhoven, a very important old burgher of New-Amsterdam, who complained bitterly of one Barent Bleecker, inasmuch as he fraudulently refused to come to a settlement of accounts, seeing that there was a heavy balance in favor of the said Wandle. Governor Van Twiller, as I have already observed, was a man of few words; he was likewise a mortal enemy to multiplying writings—or being disturbed at his breakfast. Having listened attentively to the statement of Wandle Schoonhoven, giving an occasional grunt, as he shoveled a spoonful of Indian pudding into his mouth—either as a sign that he relished the dish, or comprehended the story—he called unto him his constable, and pulling out of his breeches pocket a huge jack-knife, despatched it after the defendant as a summons, accompanied by his tobacco-box as a warrant.

This summary process was as effectual in those simple days as was the seal ring of the great Haroun Alraschid among the true believers. The two parties being confronted before him, each produced a book of accounts written in a language and character that would have puzzled any but a High Dutch commentator, or a learned decipherer of Egyptian obelisks, to understand. The sage Wouter took them one after the other, and having poised them in his hands, and attentively counted over the number of leaves, fell straightway into a very great doubt, and smoked for half an hour without saying a word; at length, laying his finger beside his nose, and shutting his eyes for a moment, with the air of a man who has just caught a subtle idea by the tail, he slowly took his pipe from his mouth, puffed forth a column of tobacco-smoke, and with marvelous gravity and solemnity pronounced—that having carefully counted over the leaves and weighed the books, it was found, that one was just as thick and as heavy as the other—therefore it was the final opinion of the court that the accounts were equally balanced—therefore Wandle

should give Barent a receipt, and Barent should give Wandle a receipt—and the constable should pay the costs.

This decision being straightway made known, diffused general joy throughout New-Amsterdam, for the people immediately perceived that they had a very wise and equitable magistrate to rule over them. But its happiest effect was, that not another law-suit took place throughout the whole of his administration—and the office of constable fell into such decay that there was not one of those losel scouts known in the province for many years. I am the more particular in dwelling on this transaction, not only because I deem it one of the most sage and righteous judgments on record, and well worthy the attention of modern magistrates, but because it was a miraculous event in the history of the renowned Wouter—being the only time he was ever known to come to a decision in the whole course of his life.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

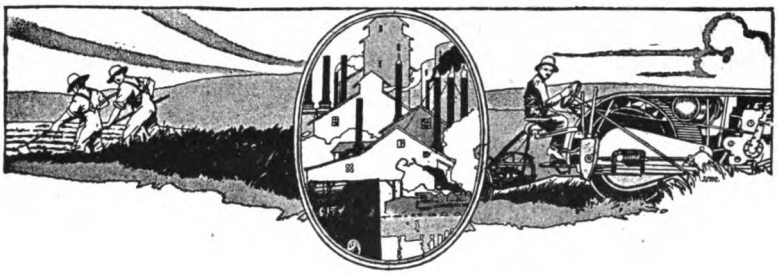
For Biography, see page 424.

Discussion. 1. Does Irving describe Wouter Van Twiller directly or indirectly? 2. What conclusion are you led to concerning Wouter's mentality, despite the author's statements to the contrary? 3. Describe Wouter's appearance in your own words. 4. Do you think the author is more inclined to state facts, or to imply them? Prove your point through the paragraphs dealing with the Dutchman's behavior during the council meetings. 5. What was the only decision that Wouter ever reached? 6. Do you think Irving uses any of the following methods for developing the humor of the tale: exaggeration, sarcasm, irony? Or do you think the humor lies in the way he relates with great seriousness facts that are obviously ridiculous? 7. What do you think is the most amusing incident or description in the sketch?

Phrases

under the commission and control, **547**, 3
transparent firmament, **548**, 1
amorous ditties, **548**, 3
successively dozed away, **548**, 10
vaporing, superficial pretender, **548**, 19
nobly proportioned, **549**, 1
stupendous dimensions, **549**, 5
infallible index, **549**, 15
lesser magnitude, **549**, 20
fabricated by an experienced timmerman, **550**, 2
deliberation of extraordinary length, **550**, 18
point of authenticity, **550**, 23
example of legal acumen, **551**, 1
losel scouts, **552**, 9

AMERICAN WORKERS AND THEIR WORK



MAKERS OF THE FLAG

FRANKLIN K. LANE

This morning as I passed into the Land Office, the Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

. "I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said; "aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a Government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice; "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in the Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter, whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on, when the Flag stopped me with these words:

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the

future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night, to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working!" Then came a great shout from the Flag:

"The work that we do is the making of the Flag.

"I am not the flag; not at all. I am nothing more than its shadow.

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a People may become.

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heartbreaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when workmen do an honest piece of work, fitting rails together truly.

"Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward.

"Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

"But always, I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for.

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the Constitution and the courts, the statutes and the statute makers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of tomorrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

"I am no more than what you believe me to be, and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Franklin Knight Lane (1864-——) was born near Charlottetown, Canada. While he was yet a small boy his parents moved to California, where he attended the State University at Berkeley, being graduated in 1886. Then he entered the newspaper field and became New York correspondent for a number of papers in the West. He was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-five and practiced law in San Francisco. In 1913 he was appointed Secretary of the Interior in the Cabinet of President Wilson. "Makers of the Flag" is an address made by Secretary Lane, in June, 1914, before the five thousand officers and employees of the Department of the Interior.

Discussion. 1. Why did the Flag greet the author as "Mr. Flag Maker"? 2. Why are the Georgia boy, the mother in Michigan, and the school teacher in Ohio, Makers of the Flag? 3. Tell in your own words some of the things that Mr. Lane says the Flag is. 4. What does the Flag mean by saying, "I am all that you hope to be and have the courage to try for"? 5. How is the Flag a "symbol of yourself"? 6. Do you think that *you* are a Maker of the Flag? 7. In your opinion, what class of people are the greatest Makers of the Flag? 8. Pronounce the following: cordial; government; garish; ego.

Phrases

cordial salutation, **553**, 2
swelter of yesterday, **553**, 9
Indian contract, **553**, 11
beneficent individuals, **553**, 16
financial panics, **554**, 8
cynically I play the coward, **554**, 25
ego that blasts judgment, **554**, 26
mistake of tomorrow, **554**, 37
clutch of an idea, **555**, 2
purpose of resolution, **555**, 2

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING

WALT WHITMAN

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be, blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the deck-hand singing on the steamboat deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,
The wood-cutters' song, the plowboy's on his way in the morning, or at noon intermission, or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work, or of the girl sewing or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,
The day what belongs to the day—at night the party of young fellows, robust, friendly,
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Walt Whitman (1819-1892) was born in Huntington, Long Island, and educated in the public schools of Brooklyn. He left school at the early age of thirteen to make his own way in life. At different times he was school teacher, carpenter, builder, journalist, and poet. During the Civil War he became a volunteer nurse in and about Washington, D. C., and the story of his unselfish hospital service is one of the most inspiring that has come down to us from that war. Lincoln said of him, "Well, *he* looks like a *man!*"

Two points about Whitman are worthy of notice. The first is that he was a man of intensely democratic sympathies. He wrote of "the dear love of comrades" as the real means for bringing about a better understanding among men of every nation, a better government, and the end of war. He loved every part of America, and all America's sons and daughters.

The word "democracy" constantly occurs in his poetry and his prose, and by it he means the cultivation of love and coöperation among men. He had a vision of the time when autocratic government, and all forms of selfishness, should cease among men; like Burns, he dwelt on the time when men all over the world should be brothers.

The second point is closely related to the first. In his dislike for conventional and exclusive life he objected even to the *form* developed for poetry through centuries. He was a lover of freedom, even in writing. So he rarely uses rimes and stanzas. He calls his form "chants," and so they are, chants of human brotherhood and sympathy.

Discussion. 1. Who is it that the poet hears singing? 2. In stanza 1, what "varied carols" does he hear? 3. What do you think was the poet's underlying idea in writing this poem? 4. Do you think that he meant to point out that the road to happiness is the road to work?

Phrases

varied carols, **556, 1** noon intermission, **556, 12**

PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!

WALT WHITMAN

Come my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready,
Have you your pistols? Have you your sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers! O pioneers!

For we cannot tarry here,
We must march my darlings, we must bear the brunt of danger,
We the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O you youths, Western youths,
So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship,
Plain I see you Western youths, see you tramping with the foremost,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the past we leave behind,
We debouch upon a newer mightier world, varied world,
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We detachments steady throwing,
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the unknown ways,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing deep the mines within,
We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin soil upheaving,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Colorado men are we,
From the peaks gigantic, from the great sierras and the high plateaus,
From the mine and from the gully, from the hunting trail we come,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

From Nebraska, from Arkansas,
Central inland race are we, from Missouri, with the continental blood intervein'd,
All the hands of comrades clasping, all the Southern, all the Northern,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O resistless restless race!
O beloved race in all! O my breast aches with tender love for all!
O I mourn and yet exult, I am rapt with love for all,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. Whom does the poet address in stanza 1? 2. What does he ask them if they have ready? 3. Why cannot they "tarry here"? 4. How does the poet characterize the "western youths"? 5. Why must the Pioneers "take up the task eternal"? 6. What new world do they enter upon? 7. Mention some of the tasks that the Pioneers must do. 8. Where do these pioneers come from? 9. Why does the poet mourn and yet exult?

Phrases

bear the brunt, **557**, 6
sinewy races, **557**, 7
task eternal, **558**, 3
we debouch, **558**, 6
surface broad surveying, **558**, 15
continental blood intervein'd, **558**, 22

THE BEANFIELD

HENRY D. THOREAU

Before I finished my house, wishing to earn ten or twelve dollars by some honest and agreeable method, in order to meet my unusual expenses, I planted about two acres and a half chiefly with beans, but a small part with potatoes, corn, peas, and turnips.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile my beans, the length of whose rows, added together, was seven miles, were impatient to be hoed, for the earliest had grown considerably before the latest were in the ground; indeed they were not easily to be put off. What was the meaning of this so steady and self-respecting, this small Herculean labor, I knew not. I came to love my rows, my beans, though so many more than I wanted. They attached me to the earth, and so I got strength like Antaeus. But why should I raise them? Only Heaven knows. This was my curious labor all summer—to make this portion of the earth's surface, which had yielded only cinque-

foil, blackberries, johnswort, and the like, before, sweet wild fruits and pleasant flowers, produce instead this pulse. What shall I learn of beans or beans of me? I cherish them, I hoe them, early and late I have an eye to them; and this is my day's work. It is a fine broad leaf to look on. My auxiliaries are the dews and rains which water this dry soil, and what fertility is in the soil itself, which for the most part is lean and effete. My enemies are worms, cool days and, most of all, woodchucks. The last have nibbled for me a quarter of an acre clean. But what right had I to oust johnswort and the rest, and break up their ancient herb garden? Soon, however, the remaining beans will be too tough for them, and go forward to meet new foes.

I planted about two acres and a half of upland. Before any woodchuck or squirrel had run across the road, or the sun had gotten above the shrub-oaks, while all the dew was on—I would advise you to do all your work if possible while the dew is on—I began to level the ranks of haughty weeds in my beanfield and to throw dust upon their heads. Early in the morning I worked barefooted, dabbling like a plastic artist in the dewy and crumbling sand, but later in the day the sun blistered my feet. The sun lighted me to hoe beans, pacing slowly backward and forward over that yellow gravelly upland, between the long green rows, fifteen rods, the one end terminating in a shrub-oak copse where I could rest in the shade the other in a blackberry field where the green berries deepened their tints by the time I had made another round. Removing the weeds putting fresh soil about the bean stems and encouraging this weed which I had sown, making the yellow soil express its summer thought in bean leaves and blossoms rather than in wormwood and piper and millet grass, making the earth say beans instead of grass—this was my daily work. As I had little aid from horses or cattle, or hired men or boys, or improved implements of husbandry, I was much slower, and became much more intimate with my beans than usual.

It was a singular experience, that long acquaintance which I cultivated with beans, what with planting, and hoeing, and harvesting, and threshing, and picking over and selling them—the last was the hardest of all—I might add eating for I did taste.

I was determined to know beans. When they were growing, I used to hoe from five o'clock in the morning till noon, and commonly spent the rest of the day about other affairs. Consider the intimate and curious acquaintance one makes with various kinds of weeds. That's Roman wormwood—that's pigweed—that's sorrel—that's piper-grass—have at him, chop him up, turn his roots upward to the sun, don't let him have a fiber in the shade; if you do he'll turn himself t'other side up and be as green as a leek in two days. A long war, not with cranes, but with weeds, those Trojans who had sun and rain and dews on their side. Daily the beans saw me come to their rescue armed with a hoe, and thin the ranks of their enemies, filling up the trenches with weedy dead. Many a lusty crest-waving Hector, that towered a whole foot above his crowding comrades, fell before my weapon and rolled in the dust.

My farm outgoes for the season were, for implements, seed, work, etc., $14.72½. I got twelve bushels of beans and eighteen bushels of potatoes, besides some peas and sweet corn. The yellow corn and turnips were too late to come to anything. My whole income from the farm was—

	$23.44
Deducting the outgoes.....	14.72½
There are left.....	$ 8.71½

This is the result of my experience in raising beans. Plant the common small white bush bean about the first of June, in rows three feet by eighteen inches apart, being careful to select fresh, round, and unmixed seed. First look out for worms, and supply vacancies by planting anew. Then look out for woodchucks, if it is an exposed place, for they will nibble off the earliest tender leaves almost clean as they go; and again, when the young tendrils make their appearance, they have notice of it, and will shear them off with both buds and young pods, sitting erect like a squirrel. But above all, harvest as early as possible, if you would escape frosts and have a fair and salable crop; you may save much loss by this means.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862)was born in Concord, Massachusetts, and was educated in the village schools and later at Harvard University. He was an intimate friend of Emerson, Hawthorne, and the Alcotts. With the help of Emerson, he built a cottage beside a pond in Walden Woods near Concord where he lived alone, planted beans, caught fish, and for the most part lived on the products of the soil, cultivated by his own hands. In his book, *Walden, or Life in the Woods,* he gives a detailed account of his observations and experiences. Other books by Thoreau are *A Week on the Concord and the Merrimack Rivers, The Maine Woods,* etc.

Discussion. 1. Why did Thoreau wish to earn some extra money? 2. What seeds did he plant? 3. The author likens the hoeing of the beans to a "Herculean labor"; explain this reference. 4. What were Thoreau's auxiliaries? His enemies? 5. According to the author, what is the best time to work in the garden? 6. How did he come "to know beans" so well? 7. Explain the metaphor referring to the weeds as Trojans. 8. How much did the author clear on his garden? 9. Do you think the amount made was worth the labor put into it? 10. Tell one of your experiences with a garden.

Phrases

Herculean labor, **559**, 9
strength like Antaeus, **559**, 12
auxiliaries are the dews, **560**, 5
lean and effete, **560**, 7
level the ranks, **560**, 17
plastic artist, **560**, 19
express its summer thought, **560**, 28
implements of husbandry, **560**, 32
intimate and curious acquaintance, **561**, 3
crest-waving Hector, **561**, 13
supply vacancies, **561**, 29

THE SHIP-BUILDERS

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The sky is ruddy in the east,
The earth is gray below,
And, spectral in the river-mist,
The ship's white timbers show.
Then let the sounds of measured stroke
And grating saw begin;
The broad-axe to the gnarléd oak,
The mallet to the pin!

Hark!—roars the bellows, blast on blast,
The sooty smithy jars,
And fire-sparks, rising far and fast,
Are fading with the stars.
All day for us the smith shall stand
Beside that flashing forge;
All day for us his heavy hand
The groaning anvil scourge.

From far-off hills, the panting team
For us is toiling near;
For us the raftsmen down the stream
Their island barges steer.
Rings out for us the ax-man's stroke
In forests old and still—
For us the century-circled oak
Falls crashing down his hill.

Up!—up!—in nobler toil than ours
No craftsmen bear a part;
We make of Nature's giant powers
The slaves of human Art.
Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,
And drive the treenails free;
Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam
Shall tempt the searching sea!

Where'er the keel of our good ship
The sea's rough field shall plow,
Where'er her tossing spars shall drip
With salt-spray caught below,
That ship must heed her master's beck,
Her helm obey his hand,
And seamen tread her reeling deck
As if they trod the land.

Her oaken ribs the vulture-beak
  Of Northern ice may peel;
The sunken rock and coral peak
  May grate along her keel;
And know we well the painted shell
  We give to wind and wave,
Must float, the sailor's citadel,
  Or sink, the sailor's grave!

Ho!—strike away the bars and blocks,
  And set the good ship free!
Why lingers on these dusty rocks
  The young bride of the sea?
Look! how she moves adown the grooves,
  In graceful beauty now!
How lowly on the breast she loves
  Sinks down her virgin prow!

God bless her! wheresoe'er the breeze
  Her snowy wing shall fan,
Aside the frozen Hebrides,
  Or sultry Hindostan!
Where'er, in mart or on the main,
  With peaceful flag unfurled,
She helps to wind the silken chain
  Of commerce round the world!

Be hers the Prairie's golden grain,
  The Desert's golden sand,
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,
  The spice of Morning-land!
Her pathway on the open main
  May blessings follow free,
And glad hearts welcome back again
  Her white sails from the sea!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography, see page 60.

Discussion. 1. What does the title tell us? 2. Make an outline which shows what each stanza tells us of the ship-builders, for example:

Stanza 1—Morning; time for work.
Stanza 2—The smithy; work of the smith, etc.

3. What do the first four lines tell us of the time? 4. Note how much more they tell; what pictures do they give? What comparison do they suggest? 5. What line in the second stanza adds to the picture in stanza one? 6. In what sense is the smith working "for us"? 7. What does the "panting team" bring from the "far-off hills"? 8. With whose labor does the work of ship-building really begin? Read the lines which tell this. 9. Which line in the third stanza do you like best? 10. What comparison does the poet make between ship-building and other kinds of labor? 11. Is the "master" the only one responsible for making the ship obey the helm? 12. What is the subject of the verb "may feel"? 13. What dangers to the ship are pointed out? How may the ship-builders guard against these dangers? 14. Read the stanzas which urge honest workmanship. 15. At what point in the building of a ship are the "bars and blocks" struck away? 16. In what sense does this "set the good ship free"? 17. Read lines which tell of the ship's work. 18. In what sense can the "Prairie's golden grain" "be hers"? 19. What is meant by the "Desert's golden sand"? 20. What poetic name is given to the Far East? 21. Read the lines that express the poet's wish for the ship. 22. Select the lines in this poem that give the most vivid pictures. 23. Can you think of anything of which this ship may be the symbol? 24. Compare the poem with Longfellow's "The Builders" (page 566) for a suggestion as to what the ship may represent. 25. Pronounce the following: sooty; scourge; helm; coral.

Phrases

spectral in the river-mist, **562**, 3
measured stroke, **562**, 5
sooty smithy jars, **563**, 2
groaning anvil scourge, **563**, 8
century-circled oak, **563**, 15
drive the treenails free, **563**, 22
vulture-beak of Northern ice, **564**, 1
sailor's citadel, **564**, 7

THE BUILDERS

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

All are architects of Fate,
  Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
  Some with ornaments of rime.

Nothing useless is, or low;
  Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
  Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise
  Time is with materials filled;
Our todays and yesterdays
  Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
  Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
  Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
  Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
  For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
  Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
  Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
  Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
  Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build today, then, strong and sure,
  With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
  Shall tomorrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
  To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
  And one boundless reach of sky.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

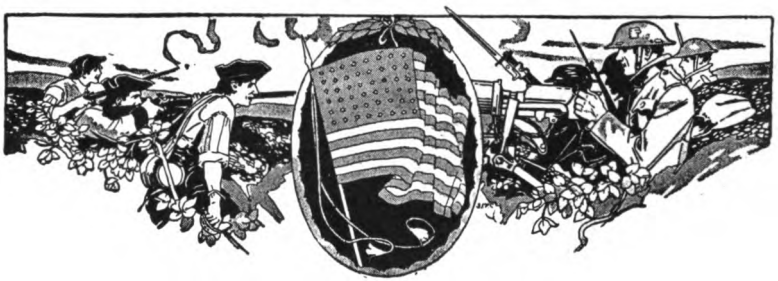
For Biography, see page 80.

Discussion. 1. Tell in your own words what the first stanza means to you. 2. Find the line which tells that we must build whether we wish to do so or not. 3. Which lines show that we choose the kind of structure that we raise? 4. Upon what does the beauty of the "blocks" depend? 5. Mention something that could cause a "yawning gap." 6. By whom are "massive deeds" performed? 7. By whom are "ornaments of rime" made? 8. Explain the meaning of the "elder days of Art" and mention some works that belong to that time. 9. Tell in your own words the meaning of the last stanza. 10. What do you think was Longfellow's purpose in writing this poem?

Phrases

architects of Fate, **566**, 1,
massive deeds, **566**, 3
yawning gaps, **566**, 14
ample base, **567**, 6
ascending and secure, **567**, 7
boundless reach, **567**, 12

LOVE OF COUNTRY



THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

What flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from Heaven so freshly born?
With burning star and flaming band
It kindles all the sunset land;
O tell us what its name may be—
Is this the Flower of Liberty?
    It is the banner of the free,
    The starry Flower of Liberty.

In savage Nature's far abode
Its tender seed our fathers sowed;
The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,
Till lo! earth's tyrants shook to see
The full-blown Flower of Liberty!
    Then hail the banner of the free,
    The starry Flower of Liberty.

Behold its streaming rays unite,
One mingling flood of braided light—
The red that fires the Southern rose,
With spotless white from Northern snows,
And, spangled o'er its azure, see
The sister Stars of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

The blades of heroes fence it round,
Where'er it springs is holy ground;
From tower and dome its glories spread;
It waves where lonely sentries tread;
It makes the land as ocean free,
And plants an empire on the sea!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty.

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
Shall ever float on dome and tower,
To all their heavenly colors true,
In blackening frost or crimson dew—
And God love us as we love thee,
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography, see page 539.

Discussion. 1. Read the line in the first stanza answering the question with which the poem opens. 2. Explain the metaphor of the "burning star" and the "flaming band," etc. 3. How many "burning stars" does our flag contain? How many "flaming bands"? 4. Why does the poet call America the "sunset land"? 5. How far back in history must we go to find the seed time of the Flower of Liberty? 6. Did the Flower of Liberty come to full-bloom in a time of strife or a time of peace? 7. What were

the "storm-winds"? What blood streaked its opening leaves? 8. How does the poet show that the North and South unite as one in the flag? 9. How do the "blades of heroes fence" the flag? 10. In the fourth stanza the poet says that the flag makes our land as free as the ocean; what do you know about a recent struggle over the freedom of the seas? 11. Why is the Flower of Liberty thrice holy?

Phrases

freshly born, **568**, 2
flaming band, **568**, 3
far abode, **568**, 9
swelling bud, **568**, 11
streaming rays unite, **569**, 1
braided light, **569**, 2

OLD IRONSIDES

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky.
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
  Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
  And there should be her grave.
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
  Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
  The lightning and the gale!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography, see page 539.

Historical Note. Old Ironsides was the popular name given the U. S. frigate *Constitution.* It was proposed by the Secretary of the Navy to dispose of the ship, as it had become unfit for service. Popular sentiment did not approve of this; it was felt that a ship which had been the pride of the nation should continue to be the property of the Navy and that it should be rebuilt for service when needed. Holmes wrote this poem at the time when the matter was being widely discussed.

Discussion. 1. In what spirit was this poem written? 2. What was the motive which inspired it? 3. Do you think the poet really means it when he cries, "Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!"? Can you give some other instance of irony? 4. As you read this poem, do you think of the frigate as an inanimate object or does it seem personified? 5. What is meant by "meteor of the ocean wave"? 6. Who are the "harpies of the shore"? The "eagle of the sea"? 7. What does the poet say would be better than to have the ship dismantled? 8. Do you think this a fitting end for a ship of war? 9. Read the story of the fight between the *Constitution* and the *Guerriére* given in your history and be prepared to tell it in class. Why did the nation have particular pride in this achievement? 10. Pronounce the following: ensign; beneath.

Phrases

tattered ensign, **570,** 1
meteor of the ocean air, **570,** 7
harpies of the shore, **570,** 15
shattered hulk, **571,** 1

THE AMERICAN FLAG

HENRY WARD BEECHER

A thoughtful mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag only, but the nation itself; and whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag the government, the principles, the truths, the history, which belong to the nation which sets it forth.

When the French tricolor rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see resurrected Italy. When the other three-cornered Hungarian flag shall be lifted to the wind, we shall see in it the long buried but never dead principles of Hungarian liberty. When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George on a fiery ground set forth the banner of Old England, we see not the cloth merely; there rises up before the mind the noble aspect of that monarchy, which, more than any other on the globe, has advanced its banner for liberty, law, and national prosperity.

This nation has a banner, too; and wherever it streamed abroad, men saw daybreak bursting on their eyes, for the American flag has been the symbol of liberty, and men rejoiced in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand, or went forth upon the sea, carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope for the captive, and such glorious tidings. The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light.

As at early dawn the stars stand first, and then it grows light, and then as the sun advances, that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored light shine out together. And wherever the flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry no rampant lion and fierce eagle, but only LIGHT, and every fold significant of liberty.

The history of this banner is all on one side. Under it rode Washington and his armies; before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands at West Point; it floated over old Fort Montgomery. When Arnold would have surrendered these valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day, and his treachery was driven away by the beams of light from this starry banner.

It cheered our army, driven from New York, in their solitary pilgrimage through New Jersey. It streamed in light over Valley Forge and Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton; and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency of the nation. And when, at length, the long years of war were drawing to a close, underneath the folds of this immortal banner sat Washington while Yorktown surrendered its hosts, and our Revolutionary struggles ended with victory.

Let us then twine each thread of the glorious tissue of our country's flag about our heartstrings; and looking upon our homes and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battlefields of our fathers, let us resolve, come weal or woe, we will, in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the Stars and Stripes. They have been unfurled from the snows of Canada to the plains of New Orleans, in the halls of the Montezumas and amid the solitude of every sea; and everywhere, as the luminous symbol of resistless and beneficent power, they have led the brave to victory and to glory. They have floated over our cradles; let it be our prayer and our struggle that they shall float over our graves.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Henry Ward Beecher (1813-1887) was a native of Connecticut and a son of the famous Lyman Beecher. He was a graduate of Amherst College and of Lane Theological Seminary. For forty years Beecher was the pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, discussing from the pulpit the issues of the time and championing the rights of men everywhere, particularly the rights of oppressed men. His lectures and sermons breathed a spirit of intense patriotism.

Discussion. 1. What may be seen in a nation's flag by a thoughtful

mind? 2. Of what is the American flag a symbol? 3. What are the stars of the flag compared to? The stripes? 4. What do people see in the "sacred emblazonry" of the flag? 5. Tell something of the history of this banner. 6. What is it to "stand by the stars and stripes"? 7. Do you think the men who fought for us in the Great War lived up to the ideals given to us in this poem? 8. Pronounce the following: insignia; horizon; rampant.

Phrases

resurrected Italy, **572**, 7
glorious tidings, **572**, 21
ribbing the horizon, **572**, 27
bars effulgent, **572**, 27
sacred emblazonry, **572**, 30
precious legacies, **573**, 5
glorious tissue, **573**, 17
weal or woe, **573**, 20
luminous symbol, **573**, 24
beneficent power, **573**, 24

THE AMERICAN FLAG

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
  Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
  When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—

Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon's mouthings loud,
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink below
Each gallant arm that strikes beneath
That awful messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Joseph Rodman Drake (1795-1820), whose name is inseparably associated with that of his friend, Fitz-Greene Halleck, was an American poet. These two able poets together contributed a series of forty poems to the *New York Evening Post*. Among these was "The American Flag," the last four lines of which were written by Halleck, to replace those written by Drake:

"As fixed as yonder orb divine,
That saw thy bannered blaze unfurled,
Shall thy proud stars resplendent shine,
The guard and glory of the world."

Drake was a youth of many graces of both mind and body, who wrote verses as a bird sings—for the pure joy of it. His career was cut short by death when he was only twenty-five years old. Of him Halleck wrote:

"None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

Discussion. 1. Who is represented as making a flag? 2. How is it made? 3. What flag is it? 4. What reasons can you see for choosing the eagle as bearer of this flag? 5. What events are pictured in which the flag has a part? 6. Note all the names the poet gives to the flag; which of these do you like best? 7. Can you give other names that are applied to our flag? 8. What feeling caused this poem to be written? 9. What lines are the most stirring? 10. Which stanza do you like best?

Phrases

unfurled her standard, **574**, 2
azure robe, **574**, 3
milky baldric, **574**, 6
celestial white, **574**, 7
majestic monarch, **574**, 13
regal form, **574**, 14
tempest-trumpings, **574**, 15
sulphur smoke, **575**, 3
harbingers of victory, **575**, 7
sky-born glories, **575**, 15
cannon's mouthings loud, **575**, 18
welkin dome, **576**, 3

THE FLAG GOES BY

HENRY H. BENNETT

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky.
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State;
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong;
Pride and glory and honor—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. 1. Henry Holcomb Bennett (1863-——), an American newspaper writer, was born in Chillicothe, Ohio. He is not only a journalist, but also a magazine writer and a landscape painter. He has been a frequent contributor to the *Youth's Companion,* and to the New York *Independent.* "The Flag Goes By" is his most popular poem.

Discussion. 1. What feeling inspires the cry "Hats off!"? 2. What does the poet mean by "more than a flag is passing"? 3. Name historical events which illustrate the different references in the third stanza. 4. Explain the meaning of "march of a strong land's swift increase." 5. How could the flag "ward her people from foreign wrong"? 6. How many of the things mentioned by the poet do you see when the flag goes by? 7. Do you think the poem will help you to see more?

Phrases

ruffle of drums, **577,** 3
steel-tipped, ordered lines, **577,** 8
strong land's swift increase, **577,** 17
reverend awe, **577,** 19

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed, at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
O say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream;
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust."
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. Francis Scott Key (1780-1843), an American lawyer and poet, was a native of Maryland. "The Star-Spangled Banner" made him famous.

The incidents referred to in this poem occurred during the war of 1812. In August, 1814, a strong force of British entered Washington and burned the Capitol, the White House, and many other public buildings. On September 13 the British admiral moved his fleet into position to attack Fort McHenry, near Baltimore. The bombardment lasted all night, but the fort was so bravely defended that the flag was still floating over it when morning came. Just before the bombardment began, Francis Scott Key was sent to the admiral's frigate to arrange for an exchange of prisoners and was told to wait until the bombardment was over. All night he watched the fort and by the first rays of morning light he saw the Stars and Stripes still waving. Then, in his joy and pride, he wrote the stirring

words of the song which is now known and loved by all Americans—"The Star-Spangled Banner."

Discussion. 1. Relate the incident that called forth the poem. 2. What "perilous fight" had taken place? 3. Where was the author during the fight? 4. What had he seen at the "twilight's last gleaming"? 5. Over what ramparts was the flag streaming? 6. Which lines suggest why the poet could not be sure that the flag was still there? 7. What sometimes "gave proof" to him? 8. What finally disclosed the flag "in full glory"? 9. What feelings do you think this certainty aroused in the watcher? 10. Who made up "the foe's haughty host"? 11. Find words that tell where the foe was and that he had ceased firing. 12. What "war's desolation" is named in the third stanza? 13. What other war songs do you know? 14. What other country's national hymn do you know? 15. What purposes does such a song serve?

Phrases

perilous fight, **578**, 3
o'er the ramparts, **578**, 4
mist of the deep, **578**, 9
dread silence reposes, **578**, 10
towering steep, **578**, 11
vauntingly swore, **579**, 5
foul footsteps' pollution, **579**, 8
war's desolation, **579**, 14

CITIZENSHIP

WILLIAM P. FRYE

Citizenship! What is citizenship? It has a broader signification than you and I are apt to give it. Citizenship does not mean alone that the man who possesses it shall be obedient to the law, shall be kindly to his neighbors, shall regard the rights of others, shall perform his duties as juror, shall, if the hour of peril come, yield his time, his property, and his life to his country. It means more than that. It means that his country shall protect him in every right which the Constitution gives him. What right has the Republic to demand his life, his property, in the hour of peril, if, when his hour of peril comes, it fails him? A man died in England a few years ago, Lord Napier of Magdala, whose death reminded me of an incident which illustrates this, an incident which gave that great lord his name. A few years ago King Theodore of Abyssinia seized Captain Cameron, a British citizen, and incarcerated him in a dungeon on the top of a mountain nine

thousand feet high. England demanded his release, and King Theodore refused. England fitted out and sent on five thousand English soldiers, and ten thousand Sepoys, debarked them on the coast, marched them more than four hundred miles through swamp and morass under a burning sun. Then they marched up the mountain height, they scaled the walls, they broke down the iron gates, they reached down into the dungeon, they took that one British citizen like a brand from the burning and carried him down the mountain side, across the morass, put him on board the white-winged ship, and bore him away to England to safety. That cost Great Britain millions of dollars, and it made General Napier Lord Napier of Magdala.

Was not that a magnificent thing for a great country to do? Only think of it! A country that has an eye sharp enough to see away across the ocean, away across the morass, away up into the mountain top, away down into the dungeon, one citizen, one of her thirty millions, and then has an arm strong enough to reach away across the ocean, away across the morass, away up the mountain height and down into the dungeon and take that one and bear him home in safety. Who would not live and die, too, for the country that can do that? This country of ours is worth our thought, our care, our labor, our lives. What a magnificent country it is! What a Republic for the people, where all are kings! Men of great wealth, of great rank, of great influence can live without difficulty under despotic power; but how can you and I, how can the average man endure the burdens it imposes? Oh, this blessed Republic of ours stretches its hand down to men, and lifts them up, while despotism puts its heavy hand on their heads and presses them down! This blessed Republic of ours speaks to every boy in the land, black or white, rich or poor, and asks him to come up higher and higher. You remember that boy out here on the prairie, the son of a widowed mother, poor, neglected perhaps by all except the dear old mother. But the Republic did not neglect him. The Republic said to that boy: "Boy, there is a ladder: its foot is on the earth, its top is in the sky. Boy, go up." And the boy mounted that ladder rung by rung; by the rung of the free schools, by the rung of the academy, by the rung of the

college, by the rung of splendid service in the United States Army, by the rung of the United States House of Representatives, by the rung of the United States Senate, by the rung of the Presidency of the Great Republic, by the rung of a patient sickness and a heroic death; until James A. Garfield is a name to be forever honored in the history of our country.

Now, is not a Republic like that worth the tribute of our conscience? Is it not entitled to our best thought, to our holiest purpose?

Let us pledge ourselves to give it our loyal service and support until every man in this Republic, black or white, shall be protected in all the rights which the Constitution of the United States bestows upon him.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. William Pierce Frye (1831-1911), an eminent lawyer and statesman, was born at Lewiston, Maine. He was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1850, and was a member of Congress from 1871 to 1881, and United States senator for Maine from 1881 to 1911. After the death of Vice-President Hobart, and also after the death of President McKinley, he acted as president *pro tempore* of the senate.

The Magdala affair is a striking example of what a country will do to protect its citizens. Magdala, more properly Makdala, is a natural stronghold in Abyssinia. The emperor Theodore of Abyssinia chose it as a fortress and a prison. Having taken offense because a request that English workmen and machinery be sent him was not promptly complied with, Theodore seized the British consul, Captain C. D. Cameron, his suite, and two other men, and imprisoned them at Magdala. Lieutenant-General Robert Napier was sent to rescue the prisoners. For his services in this expedition Napier received the thanks of Parliament, a pension, and a peerage, with the title First Baron Napier of Magdala.

Discussion. 1. Who are citizens of this country? 2. What is the duty of a citizen to his country? 3. What is the duty of a country to its citizens? 4. What incident illustrates the difficulties one country overcame in order to protect a citizen? 5. What does our country do for its citizens? 6. What illustration of this is given?

Phrases

broader signification, **580**, 1
duties as juror, **580**, 5
incident which illustrates, **580**, 12
incarcerated him, **580**, 15
brand from the burning, **581**, 8
across the morass, **581**, 9
despotic power, **581**, 25
tribute of our conscience, **582**, 7

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

THOMAS JEFFERSON

I think I knew General Washington intimately and thoroughly, and were I called on to delineate his character, it should be in terms like these:

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke, and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in readjustment. The consequence was that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and New York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern.

Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence; never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but, when once decided, going through with his purpose whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known, no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship, or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the words, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bounds, he was most tremendous in his wrath.

In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contribution to whatever promised utility, but frowning and unyield-

ing on all visionary projects and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one could wish, his deportment easy, erect, and noble; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback.

Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day.

His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within-doors.

On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect, in nothing bad, in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance.

For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826), a native of Virginia, was Governor of Virginia, Minister to France, Secretary of State in Washington's Cabinet, Vice-President, and President. He wrote the Declaration of Independence and was the founder of the University of Virginia. Jefferson was a ripe scholar, a good violinist, a skillful horseman, and an accurate marksman with a rifle. His influence was clearly felt in the framing of the Constitution, though he was in France at that time. His speeches were sound in policy and clear in statement.

Discussion. 1. What peculiarly fitted Jefferson to describe the character of Washington? 2. What conflict gave Washington an opportunity to show his greatness? 3. How had Washington's life prepared him to take advantage of his opportunities? 4. Name the qualities, as given by Jefferson, that made Washington so great a leader. 5. How did he show prudence? Integrity? Justice? 6. From your readings can you give any instance in which he showed fearlessness? 7. How did he show sureness in judgment? 8. What, in Jefferson's opinion, was the strongest feature of Washington's character? 9. How does Jefferson summarize his estimate of Washington? 10. What quality especially characteristic of Lincoln is not mentioned in this estimate, because it was lacking in Washington? 11. Give a summary of the things Washington accomplished. 12. What part of this characterization of Washington impressed you most. 13. Which of the qualities mentioned would you most wish to possess?

Phrases

his penetration strong, **583**, 5
invention or imagination, **583**, 8
deranged during the course, **583**, 12
dislocated by sudden circumstances, **583**, 13
obstacles opposed, **583**, 21
interest or consanguinity, **583**, 23
bias his decision, **583**, 24
habitual ascendancy, **583**, 27
liberal in contribution, **583**, 30
visionary projects, **584**, 1
solid esteem proportioned, **584**, 3
rather diffusely, **584**, 13
arduous war, **584**, 27

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Pale is the February sky
And brief the mid-day's sunny hours;
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,
Not even when the summer broods
O'er meadows in their fresh array,
Or autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again
Brings, in its annual round, the morn
When, greatest of the sons of men,
Our glorious Washington was born.

Lo, where, beneath an icy shield,
Calmly the mighty Hudson flows!
By snow-clad fell and frozen field,
Broadening, the lordly river goes.

The wildest storm that sweeps through space,
And rends the oak with sudden force,
Can raise no ripple on his face
Or slacken his majestic course.

Thus, 'mid the wreck of thrones, shall live
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame,
And years succeeding years shall give
Increase of honors to his name.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography, see page 41.

Discussion. 1. How does the poet describe a day in February? 2. Why has "no month a prouder day"? 3. Whose birthday occurs on the twenty-second of February? 4. Do you know any other great man whose birthday comes in February? 5. Give in your own words the comparison of "the mighty Hudson" and the fame of Washington. 6. Do you know of some interesting incident in Washington's life? 7. In the last stanza the poet speaks of wrecked thrones; what thrones can you name that were wrecked during the Great War?

Phrases

summer broods, **586**, 6
fresh array, **586**, 7
icy shield, **586**, 13
snow-clad fell, **586**, 15
majestic course, **586**, 20
'mid the wreck of thrones, **586**, 21

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

This man whose homely face you look upon,
Was one of Nature's masterful great men;
Born with strong arms that unfought victories won.
Direct of speech, and cunning with the pen,
Chosen for large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart.
Wise, too, for what he could not break, he bent;
Upon his back, a more than Atlas load,
The burden of the Commonwealth was laid;
He stooped and rose up with it, though the road
Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed.
Hold, warriors, councilors, kings! All now give place
To this dead Benefactor of the Race.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Richard Henry Stoddard (1825-1903), the son of a sea captain, was born at Hingham, Mass. After the death of his father he moved with his mother to New York City, where, after a short school life, he began work in an iron foundry. He and Bayard Taylor became warm friends, meeting once a week to talk of literary matters. His characterization of Lincoln is regarded as a classic. He wrote both prose and poetry and became noted as a literary critic. He is the author of "Homes and Haunts of Our Elder Poets."

Discussion. 1. Tell what you can of the author, noting anything in his life that was common to that of Lincoln. 2. Name the qualities that the poet says made Lincoln "one of Nature's masterpieces." 3. What does "homely" mean as used in the first line? 4. From your study of pictures of Lincoln what other words can you suggest to describe his features? 5. Explain the meaning of "cunning with the pen." 6. Repeat any of Lincoln's famous sayings you know. 7. What does the eighth line tell you of Lincoln's character? 8. How did his humor help him to win? 9. Why was the "burden of the Commonwealth" so great and why was it laid on his shoulders? 10. Toward what did the road tend "suddenly downward," and how did Lincoln meet the situation created by Secession? 11. What reasons can you give for calling him a "Benefactor of the Race"? 12. Compare the achievements of Lincoln with those of Washington. 13. Which do you think the better description, that written by Stoddard or that by Jefferson?

Phrases

unfought victories won, **587**, 3
large designs, **587**, 5
Atlas load, **587**, 9
burden of the Commonwealth, **587**, 10
not a whit dismayed, **587**, 12

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

WALT WHITMAN

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills.
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores
a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography, see page 556.

Discussion. 1. Tell what you know of the poet that fitted him to write of Lincoln's character and achievements. 2. In this poem the Union is compared to a ship; who is the captain of the ship? 3. What fate befalls the captain, and at what stage of the voyage? 4. What "port" has been reached? 5. What is "the prize we sought and won"? 6. Point out words of rejoicing and of sorrow in the last stanza. 7. What parts of the poem impress you with the deep personal grief of the poet? 8. This poem put into words the nation's deep grief at the time of Lincoln's death; do you think this accounts for the wide popularity of the poem? 9. Read Whitman's poem, "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," describing the journey of the train bearing the body of the martyred President from Washington to Springfield, Illinois.

Phrases

weather'd every rack, **588**, 2
all exulting, **588**, 3
steady keel, **588**, 4
swaying mass, **589**, 4

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

LIEUT. COL. JOHN D. McCRAE

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch. Be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. John D. McCrae, a physician of Montreal, was made a Lieutenant Colonel in the Canadian Army and went overseas early in the war. He died of pneumonia at the front in January, 1918. This beautiful poem was written by him during the second battle of Ypres, April, 1915.

Discussion. 1. Tell in your own words the scene which the poet describes in the first five lines. 2. Of what is the poppy a symbol? 3. What does the poet bid us do? 4. What do you think was the motive which inspired Lieutenant Colonel McCrae to write this poem?

Phrases

poppies blow, **590**, 1
mark our place, **590**, 3
felt dawn, **590**, 7
falling hands, **590**, 11

AMERICA'S ANSWER

R. W. LILLARD

Rest ye in peace, ye Flanders dead.
The fight that ye so bravely led
We've taken up. And we will keep
True faith with you who lie asleep
With each a cross to mark his bed,
And poppies blowing overhead,
Where once his own lifeblood ran red.
So let your rest be sweet and deep
In Flanders fields.

Fear not that ye have died for naught.
The torch ye threw to us we caught.
Ten million hands will hold it high,
And Freedom's light shall never die!
We've learned the lesson that ye taught
In Flanders fields.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. "America's Answer" was written by R. W. Lillard of New York City after the death of Lieutenant Colonel McCrae, the author of "In Flanders Fields." It was printed in the *New York Evening Post* as a fitting response to the sentiment expressed in Dr. McCrae's poem.

Discussion. 1. Why does the poet say that the "Flanders dead" may now rest in peace? 2. Who took up the struggle? 3. Why does the poet say that the heroes of Flanders have not "died for naught"? 4. Do you think this poem is as stirring as the one that precedes it?

Phrases

true faith, **591**, 4
lifeblood, **591**, 7
Freedom's light, **591**, 13
learned the lesson, **591**, 14

GLOSSARY

KEY TO THE SOUNDS OF MARKED VOWELS

ā as in *ate*	ē as in *event*	ō as in *note*	ū as in *cut*
ă as in *bat*	ĕ as in *maker*	ŏ as in *not*	ů as in *turn*
â as in *care*	ē as in *eve*	ô as in *or*	ụ as in *unite*
à as in *ask*	ĕ as in *met*	ō̂ as in *obey*	o͞o as in *food*
ä as in *arm*	ī as in *kind*	ū as in *use*	o͝o as in *foot*
å as in *senate*	ĭ as in *pin*		

a-ban'don (ȧ-băn'dŭn), to leave, quit.
a-base'ment (ȧ-bāse'mĕnt), humiliation, shame.
a-bat'ed (ȧ-bāt'ĕd), reduced, decreased.
ab'bess (ăb'ĕs), head of a convent.
ab'bey (ăb'ĭ), the church of a monastery, convent.
Ab'er-deen'shire (ăb'ĕr-dēn'shĕr), a county in northeastern Scotland.
Ab'er-dour' (ăb'ĕr-do͞or'), same as Ab'er-deen', a city in Scotland.
ab'di-cate (ăb'dĭ-kāt), to surrender, abandon.
ab-hor'rence (ăb-hôr'ĕns), extreme hatred.
a-bide' (ȧ-bīd'), to entrust.
a-bode' (ȧ-bōd'), residence, dwelling.
a-bom-i-na'tion (ȧ-bŏm-ĭ-nā'shŭn), disgust, hatred.
a-boone' (ȧ-bo͞on'), Scotch for **above**.
ab'o-rig'i-nes (ăb'ō-rĭj'ĭ-nēz), native races.
ab-rupt' (ăb-rŭpt'), very steep, rough, sudden.
ab'so-lute (ăb'sō-lūt), clear, positive; owned solely.
ab-sorbed' (ăb-sôrbd'), swallowed up.
ab-strac'tion (ăb-străk'shŭn), separation.
ab-surd' (ăb-sûrd'), ridiculous.
a-byss' (ȧ-bĭs'), a bottomless pit.
a-byss' of the whirl (ȧ-bĭs'), great depth of the whirlpool.
Ab'ys-sin'i-a (ăb'ĭ-sĭn'ĭ-ȧ), a country in East Africa.
A-ca'di-a (ȧ-kā'dĭ-ȧ), the original French, and now poetic, name of Nova Scotia.
ac'cess (ăk'sĕs; ăk-sĕs'), admission.
ac-com'pa-nied (ȧ-kŭm'pȧ-nĭd), went with.
ac-cord' (ȧ-kôrd'), agreement of will, assent, blend.
ac-cord'ing-ly (ȧ-kôrd'ĭng-lĭ), consequently, so.
ac-count'a-ble (ȧ-koun'tȧ-b'l), responsible.
ac-count'ant (ȧ-kount'ănt), one skilled in keeping accounts.
ac-cu'mu-la'tion (ȧ-kū'mū-lā'shŭn), collection.
ac'cu-sa'tion (ăk'ū-zā'shŭn), the charge of an offense or crime.
ac-cus'tomed (ȧ-kŭs'tŭmd), wont, used.
a-chieve' (ȧ-chēv'), achieve your adventure, do your favor.
A-chil'les (ȧ-kĭl'ēz), the central hero in the **Iliad**. See Elson Reader, Book II.
ac-quire' (ȧ-kwīr'), gain.
a-cu'men (ȧ-kū'mĕn), keenness, shrewdness.
ad'age (ăd'ăj), an old saying.
ad'a-mant'ine (ăd'ȧ-măn'tĭn), impenetrable, hard.
a-dapt'ing (ȧ-dăpt'ĭng), fitting, adjusting.
ad'der (ăd'ĕr), a kind of snake.
ad-dress' (ȧ-drĕs'), skill, tact; to make a speech.
ad'e-quate (ăd'ē-kwāt), sufficient.
ad-her'ence (ăd-hēr'ĕns), steady attachment, fidelity.
ad-her'ent (ăd-hēr'ĕnt), follower.
a-dieu' (ȧ-dū'), farewell, good-by.
ad-ja'cent (ȧ-jā'sĕnt), near by.
ad-just' (ȧ-jŭst'), to arrange.
ad-min'is-ter (ăd-mĭn'ĭs-tĕr), to apply, serve out.
ad-min'is-tra'tion (ăd-mĭn'ĭs-trā'shŭn), management of public affairs.
ad'mi-ra-ble (ăd'mĭ-rȧ-b'l), wonderful, marvelous.
ad'mi-ral (ăd'mĭ-răl), a naval officer of the highest rank.
a-dorn' (ȧ-dôrn'), to set off to advantage, beautify, decorate.
a-dorn'ment of all India (ȧ-dôrn'mĕnt), a flattering phrase—one that helps to beautify India.
a-droit'ness in traffic (ȧ-droit'nĕs, trăf'ĭk), skill in bargaining or commerce.
ad-vance' (ăd-văns'), offer, set forth.
ad'van-ta'geous-ly (ăd'văn-tā'jŭs-lĭ), beneficially.
ad-ven'ture (ăd-vĕn'tûr), undertaking.
ad-ven'tur-ous (ăd-vĕn'tûr-ŭs), daring.
ad'ver-sa-ries (ăd'vĕr-sȧ-rĭz), foes, opponents.
ad'verse (ăd'vĕrs), unfavorable.
ad-vert' (ăd-vûrt'), to refer, allude.
ad-vis'a-ble (ăd-vīz'ȧ-b'l), desirable.
ad'vo-cate (ăd'vō-kāt), counselor, one who pleads for another.
a-e'ri-al (ā-ē'rĭ-ăl), airy, pertaining to air.
af-fect'ed (ȧ-fĕkt'ĕd), fancied; laid hold of.
af-fects' so many gen'er-ous sen'ti-ments (ȧ-fĕkts'; jĕn'ĕr-ŭs; sĕn'tĭ-mĕnts), assumes so many noble feelings.

af-front'ed (ă-frŭn'tĕd), provoked, nettled.
aft (ăft), toward the rear part of a vessel.
Ag'as-siz (ăg'ă-sē).
a'ged (ā'jĕd), old.
ag'gra-vat'ed (ăg'grȧ-vāt'ĕd), added to, magnified.
ag-gres'sion (ă-grĕsh'ŭn), an unprovoked attack, invasion.
a-ghast' (a-gȧst'), amazed, astounded.
ag'ile (ăj'il), lively.
ag'i-ta'tion (ăj'ĭ-tā'shŭn), a stirring up or arousing commotion.
Ag'ra-vaine (ăg'rȧ-vān).
a-gree' (ă-grē'), be in accord.
a'gue (ā'gū), chill.
aid'de-camp (ād'dē-kămp, ād'dē-kän), an officer who assists a general in correspondence and in directing movements.
al'a-bas'ter (ăl'ă-bȧs'tĕr), white stone resembling marble.
al-be'it (ăl'bē'ĭt), although.
Al-giers' (ăl-jĕrz'), seaport in Africa.
Al-ham'bra (ăl-hăm'brȧ), the fortress, palace, or alcazar, of the Moorish kings.
al'ien (āl'yĕn), foreign, strange.
A-li-e'na (ā-lĭ-ē'nā).
al-le'giance (ă-lē'jȧns), loyalty, allegiance merely nominal, loyalty so-called, not real.
al-leg'ing (ă-lĕj'ĭng), declaring, asserting.
al-lit'er-a'tion (ă-lĭt'ĕr-ā'shŭn), repetition of the same letter or sound at the beginning of two or more words immediately succeeding each other.
al-lot'ment (ă-lŏt'mĕnt), share by chance.
al-low'ance (ă-lŏw'ăns), share.
al-lude' (ă-lūd'), refer, hint.
al-lu'sion (ă-lū'zhŭn), indirect reference, hint.
al-ly' (ă-lī'), partner, relative.
Almes'bury (ämz'bĕr-ĭ).
alms (ämz), charity.
a-loft' (ă-lŏft'), to the mast head, overhead.
a-loof' (ă-lōōf'), apart.
al-ter'nate (ăl-tûr'nāt; ăl'tĕr-nāt), by turns.
al-ter'na-tive (ăl-tûr'nă-tĭv)), choice.
am'a-teur' in-spec'tion (ăm'ă-tûr' ĭn-spĕk'shŭn), not professional inspection.
amature, dialect for **am'a-teur'** (ăm'ă-tûr'), a beginner, not a professional.
Am'a-zo'ni-an (ăm'ă-zō'nĭ-ăn), of or pertaining to the river Amazon.
Am'ba-ar'en (ăm'bȧ-ăr'ĕn).
ambitious projects, schemes for greater power.
am'bush (ăm'bŏŏsh), concealed place, snare.
a-mend' (ȧ-mĕnd'), make better, give back.
a'mi-a-ble (ā'mĭ-ȧ-b'l), friendly.
a-mid'ships (ȧ-mĭd'shĭps), in the middle of a ship.
am'i-ty (ăm'ĭ-tĭ), friendship.
am'o-rous (ăm'ō-rŭs), loving.
a'mours' (ȧ'mōōrz'), loves.
Am-phic'ty-on (ăm-fĭk'tĭ-ŏn), an assembly of deputies from the different states of Greece.
an'a-con'da (ăn'ă-kŏn'dȧ), a large snake.
a-nat'o-my (ă-năt'ŏ-mĭ), the science which treats of the structure of the body.
An'dre, Major (än'drȧ), a British officer in the Revolutionary War who was arrested at Tarrytown and executed as a spy.
an'ec-dote (ăn'ĕk-dōt), particular incident or fact of an interesting nature.
an-gel'ic kin'dred (ăn-jĕl'ĭk kĭn'drĕd), heavenly relationship.
an'guish (ăn'gwĭsh), agony, distress.
an'i-mate (ăn'ĭ-māt), to enliven, inspire.
an'kus (ăn'kŭs), an elephant goad.
An'noure (ăn'ŏr), a sorceress of King Arthur's time.
an-nul' (ăn-nŭl'), to cancel, abolish.
a-non' (ȧ-nŏn'), soon.
An-tae'us (ăn-tē'ŭs), a son of Poseidon. He was of gigantic size and strength, and grew stronger as long as he touched his mother Earth.
an-tag'o-nist (ăn-tăg'ŏ-nĭst), opponent.
an'te (ăn'tē), to put up.
an'them (ăn'thĕm), a song of praise.
an-tic'i-pate (ăn-tĭs'ĭ-pāt), to have a previous view of what is to happen.
an'ti-quat'ed (ăn'tĭ-kwāt'ĕd), old fashioned.
an'vil (ăn'vĭl), a block usually of iron, steel faced, and of characteristic shape, on which metal is shaped as by hammering or forging.
ap'a-thy (ăp'ȧ-thĭ), lack of feeling.
a'pex (ā'pĕks), summit, point.
ap'ing (āp'ĭng), mimicing, imitating.
a-poc'a-lyp'ti-cal (ȧ-pŏk'ȧ-lĭp'tĭ-kăl), revealing.
a-pos'tle (ȧ-pŏs'l), one of the twelve disciples of Christ, specially chosen as his companions and witnesses, and sent forth to preach the gospel.
ap'os-tol'ic (ăp'ŏs-tŏl'ĭk), like one having a great mission.
ap-pall'ing (ă-pôl'ĭng), fearful, unusual.
ap-par'el (ă-păr'ĕl). clothing.
ap-par'ent (ă-păr'ĕnt), easily seen, seeming.
ap'pa-ri'tion (ăp'ȧ-rĭsh'ŭn), ghost.
ap'per-tain'ing (ăp'ĕr-tān'ĭng), belonging to.
ap'pli-ca-ble (ăp'lĭ-kȧ-b'l), suitable.
ap-pre'ci-a'tion (ă-prē-shĭ-ā'shŭn), valuation, estimate.
ap'pre-hend' (ăp'rē-hĕnd'), fear; seize.
ap'pre-hen'sion (ăp'rē-hĕn'shŭn), distrust, suspicion, fear.
ap'pre-hen'sive (ăp'rē-hĕn'sĭv), quick to learn or grasp.
ap-proach' (ă-prōch'), to draw near to stealthily.
ap'pro-ba'tion (ăp'rō-bā'shŭn), liking.
apt (ăpt), suitable.
aptness to acts of violence, tending to commit deeds of violence, tendency to kill.
Ar'a-bic (ăr'ȧ-bĭk), the Arabs' language.
ar'bi-tra-ry (ăr'bĭ-trȧ-rĭ), irresponsible.
ar'bu-tus (ăr'bū-tŭs; ăr-bū'tŭs), a small trailing plant having fragrant flowers.
Ar'ca-bu-ce'ro (ăr'kȧ-bōō-thā'rō), a soldier armed with firearms of the middle fifteenth century.

ar'chi-tect (är'kĭ-tĕkt), master builder, designer.
ar'chi-tec'ture (är'kĭ-tĕk'tûr), art or science of building.
ar'dent (är'dĕnt), fervent, glowing.
ar'dor (är'dẽr), heat, zeal.
ar'du-ous (är'dû-ŭs), hard, difficult.
ar'gent (är'jĕnt), silver.
A-rí'ca (ä-rē'kä), in Chile.
A'ri-el (ā'rĭ-ĕl).
Ar-ma'da (är-mä'dä), a fleet; especially the great Spanish fleet defeated by England in 1588.
ar-ma'dos (är-mä'dōs), large ships, battleships.
ar'mor-er (är'mẽr-ẽr), one who cleans and repairs the small arms or iron parts on a ship.
arms at the trail, a military term, rifles carried at side in horizontal position.
ar'rack (ăr'ăk), liquor made from rice, or molasses, or the sap of palms.
ar'rant (ăr'ănt), downright.
ar-ray' (ă-rā'), order, dress.
ar'ro-gance (ăr'ō-găns), pride.
ar'se-nal (är'sẽ-năl), a public establishment for the storage or manufacture of arms and military equipment.
ar-tif'i-cer (är-tĭf'ĭ-sẽr), skilled worker.
ar'ti-fi'cial-ly (är'tĭ-fĭsh'ă-lĭ), not genuinely.
as-cend'an-cy (ă-sĕn'dăn-sĭ), control, superiority.
as-cend'ing (ă-sĕnd'ĭng), moving or climbing upward.
as'cer-tain' (ăs'ẽr-tān'), find out for a certainty.
as-crib'ing (ăs-krīb'ĭng), attributing, assigning.
as'pect (ăs'pĕkt), appearance.
As'pi-net (ăs'pĭ-nĕt), an Indian chief.
as'pi-ra'tion (ăs'pĭ-rā'shŭn), high desire.
as-sail' (ă-sāl'), attack.
as-sail'ant (ă-sāl'ănt)), one that attacks.
as-sault' (ă-sôlt'), attack.
as-sert' their lordship (ă-sûrt'), state their right to rule.
as-sim'i-lat'ing (ă-sĭm'ĭ-lāt'ĭng), resembling.
as-sured' (ă-shŏŏrd'), made sure.
as-sur'ed-ly (ă-shŏŏr'ĕd-lĭ), certainly.
As'ta-roth (ăs'tà-rōth), the Phoenician goddess of love.
asth'ma (ăz'mä), a disease causing difficulty of breathing.
As'to-lat (ăs'tō-lät), a name for Guildford, Surrey, England.
astral lamp (ăs'trăl), a kind of brilliant lamp.
Atherfield (ăth'ẽr-fēld).
ath-let'ic (ăth-lĕt'ĭk), strong, muscular.
a-thwart' (ă-thwôrt'), across.
At'las (ăt'lăs), in Greek mythology, a god who bore up the pillars which upheld the heavens.
a-tone' (ă-tōn'), to make satisfaction for.
a-tro'cious (ă-trō'shŭs), wicked, terrible.
a-troc'i-ties (ă-trŏs'ĭ-tĭz), savagely brutal deeds.
at-tend'ance (ă-tĕn'dăns), service.
at'ten'tive-ly scru'ti-nized (ă-tĕn'tĭv-lĭ skrōō'tĭ-nīzd), examined closely.
at'ti-tude (ăt'ĭ-tūd), posture or position.
at'tri-bute (ă'trĭ-bût), quality.
Auchmuty, Judge (ŏk'mû-tĭ), British general (1756-1822).
au-da'cious (ô-dā'shŭs), impudent, daring.
au'di-ble (ô'dĭ-b'l), actually heard.
au'di-tor (ô'dĭ-tẽr), a hearer, listener.
aug-ment'ed (ôg-mĕnt'ĕd), increased.
auld (ôld; äld), Scotch for **old.**
aus-tere' (ôs-tẽr'), stern, severe.
au-then'tic (ô-thĕn'tĭk), real, trustworthy, true.
au'then-tic'i-ty (ô'thĕn-tĭs'ĭ-tĭ), genuineness.
au-thor'i-ta-tive (ô-thŏr'ĭ-tā-tĭv), commanding, positive.
au'to-bi-og'ra-phy (ô'tō-bī-ŏg'rà-fĭ), history of one's life written by himself.
au'to-crat (ô'tō-krăt), an absolute monarch.
au'to-crat'ic (ô'tō-krăt'ĭk), absolute.
au-tum'nal (ô-tŭm'năl), belonging to, or like autumn.
aux-il'ia-ry (ôg-zĭl'yà-rĭ), helper, assistant.
a-venged' (ä-vĕnjd'), punished the injuring party.
a-verse' (ä-vẽrs'), disinclined, contrary.
aversion, unbounded (ä-vûr'shŭn), unlimited dislike.
A-vil'lion (ä-vĭl'yŏn), in Celtic mythology an earthly paradise in the western seas where heroes were carried at death.
av'o-ca'tions (ăv'ō-kā'shŭnz), pursuits.
a-vow'al (ä-vou'ăl), declaration.
awed (ôd), struck with great fear.
Ay'mer de Va'lence (ā'mẽr dẽ vā'lŏns),
Ayr (ār), a seaport in southwestern Scotland.
A-zores' (ä-zōrz'), islands near and belonging to Portugal.
az'ure (ăzh'ûr), sky-blue.

Ba'al (bā'ăl), a Phoenician god whose worship was attended by wild revelry.
bab'ble (băb''l), utter unintelligible sounds, prattle.
Bab'y-lo'ni-an vaunt'ing (Băb'ĭ-lō'nĭ-ăn vänt'ĭng), referring to the hanging gardens of Babylon, one of the seven wonders of the world.
bach'e-lor (băch'ē-lẽr), the lowest university degree.
Bacon, Sir Francis, English philosopher and statesman (1561-1626).
bade (băd), ordered, commanded.
badge of his au-thor'i-ty (bāj of his ô-thŏr'ĭ-tĭ), sign of his power.
baf'fled (băf''ld), defeated, thwarted.
bal'dric (bôl'drĭk), a broad belt, worn over one shoulder, across the breast and under the opposite arm.
bal'ing (bāl'ĭng), dipping out water; making large bundles for shipping.
bal'last (băl'ăst), any heavy substance put into the hold of a ship to sink it in the water.
bam-boo' (băm-bōō'), a woody kind of grass.
Bancroft, George, American historian.
bane'ful (bān'fo͝ol), injurious, deadly.

bang (băng), a thump, a whack.
bar, an obstructing bank of sand.
barb (bärb), horse
Barbary powers, the countries on the north coast of Africa, from Egypt to the Atlantic.
bard (bard), a poet.
barge (bärj), a vessel or boat of state elegantly furnished and decorated.
bark (bärk), a three-masted vessel.
ba-rouche' (bà-rōōsh'), a four-wheeled carriage, with a falling top, and two double seats on the inside.
Barre', Colonel (bà'rā'), a British officer and politician.
bar'ren (băr'ĕn), sterile, fruitless, empty.
bar'ri-cade' (băr'ĭ-kād'), a bar or obstruction.
bar'ter (bär'tĕr), to trade one article for another.
bas'tions (băs'chŭnz), walls.
Bath-she'ba (Băth-shē'bà), the wife of Uriah the Hittite. 2 Samuel II.
bat'ten (băt''n), to fasten down with strips of wood.
Baud'win (bôd'wĭn).
beam-ends (bēm-ĕndz), to lie upon the beam-ends, to incline, as a vessel, so much on one side that her beams approach a vertical position.
bear sway, rule.
Beau'mains (bō'mānz).
be-calm' (bē-käm'), to stop the progress of the boat by lack of wind.
be-daubed' (bē-dôbd'), covered, coated.
Bed'i-vere (bĕd'ĭ-vēr).
bee'tling (bē'tlĭng), projecting.
be-fits' the scene (bē-fĭt'), suits or becomes the place.
beget that golden time again, recall to mind that wonderful time again.
beg'gar de-scrip'tion, phrase used to imply great magnificence.
be-guiled' (bē-gīld'), lured
be-guil'ing (bē-gīl'ĭng), whiling away.
be-hests (bē-hĕsts'), commands.
be-hoove' (bē-hōōv'), is proper for, suits.
be-la'bor-ing (bē-lā'bēr-ĭng), thrashing.
belaying pins (bē-lāy'ĭng), strong cleats around which ropes are made fast.
belch (bĕlch), to throw out.
bel'fry (bĕl'frĭ), room in a tower where a bell is hung.
Bell'i-cent (bĕl'ĭ-sĕnt).
bel-lig'er-ent (bĕ-lĭj'ĕr-ĕnt), warlike.
bel'low (bĕl'ō), to roar, clamor.
bel'lows (bĕl'ōz), an instrument for blowing fires.
be-neath' (bē-nēth').
ben'e-dic'tion (bĕn'ē-dĭk'shŭn), blessing.
ben'e-fac'tor (bĕn'ē-făk'tĕr), one who does good.
be-nef'i-cence (bē-nĕf'ĭ-sĕns), goodness.
be-nev'o-lent (bē-nĕv'ō-lĕnt), kind.
Ben-gal' (bĕn-gôl'), a division of British India.
be-nign' (bē-nīn'), of a kind disposition.
be-nig'nant (bē-nĭg'nănt), kind.
Ben'wick (bĕn'ĭk).
be-reaved' (bē-rēvd'), deprived.
be-reave'ment (bē-rēv'mĕnt), the loss of a loved one by death.
Ber'nard, Francis, Sir (bûr'nărd).
ber'serk (bûr'sûrk), a wild warrior of heathen times in Scandinavia.
be-set' (bē-set'), surrounded.
be-stirs' him well (bē-stûrz'), moves about briskly, or busily.
be thy man, be loyal to you as a vassal.
be-tray' (bē-trā'), to show or indicate.
bev'y (bĕv'ĭ), flock.
be-yond' per'ad-ven'ture (bē-yŏnd' pĕr'-ăd-vĕn'tûr), without doubt.
be'zoar (bē'zōr), a mineral matter found in the digestive organs of certain animals, supposed to be an antidote for poison.
bi'as (bī'ăs), to prejudice, change.
bick'er-ing (bĭk'ĕr-ĭng), wrangling.
bide my time, pass my life.
big'ot-ed (bĭg'ŭt-ĕd), prejudiced, narrow minded toward others' opinions.
bi-og'ra-phy (bī-ŏg'rà-fĭ), the written history of a person's life.
Bis'cay-an (bĭs'kā-ăn), belonging to Spaniards of Biscay.
bis'cuit (bĭs'kĭt), hard-tack, a kind of hard sea bread baked in large round cakes, without salt.
bi'son (bī'sŭn), the buffalo.
bite the dust, to die on the battlefield.
bitter east, a cold, east wind.
biv'ouac (bĭv'wăk), encampment of soldiers in the open air prepared for fighting.
blade (blād), a wild fellow.
Blake, Robert (1599-1657), a British admiral.
blared across the shal'lows (blârd across the shăl'ōz), made a noise like a trumpet across the shoals, or shallow places in the river.
blast'ed (blăst'ed), withered or blighted.
blazed (blāzd), marked (a tree) by chipping off a piece of bark.
bla'zon (blā'z'n), a coat of arms.
bleak (blēk), without color, pale, barren.
blench (blĕnch), to draw back, shrink from.
Bligh (blī).
blight (blīt), to ruin, frustrate.
Blighty (blī'tĭ), the British soldier's slang for **home.**
blithe'some (blīth'sŭm), cheery, gay.
block chafes (chāfs), anything goes wrong.
blossom into melody, break into song.
blow (blō), to blossom; **blows his nail;** blows on his fingers to warm them.
bluff (blŭff), rough and hearty.
boar (bōr), a wild hog.
boasts a crown, is proud of its empire.
bob-lin'con, bobolink, an American bird.
Boche (bōsh), a name given by the French to the German soldier.
bod'ed ill (bōd'ĕd), foretold ill.
bog (bŏg), swamp, marsh.
boisterous rapidity (bois'tĕr-ŭs rà-pĭd'ĭ-tĭ), roaring rate.
bomb (bŏm; bŭm), a shell, especially a spherical shell, like those fired from mortars.
Bon'a-ven'ture' (bŏn'ă-vĕn-tûr'), a ship of England's fleet.
bonny bird, the fair lady.

boon (bōōn), favor; gay.
bos'om (bŏŏz'ŭm), heart.
bot'toms (bŏt'ŭmz), bed of river, valley.
boun'ti-ful (boun'tĭ-fo͝ol), liberal, generous.
bou-quet' (bō͞o-kā'), a bunch of flowers.
bour'geois' (bō͝or-zhwä'), head man.
bow (bou), the forward part of a vessel.
bow'er (bou'ĕr), a lady's private apartment.
Boyls'ton (boilz'tŭn).
Bra-bant' (brȧ-bănt'), a province of Belgium.
brack'ish (brăk'ĭsh), salt, distasteful.
braes of broom (brā, brō͞om), hillsides covered with low shrubs bearing yellow flowers.
brake (brāk), thicket.
brand (brănd), a burning piece of wood; sword.
Bran'dĭ-les (brăn'dĭ-lĕz).
brat (brăt), a child.
Brath'wick (brăth'ĭk).
brawl'ing (brôl'ĭng), quarreling noisily.
breach (brēch), an opening, a quarrel.
break'er (brāk'ĕr), waves breaking into foam against the shore or reef.
breast'ing (brĕst'ĭng), forcing one's way.
breech'es (brĭch'ĕz), trousers.
bri'er (brī'ĕr), any plant with a woody stem bearing thorns or prickles.
brig (brĭg), a two-masted vessel.
bri-gade' (brĭ-gād'), a body of troops consisting of two or more regiments.
brig'an-tine (brĭg'ăn-tēn), a two-masted vessel, square rigged forward and schooner rigged aft.
brin'dled (brĭn'd'ld), having dark streaks or spots on a gray or tawny ground, streaked.
bring him to knowledge (nŏl'ĕj), recognize him.
brink (brĭnk), verge or edge.
Brit'ta-ny (brĭt'ȧ-nĭ), formerly an independent province, now a part of France.
broached (brōcht), uttered, put forth.
broach-to, to veer suddenly into the wind and expose the vessel to the danger of capsizing.
broad-side' (brôd-sīd'), broad surface of any object.
Broadway, a famous street in New York.
broil, a noisy quarrel.
bron'co (brŏn'kō), a small horse or pony.
brook (brō͝ok), to bear, endure.
brought to bay, brought to a standstill.
brunt (brŭnt), the force of a blow, shock.
brut'ish (brō͝ot'ĭsh), coarse, stupid.
Brutus (brō͞o'tŭs), a Roman politician and one of Caesar's slayers.
buc'ca-neer' (bŭk'ȧ-nēr), a robber, pirate.
Buch'an (bŭk'ăn).
Buck'holm (bŭk'hōm).
budg'et (bŭj'ĕt), stock, accumulation.
buf'fet (bŭf'ĕt), blow.
bull'doz'ing (bo͝ol'dōz'ĭng), restraining by threats or violence. [Slang, U. S.]
bul'lied (bo͝ol'ĭd), intimidated or frightened.
bul'lion (bo͝ol'yŭn), uncoined gold or silver.
bul'ly-rag (bo͝ol'ĭ-răg), to scare by bullying.
bul'rush'es (bo͝ol'rŭsh'ĕz), a kind of large rush growing in water.
bul'wark (bo͝ol'wȧrk), the side of a ship above the upper deck; a protecting wall, sea wall.
bump'kin (bŭmp'kĭn), an awkward, heavy fellow.
buoy'ant (boi'ănt), tending to rise or float.
buoy'ant-ly (bou'ănt-lĭ), lightly.
bur'gess (bûr'jĕs), a resident of a town.
burgh'er (bûr'gĕr), a freeman of a borough, an enfranchised male citizen.
Bur'go-mas'ter (bûr'gō-mȧs'tĕr), the chief magistrate of a town in Holland.
bur-lesque' (bûr-lĕsk'), droll, treated ridiculously as a caricature.
bur'nish (bûr'nĭsh), to make bright, to polish.
bur'then (bûr'th'n), burden.
bus'kin (bŭs'kĭn), a covering for the foot coming some distance up the leg.
buttes (būts), hills, small mountains.
bux'om (bŭk'sŭm), plump and rosy.
by sheer weight (shēr), by the very weight, by weight alone.
Byles, Mather (bilz), American clergyman.

Caer-le'on (kär-lē'ŏn), a town in southwestern England, the traditional seat of King Arthur's court.
ca-lam'i-ties (kȧ-lăm'ĭ-tēz), misfortunes, disasters.
Ca'la-ve'ras (kä'lȧ-vā'rȧs), a county in central California.
cal-cu-late (kăl'kū-lāt), expect, plan, reckon.
Cal'ĭ-ban (kăl'ĭ-băn).
cal'klated, dialect for **cal'cu-late** (kăl'kū-lāt).
calm (käm), freedom from motion, quiet.
cal'throp (kăl'thrŏp), steel spike.
Cam'el-iard (kăm'ĕl-yärd), the home of Leodogran.
Cam'e-lot (kăm'ē-lŏt), a legendary spot in southern England where Arthur was said to have had his court and palace.
Camp'bell, Thom'as (kăm'ĕl; kăm'bĕl).
can'did (kan'dĭd), fair, just.
can'o-py (kăn'ō-pĭ), covering, shelter.
can'yon (kăn'yŭn), a deep valley with high, steep slopes.
ca-pa'cious (kȧ-pā'shŭs), broad, large.
ca-pac'i-ty (kȧ-păs'ĭ-tĭ), ability, power, position, extent of room or space.
ca'per (kā'pĕr), **cutting a caper,** to leap about in a frolicsome manner.
cap'i-tal (kăp'ĭ-tăl), stock of accumulated wealth; seat of government.
ca-pri'cious (kȧ-prĭsh'ŭs), fitful, whimsical.
car'cas-ses (kär'kȧs-ĕz), dead bodies, of beasts.
card'ed (kär'dĕd), made ready for spinning by the use of a card.
ca-reer'ing (kȧ-rēr'ĭng), moving or running rapidly.
car'i-bou (kăr'ĭ-bō͞o), a species or kind of reindeer found in North America and Greenland.
carol so madly, sing so joyfully.
Car'rick (kăr'ĭk).

car'tridge (kär'trĭj), a case or shell holding a complete charge for a firearm.
case'ment (kās'mĕnt), a hinged window sash.
case under native rule, if the people of India ruled themselves.
cas'u-al (kăzh'ū-ăl), occasional, happening without design.
cat'a-ract (kăt'ă-răkt), a great fall of water over a precipice.
ca-tas'tro-phe (kă-tăs'trō-fĕ), disaster, calamity, misfortune.
ca-the'dral (kă-thē'drăl), the church which contains the bishop's official chair or throne.
cauld (kawld), Scotch for **cold.**
cause'way (kôz'wā), a raised road over wet ground.
cau'tious (kô'shŭs), watchful, wary, careful.
cav'al-cade' (kăv'ăl-kād'), a procession of persons on horseback.
cav'a-lier' (kăv'ă-lēr'), a leader in the party of King Charles I; knight, gallant.
ca-vort'ing (kă-vôrt'ĭng), prancing.
cav'i-ty (kăv'ĭ-tĭ), a hollow place.
cay (kā), Spanish for **quay.**
ceased (sēst), stopped, left off.
cease'less (sēs'lĕs), without stop.
ce-les'tial (sĕ-lĕs'chăl), heavenly, divine.
cen'sure (sĕn'shŭr), disapproval, hostile criticism, blame.
century-circled, with circles showing one hundred years' growth.
cer'e-mo-ny (sĕr'ĕ-mō-nĭ), a formal act laid down by custom.
ce-ru'le-an (sĕ-rōō'lĕ-ăn), deep blue.
ces-sa'tion (sĕ-sa'shŭn), a stop.
chafed (chāft), rubbed so as to wear away; irritated.
chaf'fer (chăf'ĕr), bargain, haggle.
cha'os (kā'ŏs), confused mixture, yawning chasm.
cha-ot'ic (kā-ŏt'ĭk), confused.
chal'lenge (chăl'ĕnj), act of defiance.
cham'pi-on (chăm'pĭ-ŭn), supporter, defender.
'Change (chānj), for **Exchange,** a place where merchants and others meet to transact business.
chant (chănt), a song resembling a church chant; the recitation of words in musical monotones; to sing.
chan'ti-cleer (chăn'tĭ-klēr), cock.
chap'lain (chăp'lĭn), a clergyman officially appointed to a court or to a section of the army or navy.
chap'let (chăp'lĕt), a wreath worn on the head.
charge (chārj), to attack, rush upon; command.
charm'ing lay, pleasing song, poem.
char'ter-ing (chär'tĕr-ĭng), hiring for exclusive use for some special purpose.
chasm (kăz'm), a gap or break.
chas-tise' (chăs-tīz'), to punish.
Cha'till-on (shă'tē'yŏn).
cher'ished (chĕr'ĭsht), held dear.
cher'ub (chĕr'ŭb), beautiful child; angel.
chid (chĭd), found fault.
chief'tain (chēf'tĭn), leader.
Chi'hun (chē'hŭn).
Chil'li-coth'e (chĭl'ĭ-kŏth'ē).
chime (chīm), a set of bells musically tuned.
chi-me'ra (kĭ-mē'rá), an absurd or impossible creature of the imagination.
chip the shell, to crack the shell of the egg and come out into the nest.
chi-rur'geon (kī-rûr'jŭn), surgeon.
chiv'al-rous (shĭv'ăl-rŭs), gallant.
chiv'al-ry (shĭv'ăl-rĭ), system of knighthood.
chol'er-ic (kŏl'ĕr-ĭk), hot-tempered.
chop'fall'en (chŏp'fôl''n), cast down, dejected.
Chris'ten-dom (krĭs''n-dŭm), the Christian world.
chron'i-cle (krŏn'ĭ-k'l), record, history.
chro-nom'e-ter (krō-nŏm'ĕ-tĕr), an instrument for measuring time.
chrys'o-lite (krĭs'ō-līt), a semi-precious stone, commonly yellow or green.
churl (chûrl), one of the lowest class of freemen.
cinch (sĭnch), a strong girth for a pack or saddle.
cin'na-mon (sĭn'ă-mŭn), a dark chestnut-colored bear.
cinque'foil' (sĭnk'foil), a plant called "five-finger," because of the resemblance of the leaves to the fingers of the hand.
cir'cuit (sûr'kĭt), act of moving, a route.
cir'cum-stance (sûr'kŭm-stăns), situation.
cir'cum-stan'tial (sûr'kŭm-stăn'shăl), detailing all circumstances, exact.
cit'a-del (sĭt'ă-dĕl), a fortress.
cit'i-zen-ship (sĭt'ĭ-z'n-shĭp), state of being a citizen, of owing allegiance to a government and entitled to protection from it.
civ'il (sĭv'ĭl), of, pertaining to, or made up of citizens, or individuals taking part in a common society.
civ'il of-fi'cial (sĭv'ĭl ŏ-fĭsh'ăl), officer dealing with ordinary affairs, or government matters as opposed to military matters.
civ'il war, war between two parties of citizens of the same country.
clam'ber-ing (klăm'bĕr-ĭng), climbing with difficulty.
clam'or (klăm'ĕr), a loud, continued noise, uproar.
clan'gor (klăn'gĕr), a sharp, harsh, ringing sound.
clar'i-on-et (klăr'ĭ-ŭn-ĕt), properly called clarinet, a musical wind instrument.
clash the cymbals (sĭm'bălz), beat the brass half globes or concave plates clashed together to produce a sharp ringing sound.
clenched (klĕnchť), closed tightly.
clog (klŏg), that which hinders or impedes motion.
clois'ter (klois'tĕr), a place for retirement from the world for religious duties, convent.
close dealing, driving a sharp bargain.
close quarters, near or close to each other.
close-reefed vessels, vessels or boats with their sails tightly folded.

cloth of gold, a fabric woven wholly or partly of threads of gold.
clo'ven (klō'v'n), divided, cleft.
clutch (klŭtch), grasp.
coast was clear, way was safe.
coasting-vessel, a ship sailing along the coast.
cocked (kŏkt), turned or stuck up.
cock'le-shell' (kŏk'l-shĕl'), a certain kind of shell.
cog-no'men (kŏg-nō'mĕn), name.
co-in'ci-dence (kō-ĭn'sĭ-dĕns), occurrences at the same time.
coir-swab (koir-swŏb), a kind of mop or cloth made from the fiber of the outer husk of the coconut.
Cold'stream (Guards), a famous English infantry regiment.
collapsed in proportion (kŏ-lăpst'), the other side caved in as far as the one side puffed out.
col-lat'ing (kŏ-lāt'ĭng), comparing.
collision of waves (kŏ-lĭzh'ŭn), intermixing of waters.
col-lo'qui-al (kŏ-lō'kwĭ-ăl), conversational, informal.
Co-lom'bo (kō-lōm'bō), capital of Ceylon.
co-los'sal team (kō-lŏs'ăl), a very large team.
col'um-bine (kŏl'ŭm-bīn), a flower.
col'umn (kŏl'ŭm), an upright body or mass.
com'e-dy (kŏm'ĕ-dĭ), a drama of light and amusing character.
come'ly (kŭm'lĭ), good-looking.
com-mand'ment (kŏ-mănd'mĕnt), order.
com-mem'o-rate (kŏ-mĕm'ō-rāt), to celebrate.
com'men-da'tion (kŏm'ĕn-dā'shŭn), praise, compliment.
com'men-ta-ries (kŏm'ĕn-tā-rĭz), notebook, series of memoranda.
com'ments (kŏm'ĕnts), talks, remarks.
com'men-ta'tor (kŏm'ĕn-tā'tĕr), one who writes notes or comments upon a subject.
com-mis'sion (kŏ-mĭsh'ŭn), to appoint.
com-mis'sion and con-trol', authority and rule.
com-mit' (kŏ-mĭt'), to intrust.
com-mod'i-ty (kŏ-mŏd'ĭ-tĭ), goods, wares.
com'mon (kŏm'ŭn), joint or mutual.
com'mon-wealth' (kŏm'ŭn-wĕlth'), state, republic.
com-mo'tion (kŏ-mō'shŭn), disturbance.
com-mune' (kŏ-mūn'), to take counsel.
com-mu'ni-cate (kŏ-mū'nĭ-kāt), to make known.
com-pan'ion (kŏm-păn'yŭn), a stairway from one deck to the other.
com'pass (kŭm'pas), an instrument for determining directions.
com-pas'sion (kŏm-păsh'ŭn), pity.
com'pe-ten-cy (kŏm'pĕ-tĕn-sĭ), supply.
com-pet'i-tor (kŏm-pĕt'ĭ-tĕr), rival.
com'ple-ment (kŏm'plĕ-mĕnt), the whole number allowed to a ship.
com-pli'ance (kŏm-plī'ăns), agreement.
com'pli-ment' (kŏm'plĭ-mĕnt'), flattery, praise.
com-po'nent (kŏm-pō'nĕnt), composing, an ingredient, a part.
com-port' (kŏm-pōrt'), agree, accord; conduct.
com'po-si'tion (kŏm'pō-zĭsh'ŭn), a literary, musical, or artistic product.
com'pre-hend' (kŏm'prē-hĕnd'), to understand.
com-press' (kŏm-prĕs'), to condense.
com-prise' (kŏm-prīz'), to include.
Com'yn (kŭm'ĭn), a Scottish noble.
con (kŏn), to study over.
con-cede' (kŏn-sēd'), to grant or allow.
con-ceive' (kŏn-sēv'), to imagine, think.
con-cen'tric (kŏn-sĕn'trĭk), having a common center.
con-cep'tion (kŏn-sĕp'shŭn), idea, notion.
conch-shell (kŏnk-shĕl), sea-shell.
con-clud'ed (kŏn-klōōd'ĕd), decided.
con-clu'sion (kŏn-klōō'zhŭn), end, result.
con-clu'sive (kŏn'klōō'sĭv), convincing.
con-cur'rence (kŏn-kŭr'ĕns), approval, consent.
con-demned (kŏn-dĕmd'), doomed, sentenced.
con'de-scend'ed (kŏn'dē-sĕnd'ĕd), agreed, consented.
con'de-scen'sion (kŏn'dē-sĕn'shŭn), courtesy, kindness.
Coney Island (kō'nĭ), an amusement park much frequented by New Yorkers.
con-fed'er-acy (kŏn-fĕd'ĕr-ă-sĭ), states or nations united in a league.
con'fer-ence (kŏn'fĕr-ĕns), meeting for discussion.
con'fi-dant' (kŏn'fĭ-dănt), one to whom another tells secrets.
con'fi-dent (kŏn'fĭ-dĕnt), sure, trustful.
con-fine' (kŏn-fīn'), to hold back, restrain.
con'firmed' (kŏn-fûrmd'), chronic, habitual.
con-found' (kŏn-found'), confuse, perplex.
con-fu'sion alone was supreme, disorder reigned instead of a king.
con-gen'ial (kŏn-jēn'yăl), of the same kind, sympathetic.
con'ger (kŏn'gĕr), a kind of eel.
con-gest'ed (kŏn-jĕst'ĕd), overcrowded.
con'gre-gate (kŏn'grē-gāt), to assemble.
con'gre-ga'tion (kŏn'grē-gā'shŭn), a gathering.
con-jec'ture (kŏn-jĕk'tûr), to guess, imagine.
con'nois-seur' (kŏn'ĭ-sûr'), one well versed in any subject, expert.
con-nu'bi-al (kŏ-nū'bĭ-ăl), of or pertaining to marriage.
Co-non'chet (kō-nŏn'chĕt).
con-san-guin'i-ty (kŏn-săn-gwĭn'ĭ-tĭ), blood relationship.
con'se-crat'ed (kŏn'sē-krāt'ĕd), made sacred or holy.
con'se-quence (kŏn'sē-kwĕns), result.
con'se-quent (kŏn'sē-kwĕnt), that which follows, following.
con-serv'a-to-ries (kŏn-sûr'vă-tō-rĭz), greenhouses.
con-sid'er-able (kŏn-sĭd'ĕr-ă-b'l), rather large in extent, of importance or value.
con-sid'er-a'tion (kŏn-sĭd'ĕr-ā'shŭn), careful thought.

con-signed' (kŏn-sīnd'), intrusted, given over.
con-so-la'tion (kŏn-sŏ-lā'shŭn), comfort.
con-sol'a-to-ry (kŏn-sŏl'ā-tō-rĭ), comforting.
con-spic'u-ous (kŏn-spĭk'ū-ŭs), plainly seen, striking.
con'sta-ble (kŭn'stā-b'l), a township or parish officer.
con'stan-cy (kŏn'stăn-sĭ), loyalty, firmness under suffering.
constantly acting a studied part, always acting, not naturally as a child would, but as his experience has taught him.
con'stel-la'tion (kŏn'stĕ-lā'shŭn), a number of fixed stars; an assemblage of splendors.
con'sti-tut-ed (kŏn'stĭ-tūt-ĕd), established, formed.
con'sti-tu'tion (kŏn'stĭ-tū'shŭn), physique, health; a written document laying down rules for the conduct of affairs.
con-strain' (kŏn-strān'), to compel, to force.
con'sul (kŏn'sŭl), an official appointed by a government to a foreign country.
con-ta'gion (kŏn-tā'jŭn), spreading, exciting similar emotions or conduct in others.
con'tem-plat-ing (kŏn'tĕm-plāt-ĭng; kŏn-tem'plāt-ĭng), regarding or looking at thoughtfully.
con'tem-pla'tion (kŏn'tĕm-plā'shŭn), study, thought.
con-tem'po-ra-ry (kŏn-tĕm'pō-rā-rĭ), living at the same time.
con-temp'tu-ous (kŏn-tĕmp'tū-ŭs), scornful, haughty.
con-tend' (kŏn-tĕnd'), to cope, fight.
con'tent (kŏn'tĕnt; kŏn-tĕnt'), that which is contained.
con-tent'ed himself (kŏn-tĕnt'ĕd), satisfied himself.
con-ti-nent'al blood in-ter-veined' (kŏn-tĭ-nĕnt'al; ĭn-tĕr-vānd'), the blood of the East and the West intermingled.
con-tor'tion (kŏn-tôr'shŭn), twisting.
con'tra-band (kŏn'trā-bănd), smuggled.
con-tra-dic'to-ry (kŏn-trā-dĭk'tō-rĭ), contrary, opposite.
con-tri'tion (kŏn-trĭsh'ŭn), deep sorrow.
con-triv'ance (kŏn-trīv'ăns), device, invention.
con-triv'ed (kŏn-trīvd'), planned, invented.
con-ven'tion-al (kŏn-vĕn'shŭn-ăl), dependent on usage, formal.
con'verse (kŏn'vûrs), communication, talk, conversation.
con-vey' (kŏn-vā'), impart, communicate; carry.
con'vo-lut'ed (kŏn'vō-lūt'ĕd), rolled together, one part upon another.
con-voy' (kŏn-voi'), to escort for protection; go with.
con-vul'sion (kŏn-vŭl'shŭn), tumult; a violent shaking.
coop of the counter, a small place used for storage purposes in the stern of the ship.
cope (kōp), to enter into a hostile contest, to struggle
co'pi-ous-ness (kō'pĭ-ŭs-nĕs), fullness, abundance.
copse (kŏps), contracted from **coppice,** a grove of small growth.
co-quette' (kō-kĕt'), a flirt.
cor'al (kŏr'ăl), the skeletons of certain small sea-animals, which have been deposited during the ages and form reefs and islands.
Cor'bi-tant (kôr'bĭ-tănt), an Indian chief.
cord'age (kôr'dâj), ropes in the rigging of a ship.
cor'dial (kôr'jăl), hearty.
Cor'do-van (kôr'dō-vän), from Cordova, a city in Spain, famous for leather.
cor'du-roy' (kôr'dŭ-roi; kôr'dŭ-roi'), a kind of coarse, durable cotton fabric having a surface raised in ridges.
cork-heild (kôrk-hēld), Scotch for **cork-heeled.**
cor'mo-rant (kôr'mŏ-rănt), a large sea-bird.
Corn'wall (kôrn'wôl), county in southwestern England.
cor're-spond'ent (kŏr'ĕ-spŏnd'ĕnt), a person employed to contribute news regularly from a particular place or scene of action.
cor're-spond'ing (kŏr'ĕ-spŏnd'ĭng), matching, similar, agreeing.
cor-rup'tion (kŏ-rŭp'shŭn), the change from good to bad, wickedness.
cor'sair (kôr'sâr), pirate vessel.
corse'let (kôrs'lĕt), armor for the body.
cos-mog'ra-pher (kŏz-mŏg'rā-fĕr), one who knows the science that teaches how the whole system of worlds is made.
cot (kŏt), cottage.
couched (koucht), placed, put.
cou'lies (kōō'lĭz), the beds of streams, even if dry, when deep and having inclined sides.
coun'cil (koun'sĭl), an assembly of persons met to give advice.
council board, meeting of the board.
coun'ci-lor (koun'sĭ-lĕr), a member of a council.
coun'seled (koun'sĕld), advised.
coun'te-nance (koun'tĕ-năns), the expression or color of the face; favor, encouragement.
coun'ter-feit (koun'tĕr-fĭt), to imitate.
coun'ter-part' (koun'tĕr-pärt'), a copy, duplicate.
cou'ri-er (kōō'rĭ-ĕr), a messenger.
course (kōrs), track, way.
cours'er (kōr'sĕr), a war horse.
court'ed per'il (kōrt'ĕd pĕr'ĭl), sought danger.
cour'te-ous (kûr'tē-ŭs), polite.
cour'te-sy (kûr'tē-sĭ), courtliness.
court'ier (kōrt'yĕr), one who attends courts, one having courtly manners.
cove (kōv), a small sheltered inlet, creek, or bay.
cov'e-nant (kŭv'ĕ-nănt), an agreement between two or more persons or parties.
cov'er-haunt'ing, shelter-frequenting.
cov'ert (kŭv'ĕrt), shelter, covering.
cov'et (kŭv'ĕt), to wish for eagerly.
cow'er (kou'ĕr), crouch, quail.

crab'bed-ly hon'est (krăb'ĕd-lĭ ŏn'ĕst), unpleasantly or sullenly honest.
cradle-crooning, a lullaby.
craft (krăft), trade; a vessel.
craft'i-ly (krăft'ĭ-lĭ), slyly, cunningly.
craf'ty (krăf'tĭ), skillful, shrewd.
crag (krăg), a steep, rugged rock.
crane (krān), a wading bird, having a long bill and long legs and neck.
cra'ni-um (krā'nĭ-ŭm), skull, head.
crank'y (krănk'ĭ), out of order, ill-tempered, liable to tip.
crave (krāv), to beg.
cre-du'li-ty (krē-dū'lĭ-tĭ), belief or readiness of belief.
crest (krĕst), peak, summit, top.
crest'fall-en (krĕst'fôl'n), with hanging head, dejected.
crest-waving Hector, Hector, a famous Trojan warrior, represented with waving plume, fantastically applied to a weed.
crev'ice (krĕv'ĭs), a small opening.
crimp (krĭmp), to give a wavy appearance to.
cri'sis (krī'sĭs), decisive moment, time of difficulty.
crit'i-cal (krĭt'ĭ-kăl), with careful judgment, exact.
croak'ing (krōk'ĭng), hoarse, dismal sound.
crop'ped (krŏpt), bit or snipped off.
cross'-hilt'ed (krôs'hĭlt'ĕd), a sword hilt having a cross guard, thus forming with the blade a Latin cross.
cru'ci-fix (krōō'sĭ-fĭks), a representation of the figure of Christ upon the cross.
cruise (krōōz), to wander hither and thither.
crul'ler (krŭl'ĕr), a small, sweet cake fried brown in deep fat.
crys'tal (krĭs'tăl), clear.
cuck'oo (kōōk'ōō), a bird grayish brown in color with a note like the name.
cudg'el (kŭj'ĕl), a short thick stick; to beat.
cu'li-na-ry (kū'lĭ-nā-rĭ), of the kitchen, cooking.
cull'ing (kŭl'ĭng), choosing.
cum'ber (kŭm'bĕr), trouble; vexation.
cun'ning (kŭn'ĭng), skillful, shrewd; craft, wisdom.
cu'po-la (kū'pō-lȧ), a small structure built on top of a building.
curb (kûrb), a chain or strap attached to the upper part of a bit.
curb'stone' (kûrb'stōn'), an edge stone, a stone set along a margin as a limit and protection.
cur'dling (kûr'dlĭng), thickening.
cu'ri-ous in'con-sis'ten-cy (kū'rĭ-ŭs in'-kŏn-sĭs'tĕn-sĭ), something strangely out of place with its surroundings.
cur'lew (kûr'lū), a kind of bird.
cur'rent coin'age (kŭr'ĕnt koin'ăj), the money in circulation.
cut'lass (kŭt'lăs), a short, heavy, curving sword.
cy-lin'dri-cal (sĭ-lĭn'drĭ-kăl), having the form of a cylinder.
cyn'i-cal (sĭn'ĭ-kăl), with sneering disbelief in sincerity.
cy'press (sī'prĕs), a dark-green tree.
dab'bling (dăb'lĭng), working slightly or superficially.
dal'li-er (dăl'ĭ-ĕr), one who wastes time.
dam (dăm), the mother bear.
Da-mas'cus (dȧ-măs'kŭs), a city of Syria, famous for its silks and steel.
dame (dām), wife.
Dan Apol'lo (dăn ȧpŏl'lō), the sun.
dang'ling (dăn'glĭng), hanging loosely.
dap'pled (dăp'l'd), spotted.
dark as-ser'tion (ȧ-sûr'shŭn), a statement with a hidden meaning.
daunt (dänt), to dismay.
de-barked' (dē-bärkt'), removed from on board a ship.
de-bouch' (dē-bōōsh'), to march out from a wood, defile, etc., into open ground; issue.
de-cease' (dē-sēs'), death.
de-ceit' (dē-sēt'), fraud.
de-cep'tion (dē-sĕp'shŭn), fraud.
de-cid'ed-ly (dē-sīd'ĕd-lĭ), unquestionably.
de-ci'pher (dē-sī'fĕr), to make out or read.
de-ci'sion (dē-sĭzh'ŭn), judgment, conclusion.
de-clin'ing (dē-klīn'ĭng), failing.
de-cliv'i-ty (dē-klĭv'ĭ-tĭ), slope.
de-co'rum (dē-kō'rŭm), fitness, propriety.
de-creed' (dē-krēd'), decided, ordered.
de-crep'i-tude (dē-krĕp'ĭ-tūd), weakness.
de-faced' (dē-fāst'), disfigured, marred.
de-fend'ant (dē-fĕn'dănt), a person required to make answer (defense) in an action or suit in law.
de-fi'ance (dē-fī'ăns), challenge.
de-fray' (dē-frā'), to pay.
de-fy' (dē-fī'), to challenge.
deign (dān), to condescend.
de-ject'ed (dē-jĕk'tĕd), depressed, sad.
de-lec'ta-ble (dē-lĕk'tȧ-b'l), delightful, delicious.
de-lib'er-a'tion (dē-lĭb'ĕr-ā'shŭn), careful consideration; slowness in action.
de-lin'e-ate (dē-lĭn'ē-āt), to describe.
de-lir'i-ous (dē-lĭr'ĭ-ŭs), insane, raving.
de-liv'er-ance (dē-lĭv'ĕr-ăns), rescue.
de-lud'ed (dē-lūd'ĕd), misled, disappointed, deceived.
del'uge (dĕl'ūj), flood.
de-lu'sions (dē-lū'zhŭnz), false beliefs, misleadings.
de-lu'sive (dē-lū'sĭv), deceptive.
delve (dĕlv), labor.
de-mean'or (dē-mēn'ĕr), manner, conduct.
de-mor'al-ized (dē-mŏr'ăl-Izd), cast into disorder.
de-nom'i-nat'ed (dē-nŏm'ĭ-nāt'ed), called, named.
de-plor'a-bly des'o-late (dē-plōr'ȧ-blĭ dĕs'ō-lāt), with nothing to relieve the gloom.
de-plore' (dē-plōr'), regret.
de-port'ment (dē-pōrt'mĕnt), behavior.
de-posed' (dē-pōzd'), dethroned, deprived of office.
de-pre'ci-ate (dē-prē'shĭ-āt), to lower.
dep're-da'tion (dĕp'rē-dā'shŭn), act of plundering.

de-ranged' (dē-rānjd'), unsettled, disturbed, disarranged.
de-scried' (dē-skrīd'), beheld.
des'e-crate (dĕs'ē-krāt), to profane, put to an unworthy cause.
des'o-late (dĕs'ō-lāt), uninhabited, lonely, forsaken.
des'o-la'tion (dĕs'ō-lā'shŭn), waste, ruin, destruction.
des'per-ate (dĕs'pĕr-āt), hopeless, extremely dangerous, mad.
desperate speculation (dĕs'pĕr-āt spĕk'ū-lā'shŭn), extreme uncertainty.
de-spond'en-cy (dē-spŏn-dĕn-sĭ), discouragement, hopelessness.
de-spond'ent (dē-spŏn'dĕnt), low-spirited.
des-pot'ic (dĕs-pŏt'ĭk), tyrannical.
des'ti-na'tion (dĕs'tĭ-nā'shŭn), the place set for the end of the journey.
des'tined (dĕs'tĭnd), intended, doomed.
des'ti-ny (dĕs'tĭ-nĭ), doom, fate.
de-tach' (dē-tăch'), to separate.
de-tach'ment (dē-tăch'mĕnt), a body of troops or part of a fleet sent on.
de-tail' (dē-tāl'; dē'tāl), an account which dwells on particulars.
de-tailed' (dē-tāld'), related in particulars.
de-tain' (dē-tān'), to stop, keep.
de-ter'mined (dē-tûr'mĭnd), decided, resolute.
dev'as-tat'ing (dĕv'ăs-tāt'ĭng), wasting or ravaging.
de'vi-ous (dē'vĭ-ŭs), winding, rambling.
de-void' (dē-void'), destitute.
dex-ter'i-ty (dĕks-tĕr'ĭ-tĭ), skill, aptness.
dex'ter-ous (dĕks'tĕr-ŭs), clever.
di'al (dī'ăl), face of a watch or clock.
di'a-ry (dī'ă-rĭ), a record of personal adventures and experiences.
dic'tates of his judg'ment (dĭk'tāts; jŭj'mĕnt), those things which his good sense forces him to do.
dic'ta-to'ri-al (dĭk'tā-tō'rĭ-ăl), overbearing.
di'et (dī'ĕt), food.
dif'fer-en'ti-a'tion (dĭf'ĕr-ĕn'shĭ-ā'shŭn), act of showing the differences.
dif-fuse' (dĭ-fūz'), to spread.
dif-fuse'ly (dĭ-fūz'lĭ), fully, copiously.
dig'gers (dĭg'ĕrz), miners, gold-seekers, especially those lured to California in 1849, when gold was discovered.
di-lap'i-dat'ed (dĭ-lăp'ĭ-dāt'ĕd), out of repair, ruined.
di-late' (dī-lāt'; dī'lāt), to grow large.
dil'i-gence (dĭl'ĭ-jĕns), care, caution.
dil'i-gent (dĭl'ĭ-jĕnt), careful.
dim twi'light of tra-di'tion (twī'līt; trā-dĭ'shŭn), times long past about which stories are not clear.
dinna ye, pronounce for the meter din'ye; Scotch for **did not you.**
dint of much effort, by means of much labor.
dire'ful (dīr'fo͝ol), terrible.
dire-struck (dīr-strŭk), struck with terror.
dis'ad-van'tage (dĭs'ăd-văn'tăj), unfavorable condition, disadvantage of situation, having a poorer place to fight.
dis-card'ed (dĭs-kärd'ĕd), refused.
dis-cern'i-ble (dĭ-zûr'nĭ-b'l), seen, distinguishable.
dis'ci-plined (dĭs'ĭ-plĭnd), trained.
dis-com'fit-ed (dĭs-kŭm'fĭt-ĕd), put to route, defeated.
dis-con'so-late (dĭs-kŏn'sō-lāt), hopeless, forlorn.
dis-cord'ant (dĭs-kôr'dănt), incongruous, contrary.
dis-course' (dĭs-kōrs'), conversation.
dis-cred'it (dĭs-krĕd'ĭt), to disbelieve, accept as untrue.
dis-cre'tion (dĭs-krĕsh'ŭn), judgment, prudence.
dis-dained' (dĭs-dānd'), scorned.
dis-guise' (dĭs-gīz'), a change in manner or dress to mislead.
dis-heart'en-ing (dĭs-här't'n-ĭng), hopeless.
dis'mal-est (dĭz'măl-ĕst), most dreadful.
dis-may' (dĭs-mā'), fright.
dis-miss' the world (dĭs-mĭs'), leave the world.
dis-or'der-ly rab'ble (dĭs-ôr'dĕr-lĭ răb'b'l), a mob without order.
dis-patch' (dĭs-păch'), to slay, kill.
dis-perse' (dĭs-pûrs'), to scatter.
dis'po-si'tion (dĭs'pō-zĭsh'ŭn), temper, mood; getting rid of anything.
dis'pro-por'tioned (dĭs'prō-pôr'shŭnd), not suitable in form, mismatched.
dis-qui'et (dĭs-kwī'ĕt), uneasiness, anxiety.
dis-rupt'ed (dĭs-rŭpt'ĕd), broken or thrust asunder.
dis-sec'tion (dĭ-sĕk'shŭn), cutting in pieces.
dis-sem'ble (dĭ-sĕm'b'l), to hide the real facts.
dis-solves' (dĭ-zŏlvz'), breaks up, separates.
dis-suade' (dĭ-swād'), advise against.
dis'taff (dĭs'tăf), the staff for holding the flax or wool, from which the thread is drawn in spinning.
dis-tem'per (dĭs-tĕm'pĕr), general illness.
dis-tinc'tive (dĭs-tĭnk'tĭv), marking, characteristic.
dis-tin'guished (dĭs-tĭn'gwĭsht), marked.
dis-trac'tion (dĭs-trăk'shŭn), confusion, disorder, tumult.
dis-trib'ut-er (dĭs-trĭb'ût-ĕr), one who divides or deals out something among several or many.
dit'ty (dĭt'ĭ), a little song.
di'vers (dī'vĕrz), several, various, different.
di-vest' (dĭ-vĕst'), to deprive.
di-vine' (dĭ-vīn'), godlike; to foretell, guess.
dock'-ba'sin (dŏk'-bā's'n), a hollow or inclosed place containing water, a dock for ships.
dog'ged (dôg'ĕd;—ĭd), sullen.
dole'ful fore-bod'ings (dōl'fo͝ol fōr-bōd'ĭngz), sad or gloomy predictions of coming evil.
dol'ing (dōl'ĭng), distributing.
Dol'or-ous Garde (dŏl'ĕr-ŭs gärd), sorrowful castle.
do-mes'tic e-mo'tions (dō-mĕs'tĭk ē-mō'shŭnz), feelings for home things, family feelings.

dom'i-cile (dŏm'ĭ-sīl), house.
dom'i-nate (dom'ĭ-nāt), to rule.
do-min'ion (dō-mĭn'yŭn), estate; control.
Don Cos'sacks (dŏn kŏs'ăks), a warlike people inhabiting the steppes of Russia along the lower Don.
donned (dŏnd), donned the serge, put on the habit of a monk.
Dons (dŏnz), Spanish noblemen.
do'tard (dō'tărd), a foolish person, imbecile.
doth (dŭth), third person singular for **do.**
doub'le-reefed try'sail (dŭb''l-rēft trī'sāl; trī's'l), a small sail taken in twice.
dou'blet (dŭb'lĕt), a close-fitting garment for men, with or without sleeves, covering the body.
doub-loon' (dŭb-lōōn'), an old Spanish gold coin varying in value at different times from five to fifteen dollars.
doub'ly wild (dŭb'lĭ), twice as wild.
dram (drăm), a small drink.
draught; draft (drăft), act of drinking.
draughts that led nowhere (drăfts), drinks that did no good.
draw'bridge (drô'brĭj), a bridge of which either the whole or a part is made to be raised up, let down, or drawn or turned aside, to admit or hinder communication.
dread (drĕd), fear, imagine.
dread'naught (drĕd'nôt), a fearless person; a huge battleship.
dressed their shields, prepared their shields for battle.
dress'er (drĕs'ẽr), a cupboard.
drew our sad'dle-girths (săd''l-gûrthz), tightened the straps encircling the body of a horse.
drif'ters (drĭf'tẽrz), the trawlers, riding at anchor.
drift'wood' (drĭft'wo͝od'), wood drifted or floated by water.
dron'ing (drōn'ĭng), dull, monotonous humming, deep murmuring.
dubbed (dŭbd), called, named.
Duke de la Rowse (dūke dŭ là rōs).
dulse (dŭls), coarse, red seaweed.
Dumferling, same as Dunfermline.
Dum-fries' (dŭm-frēs').
dun'der-pate' (dŭn'dẽr-pāt'), blockhead.
Dun-ferm'line (dŭn-fẽrm'lĭn), a town near Edinburgh, Scotland.
du'pli-ca'tion (dū'plĭ-kā'shŭn), doubling.
Dur'ham (dŭr'ăm), a town near Edinburgh, Scotland.
dy'na-mite (dī'nà-mīt), an explosive.

eagle of the sea, warship.
easy wings, slow-moving wings.
eb'on-y (ĕb'ŭn-ĭ), a heavy wood from the tropics, capable of a fine polish; black.
eb'ul-li'tion (ĕb'ŭ-lĭsh'ŭn), outburst.
ec-stat'ic (ĕk-stăt'ĭk), enthusiastic.
ed'dies (ĕd'ĭz), currents of air or water running contrary to the main current.
edercate, dialect for **ed'u-cate.**
ef-fect'ed (ĕ-fĕk'tĕd), done, carried out.
ef-fete' (ĕf-fēt'), exhausted of productive energy, worn out.
ef-fi'cient (ĕ-fĭsh'ĕnt), capable, competent.
eff'i-gy (ĕf'ĭ-jĭ), an image made to represent some person.
ef-ful'gent (ĕ-fŭl'jĕnt), shining, bright.
e'go (ē'gō), self.
e-jac'u-la'tion (ê-jăk'û-lā'shŭn), sudden exclamation.
eke out (ēk), to add to or piece out by a small addition.
e-lapsed' (ê-lăpsd'), slipped away.
e-late' (ê-lāt'), exultant.
El-do-ra'do (ĕl-dō-rä'dō), a fabulous city of great wealth, hence, any place or region of fabulous richness.
e-lec'tion (ê-lĕk'shŭn), choice.
e-lec'tion-eer' (ê-lĕk'shŭn-ẽr'), to work for a person or party in an election.
e-lec'tric tel'e-graph (ê-lĕk'trĭk tĕl'ê-grăf), an apparatus constructed for sending messages along a wire by means of electricity.
e-lec'tro-typed (ê-lĕk'trō-tīpt), covered with metal.
el'e-gy (ĕl'ê-jĭ), a mournful or plaintive poem.
el'fin (ĕl'fĭn), fairy.
el'i-gi-ble (ĕl'ĭ-jĭ-b'l), desirable.
El'i-ot, John (ĕl'ĭ-ŭt), the apostle to the Indians of North America.
elk (ĕlk), an animal similar to the moose.
El'lers-lie (ĕl'lẽrz-lĭ), a town near Glasgow, Scotland.
elm (ĕlm), a tree generally of large size.
el'o-quence (ĕl'ō-kwĕns), forceful talk showing strong feeling.
e-ma'ci-at'ed (ê-mā'shĭ-āt'ĕd), wasted away in flesh.
e-man'ci-pa'tion (ê-măn'sĭ-pā'shŭn), freedom.
em'bas-sies (ĕm'bà-sĭz), messages, missions.
em-bel'lish (ĕm-bĕl'ĭsh), beautify.
em-bla'zon-ry (ĕm-blā'z'n-rĭ), brilliant decoration, as pictures or figures on shields, standards.
em-bos'omed (ĕm-bo͝oz'ŭmd), sheltered.
em'er-ald (ĕm'ẽr-ăld), a green gem.
e-mer'gen-cy (ê-mûr'jĕn-sĭ), necessity, crisis.
Em'pire State (ĕm'pīr), New York.
em-ploy-ee' (ĕm-ploi-ē'), a clerk or workman in the service of an employer.
em'u-la'tion (ĕm'û-lā'shŭn), striving to imitate.
en-chant'ed (ĕn-chănt'ĕd), bewitched, charmed.
en-com'pass (en-kŭm'pàs), surround.
en-coun'tered (ĕn-koun'tẽrd), met face to face.
en-croach'ing zeal (ĕn-krōch'ĭng zĕl), eagerness which goes beyond desirable limits.
en-cum'bered (ĕn-kŭm'bẽrd), burdened.
en-deav'or (ĕn-dĕv'ẽr), trial.
en-dow'ment (ĕn-dou'mĕnt), gift.
en'er-get-i-cal-ly (ĕn'ẽr-jĕt-ĭ-kăl-lĭ), strenuously.
en-for'cing (ĕn-fôr'sĭng), putting in force or operation.
en-gag'ing (ĕn-gāj'ĭng), pledging, promising.

en-gen'dered (ĕn-jĕn'dĕrd), caused, bred.
en-joined' (ĕn-joind'), commanded, charged.
en-meshed' (ĕn-mĕsht'), caught or entangled, as in meshes.
en'sign (ĕn'sĭn), flag.
en-sued' (ĕn-sūd'), followed as a result.
en-tail'ed the ne-ces'si-ty (ĕn-tāld' the nē-sĕs'ĭ-tĭ), made it necessary.
en'ter-tained (ĕn'tĕr-tānd), held.
en'ter-tain'ment (ĕn'tĕr-tān'mĕnt), encounter, diversion.
en-treat'y (ĕn-trēt'ĭ), an earnest request.
en-vel'op (ĕn-vĕl'ŭp), to surround.
en'voy (ĕn'voi), one sent on a mission, a representative to a foreign country.
ep'au-let (ĕp'ô-lĕt), a shoulder ornament worn by military and naval officers and indicating differences of rank.
ep'i-cur-ism (ĕp'ĭ-kūr-ĭz'm; ĕp'ĭ-kū'rĭz'm), pleasures of the table, delight in food.
ep'i-sodes (ĕp'ĭ-sōds), experiences, occurrences.
ep'i-taph (ĕp'ĭ-tăf), an inscription on a tombstone.
e'qual a'gen-cy (ē'kwăl ā'jĕn-sĭ), equal share.
eq'ui-ta-ble (ĕk'wĭ-tă-b'l), just, fair.
e-rad'i-cat'ed (ē-răd'ĭ-kāt'ĕd), destroyed.
er'rant (ĕr'ănt), wandering.
er-rat'ic (ĕ-răt'ĭk), irregular, queer.
er'u-di'tion (ĕr'ōō-dĭsh'ŭn), learning.
Esh'col (ĕsh'kŏl), a valley in Palestine from which the spies, sent out by Moses, brought back fine grapes. Numbers XIII.
es-pous'al (ĕs-pouz'ăl), marriage.
es-poused' (ĕs-pouzd'), took up the cause of; adopted, made his own.
es-sayed' (ĕ-sād'), tried.
es-tate' (ĕs-tāt'), possessions.
esteemed it not, cared nothing for it.
e-ter'nal (ē-tĕr'năl), always existing.
e'ther (ē'thĕr), sky.
e-the're-al (ē-thē'rē-ăl), heavenly.
e-the're-al-ize (ē-thē'rē-ăl-īz), spiritualize.
E-van'ge-line (ē-văn'jē-lēn).
e-vinced' (ē-vĭnst'), showed clearly.
ev'o-lu'tion (ĕv'ō-lū'shŭn), development.
ewe'neck' (ū'nĕk), an insufficiently arched neck, like that of a sheep.
ex-ag'ger-at-ed ap-pre-ci-a'tion (ĕg-zăj'ĕr-āt'ĕd ă-prē-shĭ-ā'shŭn), enlarged valuation.
ex-alt'ing (ĕg-zôlt'ĭng), lifting up with joy.
ex-as'per-at'ed (ĕg-zăs'pĕr-āt'ĕd), made more grievous, embittered, made harsher.
Ex-cal'i-bur (ĕks-kăl'ĭ-bŭr), the sword of King Arthur.
ex-ceed' (ĕk-sēd'), to go beyond.
ex-cess' (ĕk-sĕs'), superabundance.
ex-ces'sive-ly (ĕk-sĕs'ĭv-lĭ), exceptionally, more than usually.
Ex-cheq'uer (ĕks-chĕk'ĕr), department of English government for collection of revenues.
ex-cul'pat-ing (ĕks-kŭl'pāt-ĭng; ĕks'kŭl-pāt-ĭng), proving to be guiltless.
ex'e-cute (ĕk'sē-kūt), perform.
ex'e-cu'tion (ĕk'sē-kū'shŭn), putting to death.
ex-ec'u-tor (ĕg-zĕk'ū-tĕr), the person named by another person to carry out his will after death.
ex-empt' (ĕg-zĕmpt'), exclude.
ex-ert' (ĕg-zûrt'), put forth, attempt.
ex'ha-la'tion (ĕks'hă-lā'shŭn), breath.
ex-haust'ed (ĕg-zôst'ĕd), tired out, wearied.
ex-hort'ed (ĕg-zôrt'ĕd), urged.
ex-panse' (ĕks-păns'), stretch, extent of space.
ex-pe'di-ent (ĕks-pē'dĭ-ĕnt), shift, suitable means to accomplish an end.
ex'pe-di'tion (ĕks'pē-dĭsh'ŭn), an important journey for a specific purpose.
ex-pert' (ĕks-pûrt'), skillful.
ex'pi-a'tion (ĕks'pĭ-ā'shŭn), atonement, reparation.
ex-ploit' (ĕks-ploit'), deed.
ex-posed' (ĕks-pōzd'), deprived of shelter.
ex-po'sure (ĕks-pō'zhûr), being open to danger.
ex-pound' (ĕks-pound'), explain.
express intention (ĭn-tĕn'shŭn), clear determination or one idea.
ex'qui-site (ĕks'kwĭ-zĭt), rare, perfect.
ex-tent' (ĕks-tĕnt'), space, measure.
ex-ten'u-ate (ĕks-tĕn'ū-āt), to treat as of small importance.
ex-ter'mi-nat'ing (ĕks-tûr'mĭ-nāt'ĭng), destroying utterly, killing all the members of.
ex-tinct' (ĕks-tĭnkt'), no longer living, inactive.
ex-tract'ed (ĕx-trăk'tĕd), got.
ex-traor'di-na-ry (ĕks-trôr'dĭ-nă-ry), remarkable.
ex-trav'a-gance (ĕks-trăv'ă-găns), overdoing, recklessness.
ex-treme' (ĕks-trēm'), farthest.
ex-trem'i-ty (ĕks-trĕm'ĭ-tĭ), greatest need.
ex'tri-cate (ĕks'trĭ-kāt), to free.
ex-ult' (ĕgz-ŭlt'), rejoice exceedingly.

fab'ri-cate (făb'rĭ-kāt), construct.
fa-cil'i-ty (fă-sĭl'ĭ-tĭ), ease in performance; advantage; aid.
fac'tor (făk'tĕr), element.
fac'ul-ties (făk'ŭl-tĭz), talents, cleverness, means, resources.
fag'ot; fag'got (făg'ŭt), bundle of sticks.
fain (fān), eagerly.
fain en-treat' (fān ĕn-trēt'), gladly ask.
fair conquest, what he had won honorably.
fair-languaged, of fine and appropriate speech.
faith I owe, pledge I owe.
faith'less (fāth'lĕs), disloyal.
Fal'kirk (fôl'kûrk).
fal'ter (fôl'tĕr), to hesitate.
fan'cies (făn'sĭz), whims.
Faneuil (făn'ĕl) **Hall,** one of the landmarks of colonial Boston.
fang (făng), a long, sharp tooth.
Faroe Islands (fâr'o; fâ'rō), a group of islands in the North Sea between the Shetlands and Iceland.
fas'ci-nat'ing crook (făs'ĭ-nāt'ĭng krŏŏk), charming hook, enticing hook.

fast by, close by.
fasten a quarrel, start a quarrel.
fas-tid'i-ous (făs-tĭd'ĭ-ŭs), difficult to please.
fath'om (făth'ŭm), search; a measure of length containing six feet used chiefly in measuring cables and depth of water.
fa-tigued' (fȧ-tēgd'), tired.
Feast of the Holy Trinity (trĭn'ĭ-tĭ), the Sunday next after Pentecost.
feat (fēt), noble deed, exploit.
feign (fān), pretend.
fe-lic'i-ty (fē-lĭs'ĭ-tĭ), bliss, happiness.
fell (fĕl), an elevated wild field, moor, down.
feller, dialect for **fellow** (fĕl'ō), man.
fel'low (fĕl'ō), companion.
fel'low-ship (fĕl'ō-shĭp), company.
fel'on (fĕl'ŭn), criminal, a wicked person.
fer'ment (fûr'mĕnt), tumult, excitement.
fe-roc'i-ty (fē-rŏs'ĭ-tĭ), cruelty, fury, fierceness.
fer'rule (fĕr'o͞ol), ruler.
fer'ry-boat' (fĕr'ĭ-bōt'), a vessel to carry passengers or freight across a narrow body of water.
fer-til'i-ty of ex-pe'di-ents (fĕr-tĭl'ĭ-tĭ; ĕks-pē'dĭ-ĕnts), quickness of finding a suitable means to accomplish an end.
fer'vor (fûr'vẽr), earnestness.
fes-toon' (fĕs-to͞on'), a wreath; to hang in a curve.
feud (fūd), strife.
fever-and-a'gue (ā'gū), fever and chills and sweats.
fi-del'i-ty (fĭ-dĕl'ĭ-tĭ), faith, loyalty.
fie (fī), an exclamation denoting disgust.
files (fīlz), rows.
fil'ial (fĭl'yăl), becoming to a child in relation to his parents.
fil'ly (fĭl'ĭ), young horse.
filmed eyes (fĭlmd), half covered eyes.
fi-nan'cial (fĭ-năn'shăl), connected with money matters.
fi-nesse' (fĭ-nĕs'), cunning.
fire (fīr), courage, enthusiasm.
fire-box (fīr-bŏks), tinder box furnished with flint and steel to produce a spark.
fir'ma-ment (fûr'mȧ-mĕnt), heavens, sky.
fit'ful song (fĭt'fo͝ol) irregular song.
flail (flāl), a tool for threshing grain.
Flan'ders (flăn'dẽrz), an ancient country of Europe, now part of Belgium, Holland, and France.
flank (flăngk), the fleshy part of the side of an animal between the ribs and the hip.
flash of flut'ter-ing dra'per-y (flăsh of flŭt'ẽr-ĭng drā'pẽr-ĭ), sight of her dress fluttering or blowing about.
flaunt'ing (flänt'ĭng), displaying with pride or in a showy manner.
Flem'ish (flĕm'ĭsh), pertaining to Flanders, one of the provinces of Belgium.
Flim'en (flĭm''n).
flinched (flĭncht), withdrew, drew back.
flood of golden glory, a great shining light reaching into every part.
Flo'res (flō'rĕz).
flout'ed (flout'ĕd), mocked.
flu'en-cy (flo͞o'ĕn-sĭ), smoothness, readiness of speech.
flume (flo͞om), an inclined channel, usually of wood, for conveying water from a distance, to be utilized for power.
flur'ried (flŭr'ĭd), excited.
flush (flŭsh), well supplied with money.
flush deck, floor of the boat is even with the sides, no railing.
flux and reflux, flowing in and out.
fold (fōld), offspring.
for'ard, for'ward (fôr'wẽrd), the fore part of a vessel.
for'ay (fôr'ā), raid.
for-bear'ance (fôr-bâr'ăns), the exercise of patience, long-suffering.
ford (fôrd), a stream, a place in a river where it may be passed by wading.
fore'bent ears (fôr'bĕnt ẽrz), ears turned forward.
fore'cas-tle (fōr'kȧs'l; nautical, fōk's'l), a short upper deck forward, raised like a castle.
fore-go' (fôr-gō'), renounce, give up.
fore'top'mast (fôr'tŏp'mȧst), a mast next above the first mast.
for'feit-ed (fôr'fĭt-ĕd), lost by an error or offense.
for'mi-da-ble (fôr'mĭ-dȧ-b'l), terrible.
for-sooth' (fôr-so͞oth'), certainly.
forth'with (fôrth'wĭth'), directly, without delay.
for'ti-tude (fôr'tĭ-tūd), strength, courage.
Fort Lar'a-mie (lăr'ȧ-mĭ), in Wyoming.
Fort Mont-gom'er-y (mŏnt-gŭm'ẽr-ĭ), an American fort on the Hudson river, during the Revolutionary War.
fos'ter father (fŏs'tẽr), a man who has performed the duties of a parent to the child of another by rearing the child as his own.
fouled (fould), entangled.
foun-da'tion (foun-dā'shŭn), basis.
foun'der (foun'dẽr), to become filled with water and sink.
fowl'ing-piece (foul'ĭng-pēs), light gun for shooting birds or small animals.
fran'ti-cal-ly (frăn'tĭ-kăl-ĭ), wildly.
fraud'u-lent (frôd'ū-lĕnt), dishonest.
fraught (frôt), filled, burdened.
freak (frēk), whim.
free of their lives, willingly ready to give their lives.
fre-quent' ed (frē-kwĕnt' ĕd), visited often, resorted to frequently.
frig'ate (frĭg'ȧt), a light vessel propelled by sails and by oars.
fringed gen'tian (frĭnjd jĕn'shăn), a flower.
frin'ging (frĭn'jĭng), bordering.
frisk (frĭsk), a frolic, gay time, vacation.
frol'ic (frŏl'ĭk), merry.
fron'tier (frŏn'tẽr), border.
fru'gal (frōō'găl), sparing, unwasteful.
fruit'less strug'gles (frōōt'lĕs strŭg''lz), great effort without results.
fu'gi-tive (fū'jĭ-tĭv), one who flees from pursuit, danger, or service.
fu'gi-tive sov'er-eign (fū'jĭ-tĭv sŏv'ẽr-ĭn), ruler who was in hiding.
ful-fil'ling your be-hest' (fo͝ol-fĭl'ĭng your bē'hĕst), carrying out your order.
full noble surgeon (sûr'jŭn), a good doctor.

fume (fūm), to fill with vapors or odors, as a room, to perfume as with incense.
fun'nel (fŭn'ĕl), anything the shape of a hollow cone.
fur'bish-ing (fûr'bĭsh-ĭng), cleaning, freshening.
fur'long (fûr'lŏng), forty rods.
fu'ry (fū'rĭ), rage, fierceness.
fu-til'i-ty (fū-tĭl'ĭ-tĭ), uselessness.
fu-tu'ri-ty (fū-tū'rĭ-tĭ), time to come.

Gael'ic (gāl'ĭk), pertaining to the Gaels, or Scotch Highlanders.
Ga'her-is (gā'hĕr-ĭs).
gain'say' (gān'sā'), to speak against, contradict.
gait (gāt), manner of walking, running.
gal'lant (găl'ănt), brave; gay or smart in dress.
gal'le-on (găl'ē-ŭn), a sailing vessel.
Gallipoli (găl-lē'pō-lē), a town in European Turkey.
game (gām), animal hunted.
gang'way' (găng'wā'), the opening through a vessel by which persons enter or leave it.
garb (gärb), dress.
gar'ish (gâr'ĭsh), showy, glaring.
gar'ri-son (găr'ĭ-s'n), troops on duty in a fort.
gar'ru-lous (găr'ōō-lŭs), talkative.
gashed with numberless ravines (găsht; rā-vēnz'), cut with or by means of numberless depressions worn out by running water.
gaud (gôd), an ornament.
gaud'y (gôd'ĭ), showy.
gaunt'let (gänt'lĕt), a glove, sometimes made of chain mail and leather.
gave audience (ō'dĭ-ĕns), received and listened to (as a ruler would receive a subject).
Ga'wain (gō'wān).
ga-zette' (gă-zĕt') a newspaper.
gear (gēr), clothing and ornaments, armor, treasure.
ge'ni-al (jē'nĭ-ăl), kindly.
gen'ius (jēn'yŭs), gifted with unusual power; talent.
gen'try (jĕn'trĭ), people of education and culture.
gen'u-ine (jĕn'û-ĭn), real, true.
Geof'frey of Mon'mouth (jĕf'rĭ of mŏn'-mŭth).
ge-og'ra-pher (jē-ŏg'rà-fĕr), one versed in geography.
ge'o-graph'i-cal con-sid'er-a'tions (jē'-ō-grăf'ĭ-kăl kŏn-sĭd'ĕr-ā'shŭnz), locations according to geography.
ger'fal'con (jûr'fô'k'n), a large falcon of arctic Europe.
germ (jûrm), beginning.
ges'ture (jĕs'tûr), movement of the hands or body expressive of feeling.
gi-gan'tic (jī'găn'tĭk), immense.
Gilles de Ar'gen-tine (jīlz dā är'jĕn-tēn).
gil'lies (gĭl'lēz), servants.
girth (gûrth), the band which encircles the body of a horse to fasten anything upon its back.
glade (glād), an open place in a forest.
Glas'gow (glàs'kō; glàs'gō), the largest city in Scotland.
Glas'ton-bur-y (glàs'tŭn-bĕr-ĭ), a town near Bristol, England.
glaz'ing (glāz'ĭng), icy.
gleam'ing spray (glēm'ĭng sprā), shining water.
glebe (glēb), soil.
glib'ly (glĭb'lĭ), smoothly, easily.
gnarled (närld), knotted.
gnome (nōm), a goblin.
goad (gōd), a pointed rod.
gob (gŏb), lump, mass.
gob'lin (gŏb'lĭn), ghost.
Goffe, William (gŏf), 1605-1679.
gold-diggings, mines in California.
gold'en-cui-rassed' (gōl'd'n-kwē-răst'), covered with a breastplate of golden hue.
gold'smith' (gōld'smĭth'), an artisan who manufactures vessels or ornaments of gold.
Go-li'ath of Gath (gō-lī'ăth of găth), in biblical history, a giant who was slain by David. See I Samuel XVII, 32-49.
Gon-za'lo (gŏn-zā'lō).
Good Queen Bess, Queen Elizabeth (1558-1603).
Goom'tee (gŭm'tē), a river in India on which Lucknow is situated.
go'pher (gō'fĕr), a small burrowing animal about the size of a large rat.
gorge (gôrj), narrow passage.
gor'geous (gôr'jŭs), showy, fine.
gor'get (gôr'jĕt), collar.
gor'y (gôr'ĭ), bloody.
gov'ern-ment (gŭv'ĕrn-mĕnt), the direction of the affairs of state.
gra'cious (grā'shŭs), pleasing.
gran'deur (grăn'dûr), majesty, dignity.
grave (grāv), cut.
Graves'end (grāvz'ĕnd), a town in England, on the right bank of the Thames river.
grav'i-ty (grăv'ĭ-tĭ), seriousness.
green'ing (grēn'ĭng), growing green.
green'sward' (grēn'swôrd'), turf green with grass:
Gren'a-dier' Guards (grĕn'à-dēr' gärdz), a famous English regiment.
griev'ance (grēv'ăns), burden, hardship.
griev'ous (grēv'ŭs), severe.
grim (grĭm), fierce, stern, ferocious.
gross (grōs), heavy, coarse.
gro-tesque' (grō-tĕsk'), oddly formed.
ground'ing his mus'ket, forcing the musket to the ground firmly.
grouse (grous), a bird somewhat similar to a partridge.
grub'bing (grŭb'ĭng), digging.
grum'bling so-lil'o-quies (grŭm'blĭng sō-lĭl'ō-kwĭz), acts of talking to one's self in an ill-natured manner.
Guayaquil (gwī'ä-kēl'), a city in Ecuador.
Guer'ri-ere' (gĕr'ē-ĕr').
guid (gēd), Scotch for **good.**
guin'ea (gĭn'ĭ), a domestic fowl.
Guin'e-vere (gwĭn'ē-vēr).
guise (gīz), manner.
gules (gūlz), red color.
Gulf of Both'ni-a (bŏth'nĭ-à), the north part of the Baltic sea, between Sweden and Finland.
gul'ly (gŭl'ĭ), a channel worn in the earth by water.

gulped (gŭlpt), swallowed eagerly.
gun'wale (gŭn'ĕl), the upper edge of a vessel's side.
gut'tur-al (gŭt'ŭr-ăl) throaty.
gy'rat-ing (jī'rāt-ĭng), moving in a circle.
gy-ra'tions of the whirl (jī-rā'shŭns), the circular movements of the water.
hab'it (hăb'ĭt), dress, suit of clothes.
ha-bit'u-al-ly (hà-bĭt'ū-ăl-lĭ), regularly, usually.
hack'ney-coach (hăk'nĭ-kōch), a four-wheeled carriage drawn by two horses.
haft (hăft), hilt, handle.
hail (hāl), greeting.
Hai-nault' (hā-nō'), a province of Belgium.
half-felt wish for rest, slight wish for rest.
ham'pered (hăm'pĕrd), hindered.
hand-gre-nade' (hănd-grē-nād'), an explosive to be thrown by hand.
hand'i-cap (hăn'dĭ-kăp), disadvantage.
hands (hănds), every one on the boat.
hap'less (hăp'lĕs), unlucky.
hap'py me'di-um, most useful thing.
har'ass (hăr'ăs), trouble; raid.
har'bin-ger (hăr'bĭn-jĕr), a forerunner, usher.
har'di-er (här'dĭ-ĕr), bolder, braver.
har'di-hood (här'dĭ-ho͝od), bravery.
har'mo-nies of law (här'mō-nĭz), international law.
Ha-roun' Al-ra-schid' (hä-ro͝on' ăl-rà-shēd'), Aaron the Just, Caliph of Bagdad (786-809).
har'pies of the shore, commerce.
har'py (här'pĭ), a monster with a woman's head and a bird's wings, tail, and claws.
hatch'way' (hăch'wā'), an opening in a deck, from one deck to another.
haunch (hänch), the hip.
haunt (hänt; hônt), recur to the mind frequently; to visit as a ghost; a place to which one often resorts.
Have'lock (Hăv'lŏk).
Ha'ver-hill (hā'vĕr-ĭl).
Hav'i-lah (hăv'ĭ-lā), in the description of Eden, a land containing gold, and surrounded by one of the four rivers which go out from Eden. Genesis II.
hav'oc (hăv'ŏk), wide and general destruction, waste.
haz'ard (hăz'ărd), risk, danger, chance.
head-winds, winds blowing straight over the bow of the ship.
heark'en to a com'po-si'tion (härk'n, kŏm'pō-zĭsh'ŭn), listen to terms (for ending the battle).
hearth (härth), that part of a room where the fire is made.
heath'er (hĕth'ĕr), a low shrub, with minute evergreen leaves and pinkish flowers.
heaved (hēvd), rose upward and fell again; raised.
heaven-born (hĕv'n-bôrn), name applied to the upper classes by the people of India.
heave to (hēv to), get to work, turn around.
heav'y-gait'ed (hĕv'ĭ-gāt'ĕd), heavy walking.
Heb'ri-des (hĕb'rĭ-dēz), islands off the west coast of Scotland.
Hec'la (hĕk'là), a volcano in Iceland.
heeled over, tipped.
heigh'ho' (hī'hō'), an exclamation of surprise or joy.
height of the ri-dic'u-lous (hīt of the rĭ-dĭk'ū-lŭs), extremely laughable.
heir (âr), one who inherits.
heir'loom (âr'lo͞om), any piece of personal property owned by a family for many generations.
held his own, suffered no losses or disadvantages.
helm (hĕlm), tiller or wheel by which the ship is steered.
Hel-seg'gen (hĕl-sĕg"n).
Hel-ve'ti-a (hĕl-vē'shĭ-à), an ancient and poetic name for Switzerland.
her'ald (hĕr'ăld), one who publishes or announces.
herb'age (ûr'bâj), green plants or grass.
Her-cu'le-an (hĕr-kū'lē-ăn), requiring the strength of Hercules, a mighty hero of Greek mythology.
he-red'i-ta-ry (hē-rĕd'ĭ-tà-rĭ), ancestral.
he-ret'i-cal (hē-rĕt'ĭ-kăl), unbelieving.
here'un-to' ap-pend', to this attach.
her'mit in the crowd (hûr'mĭt), alone even though in a crowd.
her'o-ism (hĕr'ō-ĭz'm), courage, bravery.
her'on (hĕr'ŭn), a bird that wades in water.
Hi'a-wa'tha (hī'à-wô'thà; hē'à-wô'thà).
hi'ber-nates (hī'bĕr-nāt), to pass the winter sleeping in close quarters.
hie (hī), hasten.
hig'gle-dy-pig'gle-dy (hĭg"l-dĭ-pĭg"l-dī), in confusion, topsy-turvy.
high time, about time, the time.
hind (hīnd), farm servant.
Hin-do-stan' (hĭn-dō-stän'), the Persian name for India.
hin'drance (hĭn'drăns), something which checks or prevents.
hoard (hōrd), treasure, hidden supply.
hob'bled (hŏb'ld), fettered, as a horse, by having the legs tied.
Ho'bo-mok (hō'bō-mŏk), an Indian guide.
Ho'ey-holm (hō'à-hōm).
hoist the signal, raise the flag; request it.
hold (hōld), possession, power.
hold the middle guard, keep watch during the middle part of the night.
hole up (hōl), to take to a hole for winter, as a bear.
hol'lows (hŏl'ōz), holes, low places.
hols'ters (hōl'stĕrz), leather cases for pistols.
hom'age (hŏm'ăj), respect.
home'ly (hōm'lĭ), plain.
hood'wink (ho͝od'wĭnk), deceive.
ho-ri'zon line (hō-rī'zŭn), the line where the earth and sky seem to meet.
hos'pi-ta-ble (hŏs'pĭ-tà-b'l), indicating kindness and generosity to guests and strangers.
hous'ings (houz'ĭngz), trappings.
hov'er (hŭv'ĕr), to hang about.
hove up, brought to a stop.
how'itz-er (hou'ĭt-sĕr), cannon.
hrrump (hrŭmp), a noise.

hud'dled (hŭd"ld); crowded together for protection.
hulk (hŭlk), the body of an old, wrecked, or dismantled ship.
hull (hŭl), the frame or body of a vessel.
hu-mane' of'fice (hū-mān' ŏf'ĭs), kind service.
hum'drum' crone (hŭm'drŭm' krōn), dull old fellow.
hu'mor (hū'mĕr; ū'mĕr), please, gratify; fancy.
hunt'ed for the boun'ty (hŭnt'ed for the boun'tĭ), hunted for the reward offered by the state or county.
hus'band-man (hŭz'bănd-măn), a tiller of the soil, farmer.
hus'band-ry (hŭz'bănd-rĭ), farming.
Hyde Park (hīd), a fashionable park in London.
hysted (hĭst'ĕd), dialect for **hoist'ed.**
hys-ter'ic-al (hĭs-tĕr'ĭ-kăl), over-excited.

I-be'ri-an (ī-bē'rĭ-ăn), Spanish.
i-den'ti-cal (ī-dĕn'tĭ-kăl), the very same.
i-de'a (ī-dē'ă), image, picture.
id'i-o-cy (ĭd'ĭ-ŏ-sĭ), condition of being a fool.
i'dle (ī'd'l), foolish.
i'dle ru'mor (ī'd'l rōō'mĕr), groundless tale.
l'dyl (ī'dĭl), a poem giving a picture.
If-le'sen (ĕf-lā'sĕn).
ig-no'ble (ig-nō'b'l), dishonorable, base.
ig'no-min'i-ous (ig'nō-mĭn'ĭ-ŭs), shameful, dishonorable.
I-graine' (ē-grān').
illegal and void (ĭl-lē'găl), not lawful and hence having no force.
ill'starred' (ĭl'stärd'), unlucky.
il-lu'mi-na'tion (ĭ-lū'mĭ-nā'shŭn), festive lighting up or decorating.
il-lu'sion (ĭl-lū'zhŭn), appearance which is not real, falsity.
il-lus'trate (ĭ-lŭs'trāt; ĭl'ŭs-trāt), make clear.
il-lus'tri-ous (ĭ-lŭs'trĭ-ŭs), distinguished, celebrated.
im-bibe' (ĭm-bīb'), take in.
im-bue' (ĭm-bū'), tinge deeply, fill.
im'i-ta'tion (ĭm'ĭ-tā'shŭn), that which is made to resemble something.
im-meas'ur-a-bly (ĭ-mĕzh'ûr-ă-blĭ), cannot be measured.
im-me'di-ate (ĭ-mē'dĭ-ăt), not far distant.
im-peached' (ĭm-pēcht'), challenged.
im-ped'i-ment (ĭm-pĕd'ĭ-mĕnt), hindrance.
im-pend'ing (ĭm-pĕnd'ĭng), threatening.
im-pen'e-tra-ble (ĭm-pĕn'ĕ-trā'b'l), not to be entered.
im'per-cep'ti-ble (ĭm'pĕr-sĕp'tĭ-b'l), not easily seen or noticed.
im-per'fect con-nect'ing links (ĭm-pûr'fĕkt kŏ-nĕkt'ĭng lĭnks), points of likeness which are not exact.
Im-per'vi-ous (ĭm-pûr'vĭ-ŭs), impassable, impenetrable.
im-pet'u-os'i-ty (ĭm-pĕt'û-ŏs'ĭ-tĭ), violence.
im-pet'u-ous (ĭm-pĕt'û-ŭs), furious.
im'pi-ous (ĭm'pĭ-ŭs), profane, ungodly.
im-pla'ca-ble (ĭm-plā'kă-b'l), incapable of being pacified; unyielding.
im'ple-ment (ĭm'plĕ-mĕnt), tool, instrument.
im-ply' (ĭm-plī'), hint, suggest.
im-por'tu-nate (ĭm-pôr'tû-nāt), urgent.
im-por-tune' (ĭm-pôr-tūn'), urge, beg.
im-prac'ti-ca-ble (ĭm-prăk'tĭ-kă-b'l), impassable.
im'pre-ca'tion (ĭm'prĕ-kā'shŭn), curse.
im-preg'na-ble (ĭm-prĕg'nă-b'l), able to resist attack.
im'pulse (ĭm'pŭls), quick feeling.
im'pulses of his in'cli-na'tion (ĭm'pŭls-ez of his ĭn'klĭ'nā'shŭn), his own natural desires or wishes, the forces of his nature.
im-pu'ni-ty (ĭm-pū'nĭ-tĭ), without punishment.
im'pu-ta'tion (ĭm'pû-tā'shŭn), insinuation, hinted accusation.
in-ad'e-quate (ĭn-ăd'ĕ-kwăt), insufficient.
in-al'ien-a-ble rights (ĭn-āl'yĕn-ă-b'l), rights that cannot be taken away.
in-ap'pli-ca-ble (ĭn-ăp'lĭ-kă-b'l), unsuitable.
in-au'gu-ra'tion (ĭn-ô'gû-rā'shŭn), an ushering in, the ceremony of investing the president with the powers of his office.
In'ca (ĭn'kă), a South American tribe of Indians, which attained unusual culture and art.
in'can-ta'tion so se-rene' (ĭn'kăn-tā'shŭn so sĕ-rēn'), a charm sung so clearly and calmly.
in-car'cer-ate (ĭn-kär'sĕr-āt), to imprison, to confine.
in-ces'sant (ĭn-sĕs'ănt), continual.
Inch-af'fray (ĭnch-ăf'frā).
in'ci-dent (ĭn'sĭ-dĕnt), event.
in'ci-vil'i-ty (ĭn'sĭ-vĭl'ĭ-tĭ), impoliteness.
in-clem'en-cy (ĭn-klĕm'ĕn-sĭ), extreme coldness, storminess.
in-clined' (in-klīnd'), sloping.
in-com'pa-ra-ble (ĭn-kŏm'pă-ră-b'l), matchless.
in-con'se-quen'tial (ĭn-kŏn'sĕ-kwĕn'shăl), unimportant.
in'con-sid'er-a-ble in'ter-val (ĭn'kŏn-sĭd'ĕr-ă-b'l ĭn'tĕr-văl), very small space of time.
in'con-sid'er-ate (ĭn'kŏn-sĭd'ĕr-ăt), not regarding the rights or feelings of others, thoughtless, heedless.
in-con'stant (ĭn-kŏn'stănt), changeable.
in'con-trol'la-ble (ĭn'kŏn-trōl'ă-b'l), not governable.
in-cor'po-rate (ĭn-kôr'pŏ-rāt), to unite, combine into one body.
in'crease (ĭn'krēs), enlargement, growth.
in-cum'brance (ĭn-kŭm'brăns), hindrance.
in-curred' (ĭn-kûrd'), brought upon one's self.
in-cur'sion (ĭn-kûr'shŭn), a raid.
in'de-cis'ion (ĭn'dĕ-sĭzh'ŭn), want of settled purpose, hesitation.
in'dex (ĭn'dĕks), that which points out.
In'dian file (ĭn'dĭ-ăn fīl), single file as the Indians traveled.
Indian tiger, meaning Indian soldiers.
in-dic'a-tive (ĭn-dĭk'ă-tĭv), pointing out.
in-dif'fer-ent (ĭn-dĭf'ĕr-ĕnt), heedless, unconcerned.

in'dig-na'tion (ĭn'dĭg-nā'shŭn), anger mingled with disgust, rage.
in'di-vid'u-al (ĭn'dĭ-vĭd'ū-ăl), person, single one; special.
in-du'bi-ta-ble (ĭn-dū'bĭ-tā-b'l), not doubtful, sure.
in-duce' (ĭn-dūs'), cause, influence.
in-dulged' (ĭn-dŭljd'), gratified, given way to.
in-dul'gence (ĭn-dŭl'jĕns), favor granted.
in-dul'gent (ĭn-dŭl'jĕnt), kind.
in-dus'tri-al (ĭn-dŭs'trĭ-ăl), relating to industry or labor.
in'ef-fec'tu-al (ĭn'ĕ-fĕk'tū-ăl), useless, weak.
in-es'ti-ma-ble (ĭn-ĕs'tĭ-mā-b'l), very valuable, priceless.
in-ev'i-ta-ble (ĭn-ĕv'ĭ-tā-b'l), unavoidable.
in-ex'o-ra-ble (ĭn-ĕk'sō-rā-b'l), unyielding.
in ex-treme' form (ĕks-trēm' fôrm), in fine physical condition.
in-ex'tri-ca-ble (ĭn-ĕks'trĭ-kā-b'l), incapable of being disentangled or untied.
in-fal'li-ble (ĭn-făl'lĭ-b'l), not capable of erring.
in'fa-mous (ĭn'fā-mŭs), disgraceful.
in-fer'nal (ĭn-fûr'năl), deadly, tiresome.
in-fest' (ĭn-fĕst'), plagued by many.
in'fi-del (ĭn'fĭ-dĕl), unbeliever.
in'fi-nite (ĭn'fĭ-nĭt), endless; all embracing.
in-fir'mi-ty (ĭn-fûr'mĭ-tĭ), weakness.
in-flex'i-ble (ĭn-flĕk'sĭ-b'l), firm, unyielding.
in-flict'ed (ĭn-flĭkt'ĕd), caused.
In'gel-ram de Um'phra-ville (ĭn'gĕl-răm dă ŭm'frā-vil).
in-gen'ious-ly (ĭn-jēn'yŭs-lĭ), cleverly.
in'ge-nu'i-ty (ĭn'jĕ-nū'ĭ-tĭ), cleverness in design.
in-gen'u-ous-ly (ĭn-jĕn'ū-ŭs-lĭ), frankly, sincerely.
in-gra'ti-at'ing (ĭn-grā'shĭ-āt'ĭng), pleasing.
in-grat'i-tude (ĭn-grăt'ĭ-tūd), ungratefulness.
in-hab'its in-dif'fer-ent-ly (ĭn-hăb'ĭts ĭn-dĭf'ĕr-ĕnt-lĭ), dwells in a manner not interested.
in-her'it-ance (ĭn-hĕr'ĭ-tăns), a possession which passes by descent, something inherited.
in-im'i-ta-ble (ĭn-ĭm'ĭ-tā-b'l), not capable of being imitated, surpassingly excellent.
in-i'tial (ĭn-ĭsh'ăl), beginning.
in league with evil, in partnership with wickedness.
in'no-va'tion (ĭn'ō-vā'shŭn), change.
in'nu-en'does (ĭn'ū-ĕn'dōz), hints.
in-quir'y (ĭn-kwīr'ĭ), question.
in-scribed' (ĭn-skrībd'), written on.
in-scru'ta-ble (ĭn-skrōō'tā-b'l), not able to be understood.
in-sen'si-ble (ĭn-sĕn'sĭ-b'l), without sensation.
in-sep'a-ra-ble (ĭn-sĕp'ā-rā-b'l), closely united; not separate.
in-sid'i-ous (ĭn-sĭd'ĭ-ŭs), deceitful, crafty.
in-sig'ni-a (ĭn-sĭg'nĭ-ā), emblem, distinguishing marks of authority or honor.
in-sin'u-at'ing (ĭn-sĭn'ū-āt'ĭng), suggestive, indirect.
in-sip'id (ĭn-sĭp'ĭd), flat.
in'so-lence (ĭn'sō-lĕns), insult.
in-spec'tion (ĭn-spĕk'shŭn), investigation, act of looking over.
in'stant-ly ech'oed (ĭn'stănt-lĭ ĕk'ōd), repeated.
in'sti-gate (ĭn'stĭ-gāt), to stir up.
in'stinct (ĭn'stĭnkt), natural feeling.
in-stinc'tive-ly (ĭn-stĭnk'tĭv-lĭ), naturally.
in'suf-fi'cient (ĭn'sŭ-fĭsh'ĕnt), not capable.
in'su-lat'ed (ĭn'sū-lāt'ĕd), separated.
in-sur'gent (ĭn-sûr'gĕnt), rebel.
in-tact' (ĭn-tăkt'), untouched, whole.
in-teg'ri-ty (ĭn-tĕg'rĭ-tĭ), uprightness, honesty.
in-tel'li-gence was acting against (ĭn-tĕl'ĭ-jĕns), understanding was discouraging them.
in'ter-gra-da'tion (ĭn'tĕr-grā-dā'shŭn), changes through a series of grades, or forms.
in-ter'mi-na-ble (ĭn-tûr'mĭ-nā-b'l), endless.
in'ter-pose' (ĭn'tĕr-pōz'), step in.
in'ter-po-si'tion (ĭn'tĕr-pō-zĭsh'ŭn), intervention.
in-ter'pret (ĭn-tûr'prĕt), tell the meaning of.
in-ter'pre-ta'tion (ĭn-tûr'prĕ-tā'shŭn), explanation.
in'ter-rup'tion (ĭn'tĕ-rŭp'shŭn), break, stop.
in'ter-vals (ĭn'tĕr-vălz), brief spaces of time; here and there.
in the lines, in the boundaries or limits of the estate, in the rows.
in the teeth of the sleet, with faces turned in the direction in which the sleet was falling.
in'ti-mate (ĭn'tĭ-māt), close, confidential.
in-tox'i-ca'tion (ĭn-tŏks'ĭ-kā'shŭn), delirium, feeling of delight.
in'tri-ca-cies (ĭn'trĭ-kā-sĭz), entanglements, complexities.
in-trud'ed (ĭn-trōōd'ĕd), invaded.
in-tru'sive pol'i-cy (ĭn-trōō'sĭv pol'ĭ-sĭ), scheme or method of entering without right or welcome.
in-ured' (ĭn-ūrd'), accustomed.
in-val'id (ĭn-văl'ĭd), illegal.
in-va'ri-a-ble (ĭn-vā'rĭ-ā-b'l), unchanging, constant.
in-ven'tion (ĭn-vĕn'shŭn), originality, faculty of inventing.
in-vest'ed (ĭn-vĕst'ĕd), surrounded or hemmed in with troops or ships.
in-ves'ti-ga'tion (ĭn-vĕs'tĭ-gā'shŭn), research, following up.
in-vet'er-ate (ĭn-vĕt'ĕr-ăt), habitual.
in-vin'ci-ble (ĭn-vĭn'sĭ-b'l), unconquerable.
in-vi'o-late (ĭn-vī'ō-lāt), uninjured.
in-vol'un-tary (ĭn-vŏl'ŭn-tā-rĭ), without control of will, unwillingly.
in-volved' (ĭn-vŏlvd'), enveloped, entangled.

in-volved' in the shal'lows (ĭn-vŏlvd' in the shăl'ōz), mixed up in the shallow places.
i-ras'ci-ble (ĭ-răs'ĭ-b'l), easily provoked to anger, fiery, hasty.
ire (īr), anger.
ir're-sist'ible (ĭr'ē-zĭs'tĭ-b'l), overpowering.
ir-res'o-lu'tion (ĭ-rĕz'ō-lū'shŭn), doubt, uncertainty.
ir-rev'er-ent (ĭ-rĕv'ĕr-ĕnt), disrespectful.
ir-rev'o-ca-ble (ĭ-rĕv'ō-kà-b'l), unchangeable, past recall.
ir'ri-ta-ble (ĭr'ĭ-tà-b'l), touchy, fretful.
ir'ri-ta'tion (ĭr'ĭ-tā'shŭn), excitement of impatience, anger, or passion; annoyance, anger.
ir-rup'tion (ĭ-rŭp'shŭn), a sudden and violent inroad or invasion.
i'so-la'tion (ī'sō-lā'shŭn), being alone, separate from others.
is'sue (ĭsh'ū), outcome, result.
iss'ued on the prai'rie (ĭsh'ūd on the prā'rĭ), came forth on the prairie.
i-tin'er-ant (ī-tĭn'ĕr-ănt), wandering.

jag'ger-y (jăg'ĕr-ĭ), a coarse brown sugar.
Ja-i'rus (jà-ī'rŭs), Luke VIII, 49-56.
jas'mine (jăs'mĭn), a shrub bearing flowers of a peculiarly fragrant odor.
jas'per (jăs'pĕr), a kind of quartz.
jaunt (jänt; jônt), a short excursion for pleasure.
jeal'ous rage (jĕl'ŭs), selfish anger.
jeop'ard-y (jĕp'ĕr-dĭ), risk.
Je-ru'sa-lem (jē-rōō'sà-lĕm), the chief city of Palestine, closely associated with the life and death of Jesus Christ.
jes'sa-mine (jĕs'à-mĭn), same as jasmine.
Joan (jōn), short for Joanna.
jock'ey (jŏk'ĭ), a professional rider of horses in races.
joc'und (jŏk'ŭnd), merry.
jog'ging (jŏg'ĭng), moving slowly.
john's-wort, St. John's-wort, a small plant having yellow flowers.
join'er (join'ĕr), one who repairs furniture.
jour'nal-ist (jûr'năl-ĭst), one who writes for a public journal.
jousts (jŭsts; jōōsts), combats on horseback between two knights with lances.
ju-di'cious-ly (jōō-dĭsh'ŭs-lĭ), wisely.
jun'gle (jŭn'g'l), land overgrown with brushwood.
jungle-serpent, meaning Indian soldiers.
ju'ror (jōō'rĕr), member of a jury, one of a number of men sworn to deliver a verdict as a body.
ju'ry-mast (jōō'rĭ mást), temporary mast.
jus'ti-fi-ca'tion (jŭs'tĭ-fĭ-kā'shŭn), defense, support.

Ka'la Nag (kā'là năg).
keel (kēl), the timber or combination of timbers supporting a vessel's framework.
keel the pot, to skim or stir, as to prevent boiling over.
Khe-dive' (kē-dēv'), the governor of Egypt.
Kield'holm (kēld'hōm).
Kil-drum'mie (kĭl-drŭm'mĭ).
Kil-men'y (kĭl-mĕn'ĭ).
kin'dred (kĭn'drĕd), family.
King Log, a character in one of Aesop's fables.
King Solomon, a Biblical king of great magnificence. I Kings I, 32-40.
kin'ni-kin-nic' (kĭn'ĭ-kĭ-nĭk'), the red bearberry.
kins'man (kĭnz'măn), a relative.
Kirch'er (kĭrk'ĕr), a Jesuit scientist.
knave (nāv), rascal.
knee-hal'tered (nē-hăl'tĕrd), haltered or tied at the knees.
knell (nĕl), stroke or sound of a bell.
Knick'er-bock'er, Die'drick (dē'drĭk nĭk'ĕr-bŏk'ĕr).
knightly exercises, practice for knighthood.
knocked down, sold at auction.
knolled (nōld), summoned by a bell.

la-bo'ri-ous (là-bō'rĭ-ŭs), toilsome.
lab'y-rinth (lăb'ĭ-rĭnth), a place full of passageways which make it difficult to find the way out; confusion.
lab'y-rinth of whims (lăb'ĭ-rĭnth), a confusion of notions hard to understand.
lack'ing (lăk'ĭng), not there.
lad'ing (lād'ĭng), load, cargo.
lair (lâr), bed.
Lan'ca-shire (lăn'kà-shĕr), a northwestern county of England.
land'mark' (lănd'märk'), any object that marks a locality or serves as a guide.
Land Office, a government office in which the sales of public land are registered.
land'scape (lănd'skāp), a portion of land which the eye can see in a single glance.
lan'guor (lăn'gĕr), dullness, lack of life.
lapp'ed in quiet (lăpt), wrapped in quiet, or stillness.
lapse (lăps), a slip, a passing.
lar'board (lär'bōrd; bĕrd), the left-hand side of a ship to one on board facing toward the bow, port.
lar'gess (lär'jĕs), gift.
lar'i-at (lăr'ĭ-ăt), long, small rope of hemp or hide with a running noose, used for catching cattle or horses.
lash'ing (lăsh'ĭng), striking.
lash'ings (lăsh'ĭngz), cords, ropes.
lat'er-al (lăt'ĕr-ăl), sidewise.
lat'i-tude (lăt'ĭ-tūd), distance north or south of the equator.
lat'tice (lăt'ĭs), a kind of framework, made by crossing thin strips so as to form a network.
laud'a-ble (lôd'à-b'l), praiseworthy.
laud'ing (lôd'ĭng), praising.
launch (länch; lônch), fling out; set afloat.
lau'rel (lô'rĕl), a shrub or tree, with fragrant leaves.
La-vaine' (là-vān').
lav'ish (lăv'ĭsh), generous.
lay (lā), not of the clergy.
lay-to, to lie head to windward without moving, except for drift.

lax'a-reet', for **lax'a-ret'to**, in sailor's language, a place near the stern of some merchant vessels, used as a storehouse.
league (lēg), a measure of distance varying for different times and countries from about 2.4 to 4.6 miles; combination for mutual support.
leagued (lēgd), united.
leave (lēv), permission.
led horse (lĕd), an extra horse.
lee of a boul'der (bōl'dĕr), sheltered side of a boulder or rock.
leek (lēk), a plant resembling the onion.
lee'ward (lē'wĕrd; lē'ĕrd), the part or side of the ship opposite to the direction from which the wind blows; sheltered.
leg'a-cy (lĕg'ä-sĭ), a gift, something coming from an ancestor or predecessor.
leg'end (lĕj'ĕnd; lē'jĕnd), a story that has been handed down.
leg'end-a-ry (lĕj'ĕn-dä-rĭ), fabulous, traditional.
le-git'i-mate (lē-jĭt'ĭ-māt), lawful.
lei'sure (lē'zhûr), time free from work.
Le Morte D'Arthur (lē môrt där'thĕr), French for **the death of Arthur.**
Le-od'o-gran (lā-ŏd'ō-grän).
lep'ro-sy (lĕp'rō-sĭ), an incurable disease.
le-thar'gic (lē-thär'jĭk), heavy with sleep.
leth'ar-gy (lĕth'är-jĭ), continued or profound sleep; state of inaction.
like'li-est (līk'lĭ-ĕst), fittest.
Li'ma Town (lē'mä), in Peru.
lim-i-ta'tion (lĭm'ĭ-tā'shŭn), that which confines within limits.
Lin'coln-shire (lĭn'kŭn-shēr), a county in England.
lin'e-age (lĭn'ē-ĕj), descent, family.
lin'e-al (lĭn'ē-ăl), descending in a direct line.
lin'net (lĭn'ĕt), a common small finch.
Li'on-el (lī'ŭn-ĕl).
Li'o-nes' (lē'ō-nĕs').
lin'sey-wool'sey (lĭn'zĭ-wo͝ol'zĭ), coarse cloth made of linen and wool.
lists (lĭsts), chooses, likes; the field of knightly combat.
literal and metaphorical (lĭt'ĕr-ăl, mĕt'ä-fŏr'ĭ-kăl), speaking according to both fact and figure.
lit'er-al-ly (lĭt'ĕr-ăl-lĭ), word by word.
lit'er-a-ture (lĭt'ĕr-ä-tûr), the class of writings of a given country, or period, or people, which is notable for form or expression.
Lith'gow (lĭth'gō), a town near Edinburgh.
lit'ter (lĭt'ĕr), a stretcher so arranged with poles at the sides that a sick or wounded person may easily be carried on it.
live'long' (lĭv'lŏng'), whole.
liv'er of his soul, most loved possession.
load'stone' (lōd'stōn'), magnet.
loath (lōth), unwilling.
loch (lŏk), a lake.
Loch-gyle' (lŏk-gīl').
Loch-iel' (lŏk-ēl').
Locke, John, English philosopher (1632-1704).
lock'er (lŏk'ĕr), a chest or compartment for stowing anything snugly.
lodge-pole (lŏj-pōl), a long, slender pole used in setting up a tent.
Lo-fo'den (lō-fō'dĕn), a group of islands off the coast of northern Norway.
loft'i-est (lŏft'ĭ-ĕst), highest.
Log (lŏg), the full nautical record of a ship's voyage.
log'ic (lŏj'ĭk), reason.
lolled (lōld), hung.
lon'gi-tu'di-nal (lŏn'jĭ-tū'dĭ-nal), running lengthwise.
'long'shore lub-bers (lŏng'shōr' bĕrz), people used to staying on shore.
long-van'ished, long disappeared.
loom (lo͞om), appearance of exaggerated size.
loom'ing (lo͞om'ĭng), appearing.
loosed (lo͞ost) **storm breaks furiously**, the storm that has been released, breaks angrily.
Lord Na'pi-er (nā'pĭ-ĕr).
lore (lōr), wisdom, knowledge.
lo'sel (lō'zĕl), a worthless person.
Los Muer'tos (lōs mĕr'tōs).
lot is cast with men, your life must be led among men.
lou'is d'or (lo͞o'ē dōr), a former gold coin of France.
loung'ing (lounj'ĭng), idling, reclining.
lour, frown, to look threatening.
loy'al-ty (loi'ăl-tĭ), faithfulness.
lub'ber-ly (lŭb'ĕr-lĭ), like a clumsy fellow, ignorant of seamanship.
Lu'can (lū'kăn).
luckless starr'd, born under an unlucky star; unfortunate.
Luck'now' (lŭk'nou'), a city in India.
lu'cra-tive (lū'krä-tĭv), making money, profitable.
lu'di-crous (lū'dĭ-krŭs), ridiculous, comical.
lug'sail' (lŭg'sāl'), a four-sided sail without a boom.
lu-gu'bri-ous (lû-gū'brĭ-ŭs), mournful.
lulled (lŭld), quieted.
lum'ber-ing (lŭm'bĕr-ĭng), bulky, rumbling.
lu'mi-nous (lū'mĭ-nŭs), shining; full of light.
lurch (lûrch), a sudden roll to one side.
lu'rid (lū'rĭd), like glowing fire seen through cloud or smoke; terrible, blazing.
lurk'ing (lûrk'ĭng), hidden, sneaking.
lus'ter (lŭs'tĕr), brightness, glitter.
Lu'ther, Martin (lo͞o'thĕr), a German reformer, translator of the Bible and writer of many hymns.
lux-u'ri-ous (lŭks-ū'rĭ-ŭs), extravagant; with unrestrained delight.

mad'dened (măd''nd), enraged.
made shift, managed, contrived.
Mael'strom (māl'strŏm), a whirlpool on the coast of Norway.
mag'a-zine' (măg'ä-zēn'), the place where the cartridges are put in a gun; a storehouse, granary.
Mag'da-la (măg'dä-lä).

Ma'gi (mā'jī), the three wise men who brought gifts to the Christ child. Matt. II.
mag'ic (măj'ĭk), sorcery, witchery, charm.
ma-gi'cian (mȧ-jĭsh'ăn), one skilled in magic.
mag'is-tra-cy (măj'ĭs-trȧ-sĭ), office of a magistrate or public officer.
mag'na-nim'i-ty (măg'nȧ-nĭm'ĭ-tĭ), great minded, raised above what is ungenerous.
mag-nan'i-mous (măg-năn'ĭ-mŭs), unselfish.
mag'ni-tude (măg'nĭ-tūd), greatness, size.
mag-no'li-a (măg-nō'lĭ-ȧ), a genus of trees having aromatic bark and large fragrant white, pink, or purple blossoms.
ma-hout' (mȧ-hout'), the keeper and driver of an elephant.
main (mān), the great sea.
main-tained' (mān-tānd'), kept, held.
main'te-nance (mān'tē-nȧns), support.
Ma-lay' (mȧ-lā'; mā'lā), a native of the Malayan peninsula, the extreme south end of the mainland of Asia, or of the neighboring islands.
ma-lev'o-lent (mȧ-lĕv'ō-lĕnt), wishing evil.
mal'ice (măl'ĭs), ill will.
mal'let (măl'lĕt), a wooden hammer.
Mal'or-y, Sir Thomas (măl'ō-rĭ).
Mal-tese' (môl-tēz'), a native of Malta, an island in the Mediterranean sea, south of Sicily.
man'age-a-ble (măn'ȧj-ȧ-b'l), governable.
man'date (măn'dȧt), command, order.
man'gle (măn'g'l), spoil, injure, mutilate.
ma'ni-a (mā'nĭ-ȧ), madness, violent desire, craze.
ma'ni-ac (mā'nĭ-ăk), a madman.
man'i-fes-ta'tion (măn'ĭ-fĕs-tā'shŭn), revelation, disclosure.
man'i-fest-ly (măn'ĭ-fĕst-lĭ), clearly, plainly.
man'i-fold (măn'ĭ-fōld), numerous.
manly motive and sustainment (mō'tĭv, sŭs-tān'mĕnt), strength to face a situation bravely.
manned (mănd), supplied with men for a crew.
man'or (măn'ĕr), house or hall of an estate.
ma-raud'er (mȧ-rôd'ĕr), plunderer.
Mare'schal (mār'shăl), general, commander-in-chief.
Mare Ten'e-bra'rum (mā'rē tĕn'ē-brā'rŭm), Latin words meaning sea of darkness.
mark'ing time (märk'ĭng), moving of the feet alternately.
mart (märt), contraction of market.
mar'tial (mär'shăl), warlike.
mar'tin (mär'tĭn), kind of bird.
Mart'ling, Dof'fue (märt'lĭng, dŏf'fū).
mar'vel (mär'vĕl), wonder.
Mase'field, John (mās'fēld).
mask (măsk), hide.
ma'son-ry (mā's'n-rĭ), work of a mason.
mass'a-cre (mās'ă-kĕr), the murder of human beings in numbers.
Mas'sa-soit (măs'ȧ-soit), father of King Philip, a Wampanoag sachem.
mas'sive (mās'ĭv), heavy, weighty, bulky.
match'lock (măch'lŏk), an old style gun.
ma'te'ri-al en'er-gy (mȧ'tē'rĭ-ăl ĕn'ĕr-jĭ), physical power.
ma-ter'nal (mȧ-tûr'năl), motherly, relating to a mother.
math'e-ma-ti'cian (măth'ē-mȧ-tĭsh'ăn), one versed in the science of mathematics.
Math'er, Cotton (măth'ĕr), an American clergyman and author of a church history of America. He took an active part in the persecutions for witchcraft, carried on in New England.
mat'tock (măt'ŭk), an implement for digging and grubbing.
ma-ture'ly (mȧ-tūr'lĭ), completely.
mau'ger (mô'gĕr), in spite of.
maul'ing (môl'ĭng), beating.
maun'der (môn'dĕr; măn'dĕr), mumble, mutter.
max'im (măk'sĭm), proverb.
May bedecks the naked trees, May causes the flowers and leaves to come forth on the bare trees.
may'flow'er, the trailing arbutus.
McCrae', John D. (krā).
mead (mēd), meadow.
me-an'der (mē-ăn'dĕr), to wind.
meas'ured in cups of ale (mĕzh'ûrd), counted the length (of the story) by the number of cups drunk.
meat (mēt), a meal.
me-chan'i-cal-ly (mē-kăn'ĭ-kăl-ĭ), like a machine.
me-chan'ics (mē-kăn'ĭks), those who work with machinery or in the making of machinery.
med'dling (mĕd''lĭng), busying oneself, interfering with.
me'di-oc'ri-ty (mē'dĭ-ŏk'rĭ-tĭ), common quality, average.
med'i-tate (mĕd'ĭ-tāt), muse or ponder, think over again and again.
med'ley (mĕd'lĭ), mixture.
Me-do'ra (mē-dō'rȧ).
meet'ly (mēt'lĭ), fitly.
mel'an-cho-ly (mĕl'ăn-kŏl-ĭ), mournful, sad, depressed; sadness.
mem'oir (mĕm'wŏr; wär), an account of events as remembered or gathered from certain sources by the writer.
mem'or-a-ble (mĕm'ŏr-ȧ-b'l), remarkable, notable, worthy of remembrance.
men'ace (mĕn'ĕs), threaten.
men'di-can-cy (mĕn'dĭ-kăn-sĭ), state of being a beggar.
men of my blood, fellow Englishmen.
men of wor'ship, men to be respected.
men-tal'i-ty (mĕn-tăl'ĭ-tĭ), state of mind.
mer'ce-na-ry (mûr'sē-nȧ-rĭ), hired soldiers in the service of a country other than their own.
mer'cu-ry (mûr'kū-rĭ), quicksilver, a heavy metal, liquid at all ordinary temperatures, used in barometers.
Mer'cu-ry (mûr'kū-rĭ), in Roman mythology the messenger of Jupiter.
mere (mēr), lake.
mere'stead (mēr'stĕd), farm.

mer'e-tri'cious (mĕr'ĕ-trĭsh'ŭs), tawdry, gaudy.
Mer'sey (mĕr'zĭ), a river in England.
me-seem'eth (mē-sēm'ĕth), it seems to me.
meshes of steel, the steel nets used to entangle the submarines.
mess'mate (mĕs'māt'), table companion.
Me-ta-com'et (mā-tà-kŏm'ĕt).
met-al'lic (mĕt-tăl'ĭk), resembling metal.
met'a-phor (mĕt'à-fĕr), a figure of speech in which one characteristics of one thing are carried over to another.
me'te-or flag, flag raised high in the air.
meteor of the ocean air, the flag.
Meth'ven (mĕth'vĕn), a village near Perth.
met'tle (mĕt''l), spirit.
Mi-an'to-ni'mo (mĭ-ăn'tō-nĭ'mō), Sachem of the Narragansetts.
Mi'das (mī'dàs), a king, in fable, whose touch turned everything to gold.
Mid'i-an-ites (mĭd'ĭ-ăn-īts), an Arabian tribe that made war upon the Israelites.
mien (mēn), manner, air.
might not serve him hitherto, up to that time might not allow him to.
migh'ty tusk'er (mīt'ĭ tŭs'kĕr), elephant having large tusks.
mi'grate (mī'grāt), to go from one place to another, to move.
Mil'an (mĭ'lăn; mĭ'lan'), a city, also a province, of Lombardy, Italy.
mil'let (mĭl'lĕt), any one of several grasses bearing small, roundish grains.
mim'ic (mĭm'ĭk), imitate.
min'gled (mĭn'g'ld), mixed, blended.
min'is-ter (mĭn'ĭs-tĕr), supply.
Mi'nor-ites (mĭ'nŏr-ītz), a Franciscan order.
min'strel (mĭn'strĕl), one who sang verses to the accompaniment of a harp; a poet.
mi-nute' (mĭ-nūt'), very small.
mi-rac'u-lous (mĭ-răk'ū-lŭs), wonderful.
Mi-ran'da (mĭ-răn'dà).
mir'y (mīr'ĭ), covered with mud.
mis'an-throp'ic (mĭs'ăn-thrŏp'ĭk), avoiding one's kind; not liking mankind.
mis-cal'cu-la'tion (mĭs-kăl'kū-lā'shŭn), a wrong judgment.
mis'chie-vous (mĭs'chĭ-vŭs), full of mischief.
mis-giv'ing (mĭs-gĭv'ĭng), fear, distrust.
mis-rule' (mĭs-rōōl'), disorder, bad government.
mis-shap'en (mĭs-shāp'n), deformed, having a bad or ugly shape or form.
mis'sile (mĭs'ĭl), a weapon or object thrown.
moc'ca-sin (mŏk'à-sĭn), a shoe of deerskin, with the sole and upper cut in one piece.
mock'er-y (mŏk'ĕr-ĭ), ridicule, insult; imitation.
mode (mōd), manner.
mod'er-ate (mŏd'ĕr-ât), reasonable; calm.
mod'i-cum (mŏd'ĭ-kŭm), a little, a small quantity.
Mo'dred (mō'drĕd).
Mo'hawks (mō'hôks), Indians of the principal tribe of the Iroquois Confederacy, formerly occupying the Mohawk Valley, New York.
mo'les-ta'tion (mō'lĕs-tā'shŭn), disturbance, annoyance.
molt (mōlt), shed, cast off.
mo'ment (mō'mĕnt), importance.
mo'men-ta-ry (mō'mĕn-tà-rĭ), short-lived.
mo-men'tum (mō-mĕn'tŭm), the force of motion in a moving body.
mon'grel (mŭn'grĕl), of mixed origin.
mo-not'o-ny (mō-nŏt'ō-nĭ), sameness, want of variety.
mon'strous (mŏn'strŭs), marvelous, enormous.
Mon-teith' (mŏn-tĕth').
mon-te'ro (mŏn-tā'rō), a hunting cap with flaps.
Mon'te-zu'ma (mŏn'tĕ-zōō'mà), a war chief or emperor of the Aztecs in ancient Mexico.
mood'y (mōōd'ĭ), gloomy, sullen.
moor (mōōr), sandy ground more or less marshy.
moored (mōōrd), tied, fastened.
moose (mōōs), a large animal of the deer family.
mor'al-iz'ing (mŏr'ăl-īz'ĭng), thinking about the meaning of life, drawing morals.
mo-rass' (mō-răs'), swamp.
mor'sel (mŏr'sĕl), a little piece.
mor'tal (mŏr'tăl), subject to death; causing death.
mortal means, human ways.
mor'ti-fi-ca'tion (mŏr'tĭ-fĭ-kā'shŭn), shame, humiliation.
Mo'ses (mō'zĕz), the character in the Bible who led the Children of Israel through the Wilderness to the Promised Land. Exodus I.
Mos'koe-strom (mŏs'kō-strŏm).
Mos'lem mosque (mŏz'lĕm mŏsk), a Mohammedan place of worship.
Mo'ti Guj (mō'tĭ gōōj).
mo'tive (mō'tĭv), cause, reason, object.
mot'tled (mŏt'l'd), spotted.
moun'tain-men (moun'tĭn), men who live in mountainous regions.
Mount Hel'i-con (mount hĕl'ĭ-kŏn).
Mount Par-nas'sus (mount pär-năs'ŭs), a mountain in Greece, sacred to Apollo and the Muses.
mouth'ings (mouth'ĭngz), excited talking, ravings.
moy dore, moi'dore (moi'dōr), a gold coin of Portugal.
muf'fled (mŭf'l'd), wrapped up closely.
Mulatas Cays (mōō-lä'tàs kās).
mule deer (mūl dēr), a long-eared deer of western North America.
mu-se'um (mū-zē'ŭm), a collection of natural, scientific, or literary curiosities, or of works of art.
mus'ing (mūz'ĭng), thinking, mediating.
mus'ket-eers' (mŭs'kĕt-ērz), soldiers armed with muskets.
Mus'sul-mans (mŭs'ŭl-mănz), Mohammedans.

mus'ter (mŭs'tĕr), the sum total of a body or ship's company; assembly for parade; show, display; to collect.
mu'ta-ble (mū'tȧ-b'l), changeable.
mu'ti-neer' (mū'tĭ-nēr'), one who refuses to obey lawful authority.
mu'ti-ny (mū'tĭ-nĭ), insurrection against, or refusal to obey authority.
mu'tu-al (mū'tū-ăl), common.
muz'zle (mŭz''l), mouth.
my heart giveth unto you, my liking for you tells me.
myn-heer' (mĭn-hār; mĭn-hēr'), the Dutch term for **mister.**
myr'i-ad-hand'ed (mĭr'ĭ-ăd-hănd'ĕd), thousand-handed.
mys'ter-y (mĭs'tĕr-ĭ), profound secret.
myth (mĭth), imaginary person.

Nar'ra-gan'sets (năr'a-găn'sĕts), a tribe of Algonquian Indians formerly dwelling about Narragansett Bay in Rhode Island.
nar-rate' (nă-rāt'), relate, tell.
nar'ra-tive (năr'ȧ-tĭv), story, account.
nat'u-ral his'to-ry (năt'ū-răl hĭs'tō-rĭ), the study of animals and their habits.
nat'u-ral-ist (năt'ū-răl-ĭst), a student of natural history, especially of the natural history of animals.
nat'u-ral prov'en-der (năt'ū-răl prŏv'ĕn-dĕr), usual food.
nav'i-gate (năv'ĭ-gāt), to journey on, to travel by water.
Na'zim (nā'zĭm).
ne-ces'si-tate (nē-sĕs'ĭ-tāt), make necessary.
ne-ces'si-ty (nē-sĕs'ĭ-tĭ), need.
necessity was upon them, they needed, were obliged to.
nec'ro-man'cy (nĕk'rō-măn'sĭ), the art of revealing the future by communication with the spirits of the dead.
Nel'son, Ho-ra'tio (1758-1805), a great English admiral.
nest'ling (nĕst'ling), young bird.
never a prophet so crazy, never a foreteller of events so excited, or distracted with eager desire.
New'cas'tle (nū'kȧs''l), a manufacturing city in the north of England.
New-e'ra El'li-a (nū-ē'rȧ ĕl'lĭ-ȧ).
New South Shetland (shĕt'lănd), archipelago, in the Antarctic Ocean, near Cape Horn.
New'ton, Sir Isaac, an English philosopher and mathematician (1642-1727).
nice (nīs), discriminating, exacting.
niche (nĭch), a hollow or recess, generally within the thickness of a wall, for a statue or bust.
Nicholas Nickleby. (nĭk'ō-lȧs nĭk'l-bĭ).
Nieuw-Nederlandts, Dutch for New Netherlands.
Ni'gel (nī'gĕl).
nig'gard-ly (nĭg'ărd-lĭ), stingy.
night'rack, night wreckage.
nine at night, nine o'clock.
Nip'muck (nĭp'mŭk).
nobly proportioned, of great build.
noised abroad, told abroad.
nom'i-nal (nŏm'ĭ-năl), not real or actual.
noon'ing (nōōn'ĭng), noontime.
north'er (nôr'thĕr), a wind from the north.
North-ga'lis (nôrth-gā'lĭs).
North-um'ber-land (nôr-thŭm'bĕr-lănd).
Nor-we'gian (nôr-wē'jăn), pertaining to Norway, a country of northern Europe.
no'tion (nō'shŭn), fancy, imagination.
not'with-stand'ing (nŏt'wĭth-stăn'dĭng), although.
nov'el (nŏv'ĕl), new, unusual.
Nu'bi-an ge-og'ra-pher (nū'bĭ-ȧn jē-og'rȧ-fĕr). Poe in all probability refers to the African geographer, Ptolemy.
nug'get (nŭg'ĕt), a native lump of precious metal.
nup'tials (nŭp'shălz), marriage.

ob'e-lisk (ŏb'ē-lĭsk), an upright, pointed, four-sided pillar.
ob-lique'ly (ŏb-lēk'lĭ), slantingly.
o'boe (ō'boi), a wind instrument.
ob'ser-va'tion (ŏb'zĕr-vā'shŭn), taking notice; the ascertaining of the altitude of a heavenly body to find a vessel's position at sea.
ob'sta-cle (ŏb'stȧ-k'l), hindrance.
ob'sti-na-cy (ŏb'stĭ-nȧ-sĭ), stubbornness.
ob'sti-nate-ly main-tained' (ŏb'stĭ-nāt-lĭ mān-tānd'), stubbornly kept up.
oc-ca'sion (ŏ-kā'zhŭn), occurrence, favorable opportunity.
ocean-war'ri-ors (ō'shŭn-wôr'yĕrz), mariners.
Ock-la-wa'ha (ŏk-lā-wā'hā), a branch of the St. Johns river in Florida.
ode (ōd), a short poem suitable to be set to music or sung.
of-fen'sive war (ŏf-ĕn'sĭv), an attack made by an invading army.
of'fice (ŏf'ĭs), service.
off'ing (ŏf'ĭng), that part of the sea where there is deep water and no need of a pilot.
of his own caste (kȧst), of his own class in society.
Og, King of Bashan (ŏg, king of bā'shăn), a giant defeated by the Hebrews. Deuteronomy III.
o'gling (ō'glĭng), glancing at, eyeing.
Old Noll (nōl), Oliver Cromwell.
ol'y-koek' (ŏl'ĭ-kōōk'), kind of doughnut.
o'men (ō'mĕn), sign, foreboding.
om'i-nous (ŏm'ĭ-nŭs), foreboding, threatening evil.
on'er-ous (ŏn'ĕr-ŭs), burdensome.
oph-thal'mi-a (ŏf-thăl'mĭ-ȧ), inflammation of the membrane of the eye.
op'por-tune'ly (ŏp'ŏr-tūn'lĭ), timely.
op-pres'sion (ŏ-prĕsh'ŭn), cruelty.
op-press'ive (ŏ-prĕs'ĭv), unjustly severe.
op'u-lence (ŏp'ū-lĕns), wealth.
orb (ôrb), a spherical body, globe.
or-dained' (ôr-dānd'), appointed.
or'di-na-ries (ôr'dĭ-nȧ-rĭz), hotels.
ord'nance (ôrd'nănș), cannon, artillery.
or'gy (ôr'jĭ), drunken revelry.
Ork'ney (ôrk'nĭ), a county in Scotland, including the Orkney Islands.
or'ner-y (ôr'nĕr-ĭ), dialect for **ordinary,** bad-tempered.
or'ni-thol'o-gy (ôr'nĭ-thŏl'ō-jĭ), the study of birds.
ort'a-gues (ôrt'ȧ-gūz), Spanish coins.

or'tho-dox (ôr'thō-dŏks), sound of belief, approved.
Ot'ter-holm (ŏt'ĕr-hŏm).
oust (oust), to take away, remove.
out'law' (out'lô'), one deprived of the protection of the law.
out'line (out'lin), edge.
out-stay'ing (out-stā'ĭng), staying beyond.
o'ver-haul' (ō'vĕr-hôl'), overtake.
owed him a grudge, held it against him deservedly.
pace (pās), walk over.
pac'i-fied (păs'ĭ-fīd), quieted, smoothed over.
pad'dy (păd'ĭ), unhusked rice.
pa'gan (pā'găn), one who worships false gods, a heathen.
page (pāj), a youth undergoing training for knighthood.
pag'eant (păj'ĕnt), a spectacle, a stately or showy parade, often with floats.
pain of a fearful curse, threatening dire punishment.
paint'ed shell, the ship.
Pais'ley (pāz'lĭ), a city near Glasgow, Scotland.
pal'frey (pôl'frĭ), saddle horse for a lady.
pal'ing (pāl'ĭng), fence.
pal'let (pāl'ĕt), a small mean bed, a bed of straw.
pal'lid (păl'ĭd), pale.
Pall' Mall' (pĕl' mĕl'; păl' măl'), in London, a street which is the center of fashionable club life.
palm-tree tod'dy (päm-trē tŏ'dĭ), free or fermented sap of various East Indian palms.
Pal-om'i-des (păl-ŏm'ĭ-dēz).
pal'sy (pôl'zĭ), paralysis, lack of energy.
pal'try (pôl'trĭ), trifling, worthless.
pangs (păngz), keen, intense pain.
pan'ic (păn'ĭk), sudden fright.
pan'o-ra'ma (păn'ō-rä'mà), a complete view in every direction.
pant (pănt), to breathe quickly or in a labored manner.
pa-rade' (pà-rād'), display.
Par'a-guay (păr'à-gwā), a republic in South America.
Pa'ri-an (pā'rē-ăn), from Paros, a small island in the Aegean Sea from which a beautiful white marble was obtained in ancient times.
par'ley (pär'lĭ), speech; talk.
Par'lia-ment (pär'lĭ-mĕnt), the ruling body in England.
par'si-mo-ny (pär'sĭ-mō-nĭ), stinginess.
par'tial-ly (pär'shăl-ĭ), in part.
par-tic'u-lar-ize (pär-tĭk'ū-lär-īz), to mention particularly or in detail.
particularizing manner (pär-tĭk'ū-lär-īz'-ĭng), explaining every detail.
par-tic'u-lar-ly (pär-tĭk'ū-lär-lĭ), expressly, in an especial manner.
par-tic'u-lars (pär-tĭk'ū-lärz), details.
par'tridge (pär'trĭj), a kind of bird.
pass (pās), passage, road.
pass'ing (pās'ĭng), very.
pas'sion (păsh'ŭn), feeling, deep interest or zeal.
pas'sive (păs'ĭv), indifferent, not active.
past mus'ter-ing (mŭs'tĕr-ĭng), too much exhausted to tell.
pat'ent (pāt'ĕnt), apparent.
pa-ter'nal (pà-tûr'năl), pertaining to a father.
pa'thos (pā'thŏs), pity.
pa'tri-arch (pā'trĭ-ärk), veteran, an old man.
pa-trol' (pà-trōl'), to guard, watch.
pa'tron (pā'trŭn), a man of distinction under whose protection a client placed himself; one who helps a person, cause, work, sport, or the like.
pav'er (pāv'ĕr), one who lays bricks or stones.
pa-vil'ion (pà-vĭl'yŭn), tent.
Paw-nee' (pô-nē'), one of an Indian tribe.
Paw-tuck'et (pô-tŭk'ĕt).
peag (pēg), shell beads used as money, etc., by the aborigines and settlers of the Atlantic coast of North America.
pea'-jack'et (pē'jăk'ĕt), a thick, loose, woollen, double-breasted coat.
peal (pēl), a sound, loud summons.
peas'ant (pĕz'ănt), countryman.
peas'ant-ry (pĕz'ănt-rĭ), peasants.
pe-cul'iar (pē-kūl'yär), belonging to or characteristic of; strange.
pe-cul'iar por'tion (pē-kūl'yär pôr'shŭn), own particular share.
Peck'su-et (pĕk'sō-ĕt), an Indian chief.
pe-cu'ni-a-ry (pē-kū'nĭ-à-rĭ), financial.
ped'a-gogue (pĕd'à-gŏg), teacher.
ped'i-gree (pĕd'ĭ-grē), line of ancestors.
peer (pēr), equal; lord.
Pel'li-more (pĕl'ĭ-nōr).
pel'tries (pĕl'trĭz), skins.
pen'e-trat'ed (pĕn'ē-trāt'ĕd), entered into.
pen'e-tra'tion (pĕn'ē-trā'shŭn), sharpness, discrimination.
penitence was sincere (pĕn'ĭ-tĕns, sĭn-sēr'), were really sorry for what they had done.
pen'i-tent (pĕn'ĭ-tĕnt), sorrowful for offenses.
pen'non (pĕn'ŭn), flag.
pen'ny-roy'al (pĕn'ĭ-roi'ăl), a plant of the mint family.
Pen'rith (pĕn'rĭth), an ancient market town in northwestern England.
pen'sive (pĕn'sĭv), thoughtful, sad.
pent (pĕnt), shut up or confined.
Pen'te-cost (pĕn'tē-kŏst), a festival of the Christian church observed annually in remembrance of the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the disciples; the seventh Sunday after Easter.
pe'on (pē'ŏn), a common laborer; a serf in some countries.
pe'o-ny (pē'ō-nĭ), a large, showy flower, red, pink, or pure white.
Pequod or **Pequot** (pē'kwŏt; pē'kwŏt), an Algonquian tribe of North American Indians.
per'ad-ven'ture (pĕr'ăd-vĕn'tûr), perhaps.
per-am'bu-la'tion (pĕr-ăm-bû-lā'shŭn), walk.
per-cep'ti-ble (pĕr-sĕp'tĭ-b'l), able to be seen; noticeable.
per'emp-tor-y (pĕr'ĕmp-tō-rĭ), final, positive.
per-fid'i-ous in'sti-ga'tion (pĕr-fĭd'ĭ-ŭs ĭn'stĭ-gā'shŭn), treacherous goading.

per'fi-dy (pûr'fĭ-dĭ), treachery.
per'il (pĕr'ĭl), danger.
per'il-ous task, dangerous undertaking.
per'pen-dic'u-lar (pûr'pĕn-dĭk'ū-lär), exactly upright or vertical.
per-plex'i-ty (pĕr-plĕks'ĭ-tĭ), complication.
Per'sant (pĕr'sänt).
per'se-cu'tion (pûr'sē-kū'shŭn), the infliction of loss, pain, or death for belief, etc.; pursuing to injure or trouble.
per'se-vere' (pûr'sē-vēr'), to continue.
per-sist'ed (pĕr-sĭst'ĕd), stood firm.
per'son-a-ble (pûr'sŭn-ȧ-b'l), good looking.
per-sua'sive iron hooks (pĕr-swā'sĭv), iron hooks or goads which force.
per'ti-na'cious (pûr'tĭ-nā'shŭs), constant.
pe-ruse' (pē-rōōz'), read.
per-vade' (pĕr-vād'), spread through.
per-verse' (pĕr-vûrs'), turned aside or away from the right; contrary.
pe-ti'tion (pē-tĭsh'ŭn), written request.
pet'ty (pĕt'ĭ), small.
pew'ter (pū'tĕr), dishes made of a combination of tin and some other metal.
phan'tom (făn'tŭm), a ghost, a fancied vision.
phase (fāz), aspect.
phe-nom'e-non, pl. **phe-nom'e-na** (fē-nŏm'ē-nŏn), an extraordinary or very remarkable person, thing, or occurrence.
phi-lan'thro-pist (fĭl-ăn'thrō-pĭst), one who loves mankind and seeks to promote the good of others.
Phi-lis'tines (fĭ-lĭs'tĭnz), a people dwelling southwest of Palestine who were frequently at war with the Hebrews.
Phil'lips Ex'e-ter A-cad'e-my (fĭl'ĭps ĕk'sē-ter ȧ-kăd'ē-mĭ), a preparatory school for boys in Exeter, N. H.
phi-los'o-phy (fĭ-lŏs'ō-fĭ), practical wisdom.
Phleg'e-thon (flĕg'ē-thŏn), in Greek mythology a river of fire in the lower world.
phys'i-cal-ly (fĭz'ĭ-kăl-lĭ), naturally.
phys'i-og'no-my (fĭz'ĭ-ŏg'nō-mĭ), face.
phy-sique' (fĭ-zēk'), constitution.
pi-az'za (pĭ-ăz'ȧ), porch.
pi'brech (pē'brŏk), a Highland air suited to some particular passion, especially a martial air played on the bagpipe.
pick'et (pĭk'ĕt), a pointed stake, or post; to fasten with stakes.
pier-glass (pēr), a narrow mirror put up between windows.
pi'e-ty (pī'ĕ-tĭ), goodness.
pil'lage (pĭl'ăj), plunder.
pil'lion (pĭl'yŭn), a pad or cushion put on behind a man's saddle for a woman to ride on.
pi'lot (pī'lŭt), a person who directs the course of a ship along the shore, or into and out of harbors and rivers.
pin (pĭn), a piece of wood or metal, used as a fastening or support, a peg.
pined (pīnd), wasted away, longed.
pin'ion (pĭn'yŭn), wing.
pin'nace (pĭn'ȧs), a small sailing vessel.
pin'na-cle (pĭn'ȧ-k'l), highest point.
p'ints, dialect for **points**.
pi'o-neer' (pī'ō-nēr'), one who goes before, as into the wilderness, preparing the way for others to follow.
pipe the merry old strain, sing the merry old song.
pip'er (pĭp'ĕr), a very large genus of plants, to which the tropical pepper belongs.
piqued (pēkt), prided.
pitch'es (pĭch'ĕz), points, peaks.
pitch of pride, height of pride, overbearance.
pla'ca-ble (plā'kȧ-b'l), willing to forgive.
plac'id (plăs'ĭd), quiet.
plaid'ed mountaineers (plăd'ĕd mountĭn-ērz), Highlanders wearing the tartans or plaids of their clan.
plain'tive (plān'tĭv), sorrowful, melancholy.
plan'et-pres'sing ocean, the ocean pressing upon the planet earth.
plan-ta'tion (plăn-tā'shŭn), land planted, an estate, usually large.
plant'er (plăn'tĕr), one who plants or sows, one who owns or cultivates a plantation.
plas'tic (plăs'tĭk), pertaining to molding or modeling.
pla-teau' (plȧ-tō'), a broad, level, elevated area of land.
plat'form' (plăt'fôrm'), plan, basis.
plat'i-num (plăt'ĭ-nŭm), a white metal, more valuable than gold, used for jewelry and in mechanics.
Platte (plăt), a river in Nebraska.
plausible in perusal (plô'zĭ-b'l in pē-rōōz'ăl), sensible to read.
play'wright' (plā'rīt'), a maker of plays, a dramatist.
pli'a-bil'i-ty (plī'ȧ-bĭl'ĭ-tĭ), ready yielding.
plight (plīt), sorry condition.
Po-cas'set Neck (pō-căs'ĕt).
poet lau're-ate (lô'rē-ȧt), a poet appointed to the office of laureate, the most honored poet of the land, in England, the court poet.
poign'ant (poin'ănt), keen, severe.
Po'ka-nok'et (pō'kȧ-nŏk'ĕt).
po'lar bear (pō'lär bâr), a large bear inhabiting the Arctic regions.
po-lit'i-cal ex-is'ten-ces (pō-lĭt'ĭ-kăl ĕks-ĭs'tĕn-sĭz), governmental life.
pol'i-ti'cian (pŏl'ĭ-tĭsh'ăn), a statesman, one interested in politics.
pol'i-tics (pŏl'ĭ-tĭks), the science and art of government.
pol-lute' (pō-lūt'), to soil, defile.
pol-lu'tion (pō-lū'shŭn), uncleanness, impurity.
pome-gran'ate (pŏm-grăn'ȧt), a fruit like an orange in size and color.
pom'mel (pŭm'ĕl), the knob at the front of a saddle.
pomp (pŏmp), brilliant display.
pon'der-ous (pŏn'dĕr-ŭs), heavy, weighty.
pop'ish (pōp'ĭsh), pertaining to the Pope.
Pop'lar (pŏp'lär), a district in the east end of London, where there are many docks; among others, that of the famous East India Company.

pop'py (pŏp'ĭ), a flower, usually red, the symbol of sleep.
pop'u-lar o-pin'ion (pŏp'ū-lär ō-pĭn'yŭn), belief of the public in general.
pop'u-lous (pŏp'ū-lŭs), containing many inhabitants.
por'tal (pōr'tăl), entrance.
por-tend' (pōr-tĕnd'), foretell.
por-ten'tous (pōr-tĕn'tŭs), foreshadowing.
por'ter (pōr'tĕr), gate keeper.
por'ti-co (pōr'tĭ-kō'), a colonnade, a covered space before a building.
pos-ses'sion (pŏ-zĕsh'ŭn), ownership.
pos-ter'i-ty (pŏs-tĕr'ĭ-tĭ), descendants.
pos'tern-gate (pŏs'tĕrn-gāt), rear gate.
pos'ture (pŏs'tūr), attitude, position.
po'tent (pō'tĕnt), strong, powerful.
po'ten-tate (pō'tĕn-tāt), ruler.
pow'wow' (pou'wou'), medicine man.
prac'ticed (prăk'tĭst), skillful.
prayed him for suc'cor (sŭk'ĕr), begged him for aid.
pre-ca'ri-ous (prē-kā'rĭ-ŭs), not to be depended on, dangerous.
pre-cau'tion (prē-kô'shŭn), previous care.
pre'cept (prē'sĕpt), order.
pre-cep'tor (prē-sĕp'tĕr), ruler, master.
prec'ious (prĕsh'ŭs), valuable.
pre-cip'i-tate (prē-sĭp'ĭ-tāt), throw headlong, rush; fall suddenly.
pre-cip'i-tous (prē-sĭp'ĭ-tŭs), steep.
pre-cip'i-tous de-scents' (prē-sĭp'ĭ-tŭs dē-sĕnts), waterfalls.
pre'cise' (prē-sīs'), minutely exact.
pre'con-ceived' (prē'kŏn-sēv'd'), formed in the mind beforehand.
pre-dom'i-nate (prē-dŏm'ĭ-nāt), to rule.
pref'ace (prĕf'ās), introduction.
prej'u-diced (prĕj'ōō-dĭst), biased.
prel'a-cy (prĕl'ā-sĭ), a body of church dignitaries.
prel'ate (prĕl'āt), a church dignitary.
pre'ma-ture'ly (prē'mā-tūr-lĭ), untimely.
pre'mi-um (prē'mĭ-ŭm), reward.
pre-mo-ni'tion (prē'mō-nĭsh'ŭn), forewarning.
pre-pos'ter-ous (prē-pŏs'tĕr-ŭs), ridiculous, unheard of.
pres'age (prĕs'āj), sign, token.
pre-sen'ti-ment (prē-sĕn'tĭ-mĕnt), a feeling of something about to happen.
pres'er-va'tion (prē-zûr-vā'shŭn), being saved from destruction.
press (prĕs), throng.
pre-sumed' upon in-dul'gence (prē-zumed' upon ĭn-dŭl'jĕns), took advantage of the tolerance of the Indians.
pre-sum'ing (prē-zūm'ĭng), undertaking without authority, daring, venturing.
pre-sump'tu-ous (prē-zŭmp'tū-ŭs), rash, arrogant.
pre-tend'er (prē-tĕnd'ĕr), false claimant.
pre-ten'tion (prē-tĕn'shŭn), claim.
pre'ter-nat'u-ral (prēt'ĕr-năt'ū-răl), beyond what is natural, abnormal.
pre-vail (prē-vāl'), persuade, overcome.
pre-vail'ing (prē-vāl'ĭng), most common, predominant.
prev'a-lence (prĕv'ā-lĕns), general existence.
prey (prā), any animal that may be seized by another to be devoured.
prick'ing (prĭk'ĭng), stinging.
prick'ly-pear (prĭk'lĭ-pâr), a flat-jointed, sharp-pointed cactus having pear-shaped fruit.
prī'ma-cy (prī'mā-sĭ), first rank.
pri-me'val (prī-mē'văl), first, original.
prim'i-tive (prĭm'ĭ-tĭv), first, original.
prince of brag'garts (prĭns of brăg'ärts), chief of boasters.
Prince of Orange, William III of England.
Princeton University (prĭns'tŏn ū-nĭ-vĕr'sĭ-tĭ), at Princeton, New Jersey.
pri-va-cy (prī'vā-sĭ), seclusion.
proc'la-ma'tion (prŏk'là-mā'shŭn), notice.
prod'i-gal (prŏd'ĭ-găl), spendthrift.
pro-di'gious (prō-dĭj'ŭs), extraordinary in degree, huge.
pro-di'gious ap'pa-ri'tion (prō-dĭj'ŭs ăp'-à-rĭsh'ŭn), marvelous appearance.
prod'uce (prŏd'ūs), yield, result.
pro-faned' (prō-fānd'), abused, debased.
pro-fes'sion (prō-fĕsh'ŭn), acknowledgment, claim, promise.
pro-fes'sion-al (prō-fĕsh'ŭn-ăl), regular, expert.
prof'fer (prŏf'ĕr), offer.
proj'ect (prŏj'ĕkt), plan.
prom'on-to-ry (prŏm'ŭn-tō-rĭ), high point of land projecting into the sea.
prone (prōn), disposed, inclined.
prone'ness to sus-pi'cion (prōn'nĕs to sŭs-pĭsh'ŭn), inclination to distrust.
pro-pen'si-ty (prō-pĕn'sĭ-tĭ), inclination, habit.
proph'e-cy (prŏf'ĕ-sĭ), a foretelling.
proph'et (prŏf'ĕt), one who foretells.
pro-por'tion-ate (prō-pōr'shŭn-āt), at the same rate.
pro-por'tioned (prō-pōr'shŭnd), corresponding, suited.
pro-pri'e-ty (prō-prī'ĕ-tĭ), fitness.
pros'pect (prŏs'pĕkt), outlook, position, hope.
pros'per-ous gales, favorable winds.
pro tem'po-re (prō tĕm'pō-rē), for the time being, temporarily.
pro-test'ing (prō-tĕst'ĭng), declaring, proclaiming.
Prov'i-dence (prŏv'ĭ-dĕns), God.
prov'i-den'tial-ly (prŏv'ĭ-dĕn'shăl-lĭ), guided by Providence; with foresight.
pro-vin'cial (prō-vĭn'shăl), narrow, not liberal.
prov'o-ca'tion (prŏv'ō-kā'shŭn), cause of resentment.
prow'ess (prou'ĕs), skill.
pru'dence (prōō'dĕns), judgment.
pru'dence dic'tates (prōō'dĕns dĭk'tāts), reason advises.
pru'dent (prōō'dĕnt), wise, careful.
psalm'o-dy (säm'ō-dĭ), art of singing psalms.
pub'lic meas'ures (pŭb'lĭk mĕzh'ûrz), action taken by the colonists together.
pu'is-sant (pū'ĭ-sănt), powerful.
pull up, stop.
pul-sa'tion (pŭl-sā'shŭn), a beating or throbbing.
pump'kin (pŭmp'kĭn).

punc'tu-al-ly (pŭnk'tû'ăl-ĭ), exactly, precisely.
pur-blind' prank (pûr-blīnd'), careless act.
pur'port (pûr'pōrt), meaning.
put his person in adventure, endangered himself.

quaffed (kwăft), drank.
quag'mires (kwăg'mīrz), soft, wet lands which yield under the feet.
quail (kwāl), to give way, tremble.
Quak'er (kwāk'ĕr), one of a religious sect; gray-clothed.
qual'i-ties (kwŏl'ĭ-tĭz), distinguishing features or traits.
quar'ry (qwŏr'rĭ), a place where marble is dug from the earth; the object of the chase or hunt.
quar'ter (kwôr'tĕr), after part of a ship's side; mercy.
quar'ter-ing to me (kwôr'tĕr-ĭng), ranging to and fro towards me.
qua'ver (kwā'vĕr), certain musical shakes or trills.
Queen of She'ba (shē'bà), a famous queen of old. I Kings X, 1-13.
quench (kwĕnch), check, destroy.
quer'u-lous (kwĕr'ōō-lŭs), complaining.
queued (kūd), plaited into pigtails.
quin'tal (kwĭn'tăl), a hundred weight.
quiv'er (kwĭv'ĕr), a case for arrows.

Rach'rin (răk'rĭn).
rack (răk), wreck.
rad'i-cal (răd'ĭ-kăl), extreme.
rak'ing (rāk'ĭng), firing upon the length of.
ral'lied (răl'ĭd), joked; assembled.
ral'ly-ing point (răl'ĭ-ĭng), place where his forces were collected.
Ram-bod'de (răm-bŏ'dà).
ramp'ant (răm'pănt), excited; rearing upon the hind legs, with fore legs extended.
ram'part (răm'pärt), protecting wall.
ran'dom (răn'dŭm), chance, aimless.
range (rānj), the region where an animal naturally lives.
rank (rănk), grown coarse.
rant'i-pole (răn'tĭ-pōl), wild young person.
rap'ture (răp-tûr), joyousness.
rat'i-fied (răt'ĭ-fid), confirmed.
rat-tarriers, incorrect for **rat-ter'ri-er** (răt-tĕr'ĭ-ĕr), a breed of dogs, useful in catching rats.
rave (rāv), to move wildly or furiously.
rav'en-ous (răv''n-ŭs), greedy.
ra-vine' (rà-vēn'), a large gully.
rav'ish-ment (răv'ĭsh-mĕnt), rapture.
raw'boned pro-por'tions (rô'bōnd' prō-pōr'shŭns), gaunt, or having little flesh upon its form.
raw'hide (rô'hīd), untanned cattle skin.
razed (rāzd), ruined, demolished.
re'ad-just'ment (rē'ă-jŭst'mĕnt), rearrangement, new settlement.
reaped the fruits, received the reward.
rea'soned upon the sit'u-a'tion (rē'z'nd upon the sĭt'ū-ā'shŭn), thought about the matter.
Re-bec'ca and I'saac. Genesis XXIV.
re-buke' (rē-būk'), scold, reprove; forbid.
re-cep'ta-cle (rē-sĕp'tà-k'l), that which holds anything.
re-cess' (rē-sĕs'), a short intermission; a place of retreat.
reck'on-ing (rĕk''n-ĭng), the calculation of the ship's position.
re-coiled' (rē-koild'), drew back.
rec'om-mend' (rĕk'ŏ-mĕnd'), advise; send greetings to.
rec'om-pense (rĕk'ŏm-pĕns), payment.
rec'on-ciled (rĕk'ŏn-sīld), made friendly again.
rec'on-cil'i-a'tion (rĕk'ŏn-sĭl'ĭ-ā'shŭn), a returning to friendship, reunion.
re-cov'ered (rē-kŭv'ĕrd), regained.
rec're-ant (rĕk'rē-ănt), acknowledging defeat.
red (rĕd), slang for **cent.**
re-deemed' (rē-dēmd'), fulfilled.
re-doubt'a-ble (rē-dout'à-b'l), dread; formidable.
red tribes, Indians or red men.
reed (rēd), an ancient Jewish measure of six cubits, or about nine feet.
re-flec' tion (rē-flĕk' shŭn), opinion, thought.
re'flux (rē'flŭks), flowing back, ebb.
re-frain' rē-frān'), to hold back, keep.
ref'uge (rĕf'ŭj), shelter.
ref'u-gee' (rĕf'ū-jē'), one who flees to a place of safety.
ref'use (rĕf'ŭs), waste matter.
refused to execute, would not carry out.
re'gal (rē'găl), royal.
reg'u-late (rĕg'ū-lāt), to control.
rel'a-tive (rĕl'à-tĭv), in reference to something else.
re-lax' (rē-lăks'), loosen; calm down.
re-lease' (rē-lēs'), set free; freedom.
rel'ic (rĕl'ĭk), memorial, fragment.
re-lin'quished (rē-lĭn'kwĭsht), gave up.
re-luc'tant (rē-lŭk'tănt), unwilling.
re-ly' on cover (rē-lī'), depend upon some means of hiding.
rem'i-nis'cence (rĕm'ĭ-nĭs'ĕns), recollection.
re-mon'strance (rē-mŏn'străns), protest.
ren'dered me account (rĕn'dĕrd), given a reason.
ren'e-gade (ren'ē-gād), traitorous.
Ren'frew-shire (rĕn'frōō-shĕr), a county.
re-nounced' (rē-nounst'), gave up.
re-nowned' (rē-nound'), famous.
re-peal' (rē-pēl'), release.
re-port'ed him-self (rē-pōrt'ĕd), presented himself.
rep'tile (rĕp'tĭl), an animal that creeps on its stomach.
re-pute' (rē-pūt'), character.
re'qui-em (rē'kwĭ-ĕm), funeral mass or hymn.
re-quire' (rē-kwīr'), demand.
re-search' (rē-sûrch'), inquiry, examination.
re-serve' (rē-zûrv'), backwardness.
re-signed' (rē-zīnd'), not disposed to resist; abandoned.
re-sist'ance (rē-zĭs'tăns), opposition.
res'o-lute (rĕz'ŏ-lūt), determined, brave.
re-sound'ed (rē-zound'ĕd), rang, echoed.
re-source' (rē-sōrs'), capability of meeting a situation; support.

re-spect'ful-ly (rē-spĕkt'fo͝ol-lĭ), civilly, courteously.
re-spec'tive-ly (rē-spĕk'tĭv-lĭ), relatively, as relating to each.
re-splend'ent (rē-splĕn'dĕnt), brilliant, shining.
re-spon'si-bil'i-ty (rē-spŏn'sĭ-bĭl'ĭ-tĭ), state of being accountable.
rest (rĕst), a projection from, or attachment on, the side of the breastplate to support the butt of the lance.
res'to-ra'tion (rĕs'tō-rā'shŭn), reparation, giving back.
re-straint' (rē-strānt'), check, curb.
res'ur-rect'ed Italy (rĕz'ŭ-rĕkt'ĕd), reborn Italy, Italy with a new life.
re-tract' (rē-trăkt'), to withdraw.
ret'ri-bu'tion (rĕt'rĭ-bū'shŭn), punishment.
re-trieve' (rē-trēv'), regain, to bring back.
rev'e-nue (rĕv'ē-nū), rent, income.
re-ver' ber-a'tion (rē-vûr' bĕr-ā'shŭn), reëchoing sound.
rev'er-ie (rĕv'ĕr-ĭ), state of deep thought.
re-verse' (rē-vûrs'), opposite.
re-vert'ed (rē-vûr'tĕd), returned.
re-viled' (rē-vīld'), abused, upbraided.
re-viv'ing (rē-vīv'ĭng), returning to life.
re-volt' (rē-vōlt'), rebel.
re-volved' (rē-vŏlvd'), thought over.
re-vul'sion (rē-vŭl'shŭn), strong reaction, change.
rheu'ma-tism (ro͞o'mà-tĭz'm), a disease which attacks the muscles, joints, etc.
rhyth'mic (rĭth'mĭk), movement in musical time.
rib'bing the ho-rī'zon (rĭb'ĭng the hō-rī'zŭn), streaking the horizon with bars.
ridge (rĭj), a range of mountains or hills.
ri'fled (rī'fl'd), robbed.
rift (rĭft), an opening.
rig'gers (rĭg'ĕrz), workmen who fit the rigging of ships.
right'ful in-hab'i-tants, real owners.
rig'id (rĭj'ĭd), strict, severe.
ring'bolt' (rĭng'bōlt), a bolt with an opening through which a ring is passed.
ring'dove (rĭng'dŭv), a small pigeon.
Rī'o (rē'ō), for **Rio Janeiro** (rē'ō zhà-nā'rō).
rites (rīts), ceremonies.
rites of prim'i-tive hos'pi-tal'i-ty (rīts of prĭm'ĭ-tĭv hos'pĭ-tăl'ĭ-tĭ), ceremonies according to old time customs, such as smoking the peace-pipe.
rivers stemming, damming up the rivers.
riv'et (rĭv'ĕt), to fasten firmly.
roach-back (rōch), a bear having an arched back.
ro-bus-tious (rō-bŭs'chŭs), large.
roll (rōl), prolonged sound produced by rapid beating.
rol'lers (rōl'lĕrz), long, heavy waves.
roll the deep melodious drum (mē-lō'dĭ-ŭs), beat the deep-voiced, musical drum.
ro-mance' (rō-măns'), story.
Roosevelt, Theodore (rō'zĕ-vĕlt, almost rōz'vĕlt, thē'ō-dōr), twenty-sixth president of the United States.
Ros'a-lind (rōz'à-lĭnd).
roun'de-lay (roun'dē-lā), a style of poem or song in which a word or phrase constantly recurs, a round.
route (ro͞ot), course or way.
row'el (rou'ĕl), the sharp part of a spur.
Row'land de Boys (rō'lănd dē boiz).
Roy'al Ex-change' (roi'ăl ĕks-chānj'), a place in London where merchants, brokers, and bankers, or other business men meet to do business.
royst'er-ing (roĭs'tĕr-ĭng), swaggering.
rud'der (rŭd'ĕr), steering gear, a flat piece of wood or metal attached to a boat to be used in steering.
rue'ing (ro͞o'ĭng), sorrowing.
ruf'fi-an-like (rŭf'ĭ-ăn-līk), like a cruel, brutal fellow.
rum (rŭm), an intoxicating liquor.
ru'mi-nate (ro͞o'mĭ-nāt), muse.
run a buffalo, to pursue a buffalo until it is exhausted.
ruse (ro͞oz), trick.
rus'tic (rŭs'tĭk), an inhabitant of the country naturally simple in character or manners.
Ruth and Boaz (ro͞oth, bō'ăz), Ruth IV.

sa'ber (sā'bĕr), a curved sword.
sa'chem (sā'chĕm), chief.
sacked (săkt), plundered after capturing.
sac-ri-lege (săk'rĭ-lĕj), the sin or crime of violating sacred things.
sad'dle-bags' (săd'l-băgz'), large bags, generally of leather, used by horsemen to carry small articles. One hangs on each side of the saddle.
sad'dling (săd'lĭng), burdening.
Sa-fere' (sà-fēr').
sa'ga (sä'gà), a Scandinavian legend.
sa-ga'cious (sà-gā'shŭs), wise, intelligent.
sag'a-more (săg'à-mōr), an Indian chief next lower in rank to sachem.
sage (sāj), a wise man.
sage-bush (sāj-bo͝osh), a plant.
Saint An'drew, patron saint of Scotland.
Saint George, patron saint of England.
Saint Greg'o-ry (grĕg'ŏ-rĭ), a member of an illustrious Roman family, who became a monk and later was elected pope (540-604).
Saint Vi'tus (vī'tŭs), a martyr of Rome.
sa-laam' (sà-lăm'), salutation performed by bowing very low and placing the right palm on the forehead.
sal'a-ble (săl'à-b'l), capable of being sold.
sal'lied (săl'lĭd), rushed out.
sal'lows (săl'ōz), willows.
salm'on (săm'ŭn), a kind of large fish.
sal-va'tion (săl-vā'shŭn), deliverance from destruction.
sa'mite (sā'mīt), a kind of heavy silk cloth, usually interwoven with gold.
Sam'o-set (săm'ŏ-sĕt), an Indian chief.
sanc'ti-ty (săngk'tĭ-tĭ), holiness.
Sand-fle'sen (sănd-flā'sĕn).
sand'pip'er (sănd'pĭp'ĕr), a small bird frequenting sandy and muddy shores.
san'gui-na-ry (săn'gwĭ-nà-rĭ), bloodthirsty, murderous.
san'i-ta'ri-um (săn'ĭ-tā'rĭ-ŭm), health station or retreat.

Santee (săn-tē'), a river in South Carolina.
sap'phir (săf'ĭr), a blue transparent stone, prized as a gem.
Sar'a-cens (săr'ā-sĕnz), the Mohammedans who held the Holy Land.
sat'u-rat'ed (săt'ū-rāt'ĕd), soaked.
Sauger Point (sā-gŏr'), at the mouth of the Ganges River.
sau'ri-an (sô'rĭ-ăn), a reptile.
sav'age ca-res'ses (săv'āj kā-rĕs'ĕz), rude acts of affection.
saw, talking, preaching.
Sax'on (săk'sŭn), English.
scab'bard (skăb'ărd), a sheath, a cover for a sword when not in use.
scaf'fold (skăf'ōld), a platform upon which a criminal is executed.
scal'pel (skăl'pĕl), a small knife with a thin blade, used by surgeons.
scan (skăn), examine with care.
scep'ter (sĕp'tĕr), a staff borne by a sovereign as an emblem of authority.
schoon'er (skōōn'ĕr), a two-masted vessel.
schoon'er-rigged smack (skōōn'ĕr rĭgd smăk), a two-masted fishing vessel.
sci'ence (sī'ĕns), knowledge.
sci'en-tist (sī'ĕn-tĭst), one who has wide knowledge of principles and facts.
scoff (skŏf), scorn.
score (skôr), twenty.
scot-free (skŏt-frē), entirely free, without punishment.
scourge (skûrj), to strike.
scour'ing (skour'ĭng), passing over quickly.
scribe (skrīb), writer.
Scrip'tures (skrĭp'tûrz), the Bible.
scru'ples (skrōō'p'lz), delicate feelings, hesitation.
scru'pu-lous-ly (skrōō'pû-lŭs-lĭ), carefully, conscientiously.
scru'ti-nized (skrōō'tĭ-nīzd), examined.
scru'ti-ny (skru'tĭ-nĭ), close examination.
scud' (skŭd'), move swiftly.
sculp'ture (skŭlp'tûr), carve.
scut'tling (skŭt'lĭng), running swiftly.
seal and hand, order, king's own pledge.
sea'mew (sē'mū), sea-gull.
se-ces'sion (sē-sĕsh'ŭn), withdrawal of the eleven states from the Union in 1860.
se-clu'sion (sē-klōō'zhŭn), solitude.
se-date' (sē-dāt'), quiet.
sed'en-ta-ry (sĕd'ĕn-tā-rĭ), characterized by much sitting.
seer (sēr; sē'ĕr), a prophet.
seg'ment (sĕg'mĕnt), a part cut off.
self-con'fi-dence (sĕlf-kŏn'fĭ-dĕns), self-reliance.
self-ev'i-dent (sĕlf-ĕv'ĭ-dĕnt), plain or clear without proof.
self-pos-ses'sion, presence of mind.
self-stayed (sĕlf-stād), self-reliant, trusting to one's own power.
sem'blance (sĕm'blăns), likeness.
sen-sa'tions (sĕn-sā'shŭnz), feelings.
sen'si-ble (sĕn'sĭ-b'l), aware, having sense or reason.
sen'tence (sĕn'tĕns), punishment.
sen'ti-ment (sĕn'tĭ-mĕnt), feeling, opinion.
sen'tries (sĕn'trĭz), guards.
se'poy (sē'poi), a native of India, employed as a soldier in the service of a European power.
sep'ul-cher (sĕp'ŭl-kĕr), grave, tomb.
se'quence (sē'kwĕns), arrangement by regular succession or degrees.
se-ques'tered (sē-kwĕs'tĕrd), secluded.
ser'ried (sĕr'ĭd), crowded, one after another, in rapid succession.
ser'vile (sûr'vĭl), as slaves, slavish.
set him a severe task, gave him a hard piece of work to do.
set'ter (sĕt'ĕr), a hunting dog.
se-ver'i-ty (sē-vĕr'ĭ-tĭ), harshness.
Se-ville (sē-vĭl'), a province of Spain.
Sex'a-ges'i-ma (sĕk'sā-jĕs'ĭ-mā), second Sunday before Lent.
shaft (shăft), a narrow, deep pit in the earth communicating with a mine.
sham'ble (shăm'b'l), to walk awkwardly.
Sham'rock of Ire'land (shăm'rŏk of Ir'lănd), a plant, with clover-like leaf, used as the national emblem of Ireland.
sheathed (shēthd), put into a case.
sheath'ing (shēth'ĭng), the casing or covering of a ship's bottom and sides.
sheer unobstructed precipice (shēr ŭnŏb-strŭkt'ĕd prĕs'ĭ-pĭs), an extremely high cliff without vegetation.
Sheffield (shĕf'ĕld), a manufacturing city in Yorkshire, England, noted for its excellent cutlery.
shift (shĭft), a turning from one thing to another; change.
shill'ing (shĭl'ĭng), a silver British coin, value about twenty-four cents.
ship'shape' (shĭp'shāp'), tidy, orderly.
shrouded (shroud'ĕd), concealed.
shucked (shŭkt), colloquial, laid aside.
shuf'fled (shŭf''ld), shifted.
shut'tle (shŭt''l), an instrument used in weaving; the sliding thread holder in a sewing machine.
si'dled (sī'd'ld), moved sidewise.
si-er'ra (sē-ĕr'rà), a ridge of mountains, with an irregular outline.
sig'ni-fi-ca'tion (sĭg'nĭ-fĭ-kā'shŭn), meaning, import.
silent ghosts in misty shrouds, like noiseless ghosts dressed in garments of mist.
sil'ver-tip (sĭl'vĕr-tĭp), a grizzly bear having the hairs whitish at the ends.
si-mil'i-tude (sĭ-mĭl'ĭ-tūd), likeness.
si'mul'ta'ne-ous (sī'mŭl'tā'nē-ŭs), existing, happening, or done, at the same time.
sin'ew (sĭn'ū), cord, tendon.
sin'gu-lar'i-ty (sĭn'gū-lăr'ĭ-tĭ), peculiarity.
sin'is-ter (sĭn'ĭs-tĕr), evil.
sin'u-ous (sĭn'ū-ŭs), winding.
sire (sīr), an older person, elder.
si'ren (sī'rĕn), one of a group of sea nymphs who lured sailors to destruction by their singing.
sixpence (sĭks'pĕns), a small British coin, six pennies, or twelve cents.
Skald (skôld), a Scandinavian poet who sings of the heroic deeds of his people.

Skar'holm (skär'hŏm).
Skaw (skô), the name of a cape at the extremity of Jutland, Denmark.
skids (skĭds), a pair of rails on which to roll something.
skiff, any small, light sailing vessel.
skim, pass over quickly or lightly.
skirt'ing, running along the edge.
Skoal (skōl), Scandinavian for **Hail.**
slack (slăk), of tidal waters, the period when there is no horizontal motion of water at the surface, inactive.
sledge-ham'mers (slĕj-hăm'ĕrz), large, heavy hammers.
sleep'ing-bag (slēp'ĭng-băg), **a long bag,** usually made of skin with the fur on the inside, used by hunters to sleep in.
sloop (slōōp), sailing vessel.
slug-gish (slŭg'ĭsh), dull, drowsy.
small-bore (smôl-bōr), small opening.
small clothes (klōthz), knee breeches.
smart'ness (smärt'nĕs), liveliness, quickness.
Smi'ley, Le-on'i-das W. (smī'lĭ, lē-ŏn'ĭ-dăs).
smith (smĭth), one who forges with a hammer.
Smith-so'ni-an Mu-se'um (smĭth-sō'nĭ-ăn mū-zē'ŭm), a large government museum in Washington, D. C.
smut-face, a black-faced bear.
snaf'fle (snăf''l), a bridle bit.
snake (snāk), slang for **jerk.**
snare (snâr), trap.
So-fron'ie (sō-frŏn'ē).
so'journed (sō'jûrnd), dwelt.
sol'ace (sŏl'ăs), comfort, console.
soldiers without strife, soldiers that do not have to fight.
so-lic'it-ous (sō-lĭs'ĭ-tŭs), anxious.
so-lic'i-tude (sō-lĭs'ĭ-tūd), concern.
son'net (sŏn'ĕt), a poem consisting of fourteen lines.
soot'y (sŏŏt'ĭ; sōōt'ĭ), soiled by soot.
sor'cer-ess (sôr'sĕr-ĕs), a woman magician.
sor'did (sôr'dĭd), base, mean.
sore vexed (sōr vĕxd), sad at heart.
sor'rel (sŏr'rĕl), one of various plants having a sour juice.
souls that sped, those who were killed.
source (sōrs), beginning, starting place.
sov'er-eign (sŏv'ĕr-ĭn), ruler.
sov'er-eign dig'ni-ty (sov'ĕr-ĭn dĭg'nĭ-tĭ), dignity or honorable station as a ruler.
spa'cious (spā'shŭs), of great space.
Span'ish Ar-ma'da (ăr-mä'dä).
spanked (spăŋkt), moved quickly.
spar (spär), a round solid piece of timber, mast.
Sparks, Jared (spärks, jăr'ĕd), an American historian (1789-1866).
spas-mod'ic (spăz-mŏd'ĭk), fitful.
spawn (spôn), bring forth.
spe'cie (spē'shĭ), money.
spe'cies (spē'shēz), kind, variety.
spe-cif'ic I-den'ti-ty (spē-sĭf'ĭk ĭ-dĕn'tĭ-tĭ), exact points of sameness.
spec'ta-cle (spĕk'tä-k'l), sight, exhibition.
spec'ter (spĕk'tĕr), ghost.
spec-trol'o-gy (spĕk-trŏl'ŏ-jĭ), the study of specters, or ghosts.
spec'u-lat'ing (spĕk'ū-lāt'ĭng), thinking, guessing.
spec'u-la'tion (spĕk'ū-lā'shŭn), scheme.
spher'i-cal (sfĕr'ĭ-kăl), round.
spi'ral-ly (spī'răl-ĭ), winding like a coil.
spirt'ing (spûrt'ĭng), shooting up.
spit (spĭt), a rod for holding meat while roasting over a fire.
spoil, booty, plunder.
spon-ta'ne-ous (spŏn-tā'nē-ŭs), free, voluntary.
sports'man-like (spôrts'măn-līk), like a sportsman, one who is fair in sports.
sprat (sprăt), little fish.
sprite (sprīt), elf; fairy.
spur'ring (spûr'ĭng), pricking with spurs.
squal'id (skwŏl'ĭd), dirty, foul, filthy.
squal (skwôl), a sudden gust of wind.
squire (skwīr), the title of dignity next below that of knight.
Stadt'hold'er (stăt'hōld'ĕr), formerly the chief ruler of the United Provinces of Holland.
staggered at the suggestion (stăg'ĕrd at the sŭg-jĕs'chŭn), became less confident at the idea.
stagnant fen, foul marshland.
stalk'ing (stôk'ĭng), walking or stealing along cautiously.
stal'wart (stôl'wĕrt), strong.
stanch (stänch), firm, unwavering.
stanched (stäncht), stopped the flowing.
stand'ard (stănd'ĕrd), flag, banner.
standing puz'zle (stănd'ĭng pŭz'l), a problem which has not been solved.
starboard quarter (stär'bōrd;—bĕrd), off the right-hand forward quarter of the ship.
stark (stärk), entirely, quite.
starve'ling (stärv'lĭng), lean.
stat'ure (stăt'ûr), figure.
stat'ute (stăt'ût), law.
stave (stāv), note.
St. Bar-thol'o-mew (bär-thŏl'ŏ-mū), an organized slaughter of French Huguenots in Paris, Aug. 24, 1572.
stee'ple-chase (stē'p'l-chās), a race across country between horsemen.
ster'ling coin'age (stûr'lĭng koin'āj), genuine manufacture, true make.
stern-sheets, a place in the stern of an open boat not occupied by seats.
stew'ard (stū'ĕrd), a person employed to provide for, and wait upon, the table.
sti'fle (stī'f'l), to stop, deaden.
stim'u-lat'ed (stĭm'ū-lāt'ĕd), aroused.
stint (stĭnt), task.
stip'u-lat'ed, made an agreement.
St. Nich'o-las (nĭk'ŏ-lăs), the patron saint of seafaring men.
St. Nin'i-an (nĭn'ĭ-ăn), a British missionary.
stock (stŏk), cattle, sheep, etc.
stock sad'dle (stŏk săd''l), a saddle having a high knobbed pommel, used by cowboys.
sto'i-cism (stō'ĭ-sĭz'm), practice of showing indifference to pleasure or pain.
stom'ach-er (stŭm'ŭk-ĕr), an ornamental covering for the front of the upper body.
stout'ly main'tains (stout'lĭ măn'tānz) strongly asserts or says.
strad'dle-bug', a long-legged beetle.

strat'a-gem (străt'ȧ-jĕm), a trick in war for deceiving the enemy.
strike (strīk), act of quitting work, not to resume unless certain conditions are fulfilled.
strip'ling (strĭp'lĭng), youthful.
Stuart (stū'ĕrt), the ruling family to which James II of England belonged.
stunt'ed (stŭnt'ĕd), undeveloped.
stu'pe-fied (stū'pē-fīd), made stupid.
stu-pen'dous di-men'sions (stū-pĕn'dŭs dĭ-mĕn'shŭnz), great size.
stur'geon (stûr'jŭn), a large fish covered with tough skin.
style (stīl), to name, term, call.
Suar'ven (swär'vĕn).
sua'sion (swā'zhŭn), persuasion.
sub'ju-ga'tion (sŭb'jū-gā'shŭn), conquest.
sub-lime' (sŭb-līm'), majestic.
sub-lim'i-ty (sŭb-lĭm'ĭ-tĭ), grandeur, stateliness.
sub-mis'sion (sŭb-mĭsh'ŭn), patience.
sub-or'di-nate (sŭb-ôr'dĭ-nāt), inferior.
sub-orned' (sŭb-ôrnd'), procured unlawfully.
sub'se-quent (sŭb'sē-kwĕnt), later.
sub-side' (sŭb-sīd'), to quiet.
sub-sist'ed (sŭb-sĭst'ĕd), existed.
sub'stance (sŭb'stăns), contents.
sub'sti-tute (sŭb'stĭ-tūt), exchange.
sub'ter-ra'ne-an (sŭb'tĕr-ā'nē-ăn), underground.
sub'tle (sŭt''l), clever.
suc-ceeds' (sŭk-sēds'), follows.
suc-ces'sion (sŭk-sĕsh'ŭn), following one after another in a series.
suc'cor (sŭk'ĕr), help.
such-like vex-a'tious tricks (vĕks-a'-shŭs), teasing tricks of such a kind.
suc'tion (sŭk'shŭn), a sucking in.
suf'fer (sŭf'fĕr), permit, allow; feel.
suf-fice' (sŭ-fīs'), be enough, satisfy.
Suf'folk (sŭf'ŭk), county of England.
suite (swēt), company of attendants.
sul'len (sŭl'ĕn), gloomy, dismal, sad.
sul'phur-ous (sŭl'fŭr-ŭs), containing sulphur.
sulphur smoke (sŭl'fŭr), smoke of battle.
sul'try (sŭl'trĭ), hot and moist.
su'mac (sū'măk), a shrub.
sum'ma-ry (sŭm'ȧ-rĭ), a short account of a long story; done without delay or formality.
sum'moned (sŭm'ŭnd), invited, called forth.
sum'mons (sŭm'ŭnz), calls; an order to appear in court.
sump'tu-ous (sŭmp'tû-ŭs), large.
sun'dry (sŭn'drĭ), several, special.
su'per-fi'cial (sū'pĕr-fĭsh'ăl), shallow.
su-pe'ri-or'i-ty (sû-pē'rĭ-ôr'ĭ-tĭ), odds, advantage.
su-pe'ri-or prow'ess (sû-pē'rĭ-ĕr prou'-ĕs), greater worth or bravery.
su'per-nu'mer-a-ry (sū'pĕr-nū'mĕr-ȧ-rĭ), more than necessary.
su-per-sti'tion (sū-pĕr-stĭ'shŭn), a fear of the unknown or mysterious.
su-pine'ly; su'pine-ly (sû-pīn'lĭ; sū'pīn-lĭ), inactively, carelessly.
sup-plant'ed (sŭ-plănt'ĕd), taken the place of.
sup'ple-jack' (sŭp''l-jăk'), a woody climbing shrub.
sup'pli-cat'ing (sŭp'lĭ-kāt'ĭng), beseeching, entreating, petitioning.
sup'po-si'tions (sŭp'ŏ-zĭsh'ŭnz), surmises, thoughts.
sure'ty (shōōr'tĭ), one who stands in place of another; security.
surf (sûrf), the swell of the sea breaking upon the shore.
surge (sûrj), a rolling swell of water.
sur'ly (sûr'lĭ), sullen.
sur'plice (sûr'plĭs), the white outer garment worn in church services.
sur-vey' (sûr-vā'), to examine; to measure the land with instruments.
sur-vive' (sûr-vīv'), to live.
sus-tain' (sŭs-tān'), to keep from falling; to bear.
sus'te-nance (sŭs'tē-năns), provisions.
swain (swān), country lover.
swamp'ing (swŏmp'ĭng), sinking by filling with water.
swank (swănk), dialect for **swagger.**
swarth'y (swôr'thĭ), of dark complexion.
sweep (swēp), a long oar used in small vessels, either to propel or steer.
swell (swĕl), gradual rising of land.
swel'ter (swĕl'tĕr), heat; rolls.
swerved (swûrvd), turned aside.
Syb'a-ris (sĭb'ȧ-rĭs), in ancient geography, a city in northern Italy famous for its great wealth and luxury.
syc'a-more (sĭk'ȧ-mōr), a tree with large leaves, and trunk with mottled bark, growing near streams.
Syc'o-rax (sĭk'ŏ-răks).
syl'van (sĭl'văn), forestlike, rustic.
sym'bol (sĭm'bŏl), sign, emblem.
symp'tom (sĭm'tŭm), sign.
sys'tem-at'ic (sĭs'tĕm-ăt'ĭk), in regular order, according to a definite plan.

tac'i-turn (tăs'ĭ-tûrn), not talkative.
tack'le (tăk''l), rigging of a ship.
tank'ard (tăngk'ȧrd), a drinking vessel with a lid.
ta'per (tā'pĕr), growing smaller towards the end.
tap'es-try (tăp'ĕs-trĭ), hangings of wool or silk with gold or silver threads producing a pattern or picture.
Tappan Zee (tăp'ăn), a wide expansion of the Hudson River.
tar'tan (tär'tăn), Scotch soldiers; woolen cloth, cross barred with narrow bands of various colors, much worn in the Scottish Highlands, where each clan has a different tartan.
Tar'tar (tär'tȧr), in the middle ages, the host of Mongol, Turk, and Chinese warriors who swept over Asia and threatened Europe.
tas'sel (tăs''l), a kind of ornament.
tat'tered (tăt'ĕrd), torn in shreds.
taunt (tänt), mockery, reproach.
tax'i-der'mist (tăks'sĭ-dûr'mĭst), one who mounts the skins of animals.
tchick (chĭk), click.
te'di-ous (tē'dĭ-ŭs), tiresome.
teemed (tēmd), was full of.
teeth of the wind, grasp of the wind.
tel'e-scope (tĕl'ĕ-skōp), an instrument used to view far-off objects.

tem'per-ate (tĕm'pĕr-ât), that part which lies between the torrid zone and the polar circle.
tempest trumpings, thunder.
tem-pes'tu-ous (tĕm-pĕs'tū-ŭs), stormy.
tem'po-ral (tĕm'pō-răl), of this life.
te-na'cious (tē-nā'shŭs), holding fast.
te-nac'i-ty (tē-năs'ĭ-tĭ), state of being tenacious or sticking to a thing.
tend'er (tĕn'dĕr), offer.
ten'dril (tĕn'drĭl), a small shoot.
ten'or (tĕn'ĕr), nature, character; general course, conduct.
tent-peg (tĕnt-pĕg), a piece of wood used to hold the ropes of a tent.
ten'ure (tĕn'ûr), a holding.
ter'mi-nat'ed (tûr'mĭ-nāt'ĕd), ended, bounded.
ter'rif'ic fun'nel, gigantic whirlpool.
ter'rif'ic grand'eur, magnificence which could only frighten.
tes'ti-mo-ny (tĕs'tĭ-mō-nĭ), declaration of facts.
tete'a-tete' (tāt'ā-tāt; tē'tā-tât), private conversation.
tex'ture (tĕks'tûr), fine structure.
Thames (tĕmz), a river in England.
Than'a-top'sis (thăn'ā-tŏp'sĭs).
theme (thēm), a subject or topic on which a person writes or speaks.
the'o-ry (thē'ō-rĭ), a general principle; plan; speculation.
there-with' (thâr-wĭth'), at the same time; besides.
ther-mom'e-ter fell (thĕr-mŏm'ē-tĕr), temperature became colder.
thick'et (thĭk'ĕt), a dense growth of shrubbery.
thine arms with-stood' (wĭth-stōōd'), resisted your army.
Thor'eau, Hen'ry Da'vid (thō'rō; thō-rō').
thread (thrĕd), make one's way over.
thrice (thrīs), three times, most.
thros'tle (thrŏs''l), a thrush.
throw up the sponge, to give up.
thwart (thwôrt), a rower's seat.
thym'y (tĭm'ĭ), fragrant, or filled with thyme, a sweet-scented herb.
Ti-bet' (tĭ-bĕt'), a country in the southwestern part of the Chinese empire.
tĭ'dings (tĭ'dĭngz), news, intelligence.
tier (tēr), row, one row above another.
til'ler (tĭl'ĕr), a lever of wood or metal fitted to the rudder and used for turning it from side to side to steer.
tim'bered (tĭm'bĕrd), wooded.
time dried the maiden's tears, gradually she became happy in her new surroundings.
tim'mer-man (tĭm'mĕr-măn), carpenter.
tip'pling (tĭp'lĭng), drinking.
tis'sue (tĭsh'ū), a thinly woven fabric.
Ti'tan (tī'tăn), one of the primeval gods, older than the Greek gods; of majestic form.
tī-tan'ic (tī-tăn'ĭk), gigantic, enormous.
toast (tōst), a sentiment expressed formally at the table.
toils of the chase, the labors of hunting.
Tok'a-ma-ha'mon (tŏk'ā-mā-hā'mŏn), an Indian chief.
to'ken (tō'k'n), sign.
told off, counted or picked out.
tol'er-a-ble (tŏl'ĕr-ā-b'l), moderately good, agreeable.
tolerably correct Cutter (tŏl-ēr'ā-blĭ). a very good imitation of a deep-keeled vessel.
toll (tōl), tax.
tongue (tŭng), bell clapper.
took my degree, was graduated.
to'paz (tō'păz), a kind of yellow quartz.
topped (tŏpt), reached the top of.
tor'pid (tôr'pĭd), dull, inactive, sluggish.
tor'toise (tôr'tĭs; tŭs), kind of turtle.
to run the gauntlet (gänt'lĕt; gônt'lĕt), to go through the extreme dangers.
To'ry (tō'rĭ), the name of one of the historic political parties in England.
toss'ing a-breast', riding the waves opposite.
tour (tōōr), a short journey from place to place.
tour'na-ment (tōōr'nā-mĕnt; tûr'-), knightly combat.
tow-cloth (tō-klŏth), coarse, hand-woven cloth.
to wear ship, to cause to go about in a different direction.
tow'rope (tō'rōp), a rope or chain by which anything is pulled.
track the street, walk the street leaving the tracks or imprints of his feet.
trac'ta-ble (trăk'tā-b'l), easily controlled, manageable.
traf'fic (trăf'ĭk), the passing to and fro of persons and vehicles along a street.
trag'e-dy (trăj'ē-dĭ), a fatal and mournful event; a play having a sad ending.
trail (trāl), track.
trail-rope (trāl-rōp), a rope used to fasten a horse by.
trait (trāt), peculiarity.
trance (trăns), insensible condition.
tran-quil'li-ty (trăn-kwĭl'ĭ-tĭ), calmness.
trans'at-lan'tic (trănz'ăt-lăn'tĭk), beyond the Atlantic Ocean.
tran-scend'ent (trăn-sĕn'dĕnt), surpassing, supreme.
trans-fig'ure (trăns-fĭg'ûr), to change to something exalted and glorious.
trans-gres'sion (trănz-grĕsh'ŭn), sin.
tran'sient (trăn'shĕnt), not lasting.
trans'mu-ta'tion (trănz'mū-tā'shŭn), the changing from one form to another.
trans-par'ent (trănz-pâr'ĕnt), clear.
trans'port (trănz'pōrt), carrying; excessive joy.
trans-port' (trănz-port'), to carry.
trap'pers, hunters who trap their prey.
trap'pings (trăp'ĭngz), ornamental coverings, housings.
trav'ersed (trăv'ĕrst), crossed.
trawl'er (trôl'ĕr), a vessel that fishes by dragging the nets.
treach'er-y (trĕch'ĕr-ĭ), falseness.
treа'cle (trē'k'l), molasses.
treа'tise (trē'tĭs), essay.
tree-nail' (trē-nāl'), a wooden pin for fastening the planks of a vessel.
tre'mor (trē'mŏr; trĕm'ŏr), quivering; affected with fear or timidity.
trem'u-lous (trĕm'ū-lŭs), trembling.
trench'ant (trĕn'chănt), sharp.
trī-bu'nal (trī-bū'năl), court of justice.

trib'u-ta-ry (trĭb'ū-tă-rĭ), a stream flowing into a larger stream; a country that pays tribute to another.
trib'ute (trĭb'ūt), a personal contribution of any kind, as of praise or service, in token of services rendered.
tri/col'or (trī/kŭl-ēr), the French flag, blue, white, red.
tri'fling jest (trī'flĭng jĕst), a little joke.
trim (trĭm), condition.
troop'er (trōōp'ēr), a cavalryman.
tro'phy (trō'fĭ), anything kept as a memento of something gained, spoil.
truc'u-lent (trŭk'ū-lĕnt), terrible, fierce.
trump'er-y (trŭm'pēr-ĭ), goods.
trun'cheon (trŭn'shun), a baton.
trussed (trŭst), with wings fastened to the body.
tryst'ing-place (trĭst'ĭng-plās), place of meeting.
tucked (tŭkt), made snug.
tu-mul'tu-ous (tū-mŭl'tū-ŭs), boisterous.
tur'ban (tûr'băn), Mohammedan soldiers; a headdress worn by Mohammedans.
tur'moil (tûr'moil), worrying confusion.
tur'ret (tŭr'ĕt), tower.
Tus-ca-ro'ra (tŭs-kă-rō'ră).
two'fold shout (tōō'fōld), double shout, shout and its echo.
ty-ran'ni-cal (tĭ-răn'ĭ-kăl), despotic.
ty'ran-ny (tĭ'răn-ĭ), despotism.
u-biq'ui-ty (ū-bĭk'wĭ-tĭ), presence in more than one place at the same time.
um'pire (ŭm'pīr), judge.
un' ac-count'a-ble com-mu' ni-ca'tion, strange intercourse or act of talking to one another.
un'ac-count'a-bly (ŭn'ă-koun'tă-blĭ), strangely, without reason.
un'as-sum'ing (ŭn'ă-sūm'ĭng), modest.
un-a-vail'ing (ŭn-ă-vāl'ĭng), unsuccessful.
un'a-wares' (ŭn'ă-wârz'), unexpectedly.
un-bound'ed (ŭn-bound'ĕd), unlimited.
un-ceas'ing (ŭn-sēs'ĭng), not stopping.
un-chid'den (ŭn-chĭd''n), not blamed.
un-con'quer-a-ble, not to be overcome.
un-con'scious (ŭn-kŏn'shŭs), unaware.
un-couth' (un-kōōth'), strange, ugly.
un-daunt'ed (ŭn-dân'tĕd), bold, fearless.
un'der-mined' (ŭn'dĕr-mīnd'), weakened.
un'der-take' (ŭn'dĕr-tāk'), promise.
un'dis-turbed', without annoyance.
un-doubt'ed-ly (ŭn-dout'ĕd-lĭ), without question.
un'du-la'tion (ŭn'dû-lā'shŭn), land or water with a wavy appearance.
un-feigned' (ŭn-fānd'), sincere.
un-fet'tered (ŭn-fĕt'ĕrd), unchained.
un-fought' vic'to-ries won, victories over poverty, lack of education, etc.
un-furl' (ŭn-fûrl'), to unfold, loosen.
un-ge'ni-al (ŭn-jē'nĭ-ăl), not pleasant.
un-gov'ern-a-ble (ŭn-gŭv'ĕr-nă-b'l), wild.
un-har'ried (ŭn-hăr'ĭd), not annoyed.
u'ni-form (ū'nĭ-fôrm), unchanging.
un-in-tel'li-gi-ble (ŭn-ĭn-tĕl'ĭ-jĭ-b'l), not capable of being understood.
u'ni-son (ū'nĭ-sŭn), harmony.
u'ni-ver'sal cur'ren-cy (ū'nĭ-vûr'săl kŭr'ĕn-sĭ), general acceptance.
u'ni-ver'sal-ly (ū'nĭ-vûr'săl-ĭ), entirely.
u'ni-verse (ū'nĭ-vûrs), world.
un-nerved' (ŭn-nûrved'), deprived of strength, or nerve.
un-ob-struct'ed (ŭn-ŏb-strŭk'tĕd), clear.
un'ob-tru'sive (ŭn'ŏb-trōō'sĭv), modest.
un-pleas'ing in-tel'li-gence, bad news.
un-prin'ci-pled (ŭn-prĭn'sĭ-p'ld), without principles or morals.
un're-mit'ting (ŭn'rĕ-mĭt'ĭng), incessant, continual.
un're-served' (ŭn'rĕ-zûrvd'), frank, open.
un-sa'vor-y (ŭn-sā'vĕr-ĭ), unpleasant to smell.
un-scathed' (ŭn-skāthd'), unharmed.
un-sta'ble (ŭn-stā'b'l), not fixed.
un'sub-stan'tial (ŭn'sŭb-stăn'shăl), flimsy.
un-sus-pect'ing (ŭn-sŭs-pĕkt'ĭng), trusting.
un-taint'ed (ŭn-tānt'ĕd), pure.
un-wa'ry (ŭn-wā'rĭ), careless.
un-wea'ry-ing (ŭn-wē'rĭ-ĭng), untiring.
un-wont'ed (ŭn-wŭn'tĕd), unusual, rare.
up-hol'ster-er (ŭp-hōl'stĕr-ēr), one who provides curtains, also coverings for chairs.
up'land (ŭp'lănd), high land.
ur'chin (ûr'chĭn), boy.
ur'gent (ûr'jĕnt), pressing.
U'ri-ens (ū'rĭ-ĕnz).
u'sur-pa'tion (ū'sûr-pā'shŭn), the illegal seizure of power.
u-ten'sil (û-tĕn'sĭl), tool.
U'ther Pen-drag'on (ū'thĕr pĕn-drăg'ŭn).
u-til'i-ty (û-tĭl'ĭ-tĭ), usefulness.
ut'most (ŭt'mōst), greatest.
ut'ter-ance (ŭt'ĕr-ăns), speech.
ut'ter-ly (ut'ĕr-lĭ), totally.
vag'a-bond (văg'ă-bŏnd), a wanderer.
val'or (văl'ĕr), courage, bravery.
van (văn), advance guard.
Van Die'men's Land (văn dē'mĕn), the former name of Tasmania, an island south of Australia.
Van Twil'ler, Wou'ter (wōō'tĕr).
va'por-ing (vā'pēr-ĭng), idly talking.
va'ri-a'tion (vā'rĭ-ā'shŭn), differences.
va'ried (vā'rĭd), diverse, different.
va'ri-e-gat'ed (vā'rĭ-ē-gāt'ĕd), having marks of different colors.
var'let (vär'lĕt), a cowardly fellow.
va'ry (vā'rĭ), to differ, to be unlike.
vas'sal (văs'ăl), a subject, servant.
vast con-gre-ga'tion (văst kŏn-grē-gā'shŭn), a large gathering or group.
vaunt'ing (vänt'ĭng), boasting.
Vav'i-sour (văv'ĭ-sōr).
veer (vēr), to change direction, to turn.
veg'e-tat'ing (vĕj'ē-tāt'ĭng), living quietly and simply, like plants.
ve'he-ment-ly (vē'hē-mĕnt-lĭ), furiously.
ve'hi-cle (vē'hĭ-k'l), wagon, cart, car.
ve-loc'i-ty (vē-lŏs'ĭ-tĭ), speed.
ven'er-a-ble (ven'ĕr-ă-b'l), old, worthy of reverence.
venge'ance (vĕn'jăns), punishment inflicted in return for an injury or offense; violence, force.
ven'i-son (vĕn'i-z'n), flesh of deer.
ven'om-ous (vĕn'ŭm-ŭs), poisonous.
ven'ture (vĕn'tûr), an undertaking of chance or danger; to dare.
ve-ran'da (vē-răn'dă), piazza, porch.
ver'dant (vûr'dănt), green.

ver-mil'ion (vĕr-mĭl'yŭn), bright red paint.
ver'sion (vûr'shŭn), translation; change of form.
ves'tige (vĕs'tĭj), trace.
vest'ments (vest'mĕnts), robes.
vi-cis'si-tude (vĭ-sĭs'ĭ-tūd), irregular change, comedown.
vict'ual (vĭt"l), food.
vict'ual-er (vĭt"l-ĕr), a provision ship.
vig'il (vĭj'ĭl), watch.
vig'i-lance (vĭj'ĭ-lăns), wakefulness.
vig'i-lant (vĭj'ĭ-lănt), watchful.
Vi'king (vī'king), one belonging to the pirate crews of the Northmen who plundered the coasts of Europe.
vin'di-cate (vĭn'dĭ-kāt), to defend.
vi'o-late (vī'ō-lāt), to abuse, disturb.
vir'gin soil (vûr'jĭn), soil which has never been cultivated.
vis'age (vĭz'āj), the face.
vi'sion-a-ry hours (vĭzh'ŭn-ā-rĭ), fanciful hours, dreamy or unreal hours.
vi'sion-a-ry proj'ects (vĭzh'ŭn-ā-rĭ prŏj'ĕkts), fanciful or dreamy plans.
vis'ta (vĭs'tà), a view.
vi-va'cious (vĭ-vā'shŭs), lively, vigorous.
vo-ca'tion (vō-kā'shŭn), occupation.
vo-cif'er-ous (vō-sĭf'ĕr-ŭs), noisy.
vol'leys (vŏl'ĭz), discharge.
vol'un-ta-ry (vŏl'ŭn-tā-rĭ), done of one's own free will.
vol'un-teered' (vŏl'ŭn-tērd'), offered.
vo-lup'tu-ous (vō-lŭp'tū-ŭs), luxurious, given to pleasure.
von Hum'boldt Alexander (1769-1859), a German naturalist and statesman.
vo-ra'cious (vō-rā'shŭs), greedy.
vor'ti-ces (vôr'tĭ-sēz), whirlpools.
vouch-safe' (vouch-sāf'), to guarantee as safe, assure.
vows were plight'ed (plīt'ĕd), pledges of love were given.
vul'ner-a-ble (vŭl'nĕr-à-b'l), weak.
vul'ture (vŭl'tûr), a flesh-eating bird. Here, applied to the danger of icebergs.
Vurrgh (vûrg).
waft (wăft), to carry.
wake (wāk), track.
wanes (wānz), draws to a close.
Wam'pa-no'ag (wŏm'pà-nō'ăg), an important Algonquian tribe.
wam'pum (wŏm'pŭm), beads made of shells and used as Indian money.
wan't, dialect for **was not.**
want'ing (wŏnt'ĭng), lacking.
wan'ton (wŏn'tŭn), luxuriant.
wap'i-ti (wŏp'ĭ-tĭ), American stag or elk.
war'der (wôr'dĕr), the keeper of the portcullis.
wa'ri-ness born of fear (wā'rĭ-nĕs), caution due to fear.
warn't, dialect for **were not.**
warp (wôrp), to turn; to freeze.
war'rant (wŏr'ănt), a commission or document giving authority to do something; surety; to declare.
wa'ry to a degree (wā'rĭ), very cautious.
was'sail-bout (wŏs'ĭl-bout), drinking bout.
wa'ter-wraith (răth), spirit of the water.
Wat-ta-wa'mat (wät-tà-wā'màt).
wat'tled (wŏt"ld), having wattles or fleshy growths like a turkey.
wax'ing (wăks'ĭng), growing.
ways be fowl, roads are bad.
ways of na'tive-dom (nā'tĭv-dŏm), manners of the natives.
weal or woe (wēl or wō), good or ill.
Wear (wēr).
wear ship (wâr), to turn the ship.
weary heart upfold, depart with tired heart, or spirit.
weather-break (wĕth'ĕr-brāk), an obstruction (rocks, trees, etc.) which keeps out rain, snow, etc.
weigh their an'chors, raise the anchors.
wel'kin dome (wĕl'kĭn), dome of the sky.
well breathed, well spoken.
well-con-di'tioned (kŏn-dĭsh'ŭnd), in good health.
well ruled, well controlled.
were'wolf' (wēr'wo͝olf'), in old superstition, a human being turned into a wolf.
Wet'a-moe (wĕt'à-mō).
wheeled (hwēld), turned.
whi'lom (hwī'lŭm), once, formerly.
whim'si-cal (hwĭm'zĭ-kăl), fanciful.
whit (hwĭt), bit.
whole (hōl), well.
whole'some law of the prai'rie, sound or practical rule or custom used by travelers on the prairie.
wide'ly sep'a-rat'ed in-di-vid'u-als, greatly different people.
wide waste of liquid ebony (lĭk'wĭd ĕb'ŭn-ĭ), wild black water.
wid'ow's son. Luke VII, 11-17.
wight (wīt), person.
wild little Poet, untamed little songbird.
wince (wĭns), to shrink, as from a blow.
wind'lass (wĭnd'lăs), a machine for hoisting.
wind the mellow horn, blow the full-toned horn.
wind'ward (wĭnd'wērd), the side from which the wind bl[illegible].
witch'er-y (wĭch'ĕr[illegible], witchcraft.
with an in'spi-ra'tion (ĭn'spĭ-rā'shŭn), with a new idea.
withe (with), a flexible, slender twig.
with unwilling feet, unwillingly.
wit'ting-ly (wĭt'ĭng-lĭ), knowingly.
wont (wŭnt; wōnt), habit.
wood'craft' (wo͝od'kräft'), skill and practice in anything pertaining to the woods.
woof (wo͝of), the threads that cross the warp in a woven fabric.
Worces'ter (wo͝os'tĕr), a city in England.
world throngs on beneath, people crowd or press on below.
worming his way (wûrm'ĭng), working his way slowly.
worm'wood (wûrm'wo͝od), common weed.
wor'sted (wo͝os'tĕd; wo͝or'stĕd), fine and soft woollen yarn.
wound (wo͞ond), injury.
wrest'ling (rĕs'lĭng), a hand-to-hand combat between two persons.
wroth (rôth), angry.
Wy'an-dot (wī'ăn-dŏt), Indian pony.
yacht (yŏt), small pleasure boat
yard (yärd), mast or spar of wood or steel to hold the sail.
yeo'man-ry (yō'măn-rĭ), the common people.
Ypres (ēpr).
zeal (zēl), eagerness.
zeal'ous (zĕl'ŭs), enthusiastic, ardent.